THE TIMES

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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 10 DECEMBER 1976 • No 3,900 • 20p

The memoirs of Jean Monnet

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'Dreams in Greek Tragedy'

Tyrone Guthrie; LBJ; Nehru

Modern Arabic poetry

Aborigines; Communes; Black Freemasons

The fortunes of war

The visionary Boullée; the tactless Johann Forster

Conversations with Martin Secker

When Nadar took off in his balloon in 1863 from the Champ de Mars in Paris his ascent was watched by 200,000 people —but this photograph was taken in the studio. Nadar, whose real name was Félix Tournachon, was a nineteenth-century polymath, excelling in caricature, journalism, aeronautics and photography. A wide selection of his remarkable portrait photographs, mostly taken between 1855 and 1870, are collected in Nigel Gosling's Nadar *(298pp. Secker and Warburg. £9.75). He photographed the eminent without satire or sentimentality; the faces of the great in his collection include Victor Hugo, a great supporter of Nadar's aeronautics, on his deathbed. Nadar said that actors and soldiers were his valiest sitters, surpassed only by two English clergymen who arrived for their sitting with their cheeks already rouged.* (See also page 1535.)

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A certain idea of Europe

By Douglas Johnson

JEAN MONNET:
Mémoires
642pp. Paris: Fayard. 59fr.

It is clear, from the very beginning of this long and detailed autobiography, that Jean Monnet has a high idea of his own intelligence and importance. He tells us that some weeks before the German offensive of May 1940 he had an interview with the then Prime Minister, Edouard Daladier (it must therefore have been before Daladier's resignation in March), and explained to him that he did not expect the Germans to attack France through Belgium but at that point where the Maginot Line ended, on the Belgian frontier. When he learnt of the German invasion of Belgium on the morning of May 10, he was in London; there he met General Ismay who expressed satisfaction with this development. But Monnet knew better and, as he puts it, leaving General Ismay to his illusions, he went to his office (that of the Franco-British economic coordinating committee) where there were assembled what he calls "les données économiques", which measured world forces and set out the pattern of future developments. Thus one is firmly given the impression that whoever else may have been mistaken, it was certainly not Monnet. He was in no way surprised when the Germans broke through at Sedan.

Later developments confirm this assessment. Not only does Monnet claim that it was he, together with his old friend Arthur Salter, who drew up the first project of an Anglo-French Union, but that it was also thanks to his influence over Neville Chamberlain (via Horace Wilson) that the project was ever brought before the British Cabinet. The proposal for union was first put to General de Gaulle by Monnet at a dinner, only a short time afterwards. De Gaulle was supposedly in London to discuss certain military matters, but he confided in Monnet his intention of not returning to France. Monnet persuaded him to adopt the idea of union because he knew that Churchill thought highly of de Gaulle (Monnet claims that it was he who had brought about their first meeting, on June 9, and suggests that de Gaulle only came to London because he had full confidence in Churchill's leadership).

On June 16, the day when the British Cabinet accepted the union, he learnt that a telegram had already been sent to the government in Bordeaux giving official British consent to a French approach to the Germans, and requesting information about possible armistice terms. He says that it was he who pointed out the illogicality of sending such a telegram when the British Government was about to propose a solemn treaty for the indissoluble union of the two countries. "L'empirisme britannique; qui a ses limites", he explains, "ne pouvait expliquer des démarches aussi contradictoires." It seems that Major Desmond Morton, Churchill's personal assistant, accepted his argument and that a further telegram was sent to Bordeaux, cancelling the first.

It is possible of course that this account is true, in general terms, and that Monnet's perception of events and his influence were both as he presents them. There is, however, some evidence to weaken his story of the Anglo-French union, which suggests that the drafting was primarily done by the British, that its first reception by British ministers (including Chamberlain) was far from enthusiastic. He omits to mention that many similar ideas of union, or federation, were circulating, and that a memorandum recommending a "real unity of Great Britain and France, dramatically expressed and fully realized by the two peoples" was sent to a number of fellow ministers by Leo Amery, the secretary of state for India. It is unlikely that Monnet was the only person to have had doubts concerning the first telegram sent to Bordeaux, since the decision had only been taken after considerable discussion and in the face of conflicting advice and information. Monnet himself was not guiltless of providing misleading reports about what was happening. Vansittart records that he was saying that General Weygand was about to replace Reynaud as French Prime Minister. But he has little to say on such matters now.

Perhaps all this is not in itself significant. It is natural enough that when someone comes to write his memoirs, he should see himself as constantly playing a vital and important role, and the fact that Monnet has had little but praise heaped on him for the past quarter of a century must have encouraged him in these assumptions. The account of what he did in London during the summer of 1940 precedes the description of his life, from his birth in Cognac on November 9, 1888, to his present retirement at Houjarray, and the object of these *Mémoires* is both to foresee and to plead for the type of international union, especially in European terms, for which their author is famous.

Monnet's version of the creation of the European community coincides with that which is most widely accepted today, whereby a number of men, notable both for their idealism and for their sense of the realities of developed economies and societies, and distinguished by their vision and their pragmatism, took the first steps in bringing peoples and nations together in an organization which could transform relationships on a global scale. They were helped by the natural accidents of history (for example, members of the French government did not understand the implications of the original plan put forward by Robert Schuman in 1950) and sustained by their own persistence. They achieved, so it is said, a fundamental reorientation of European history. The fact that the subsequent implementation of the Treaty of Rome has not been accomplished by any radical transformation of the moral climate of Europe, and that wider loyalties and global visions have not grown in step with the technical arrangements for economic cooperation, is seen by Monnet to result from the regrettable obstinacy and short-sightedness of national governments, which are now led by men who possess neither the idealism nor the imagination of the Community's founders. Thus great hopes have been disappointed and the opportunity to take a definitive step towards establishing a better society in Europe and the world beyond may well have been lost.

This, again, may be a misleading view of what happened. Whatever Robert Schuman or André Philip may have thought or hoped, the various steps which were taken in post-war Europe towards establishing various types of collaboration between certain western European states were not intrinsically different from the earlier arrangements between the powers. Methods evolve, emphases change, aspirations develop, but there has usually been some European system in existence which has been called in to face specific problems and has had to adapt itself as the problems themselves change. There is no reason to believe that the European Community is not a part of this tradition. The mistake of Monnet and his devotees (for, like Stravinsky, he is the head not so much of a school as of a church) is to assume that what they have accomplished is unique and that it is entirely thanks to their efforts that the achievement is there. The analogy with the summer of 1940 is clear. Then, Monnet seems to think, only he, and possibly a few close collaborators, understood what was happening; then he, and only he, took certain initiatives, and the idea of creating an Anglo-French union was a formidable project which might have had remarkable consequences. Now, the same central actor proclaims the accuracy of his vision and his belief that, however prolonged the delay, it will ultimately be realized. Both for 1940 and for the present day the presentation is too egocentric and too one-sided.

Nevertheless, it adds a particular interest to these *Mémoires*. The life of an official, whether he works in a national or an international organization, is not always sufficiently dramatic to sustain such a long book as this, and since Monnet is obviously a man of action who does not tell us what his thoughts were when he took action, there is always the danger that his career, long and distinguished though it may have been, will not bear the telling. But Monnet makes his points as he tells his story.

Because he abandoned his formal education early to enter the family brandy firm, he has always associated reflection with action. The horizons of the brandy salesman were naturally wide ones, and not for nothing was there a street in Cognac named after Richard Cobden. If France as a whole was nationalist at that time, Cognac was not, and like everyone who had anything to do with the production of brandy, the young Monnet (who was sent to work in London, the City, at the age of sixteen) had to learn patience, just as he had to learn the rituals of bargaining and to become acquainted with the customs and qualities of other nations. It is significant that his father advised him not to read books but to speak to people, and when he returned to the vineyards of Segonzac in "la molle Charente", a far cry from the forests, snows and trappers of Canada, people would turn to him and say, "Now tell us what is happening in Winnipeg".

He claims that it was because he was young (not yet twenty-six) at the outbreak of war in 1914 that he was able to see that the nature of modern warfare necessitated mobilizing all the resources of the state and coordinating the efforts of the Allies. Hence he served in London and set up the Allied Maritime Transport Council. With the armistice, he served as the secretariat of the League of Nations, hardly imagining that the rivalries and contradictions which had existed prior to 1914 would simply be reinstated after the parenthesis of the war. Returning to the family business in Cognac, he was obliged to struggle against the touching obstinacy of his father, who was on the road to bankruptcy because he believed that what always had been true would continue to be true. In the 1930s, by virtue of his travels and his wide business contacts, Monnet was able to see what those in government were unable to see, that Hitler would inevitably cause a war and that the reequipment of the Allies with modern weapons was therefore an urgent necessity which could only be met by cooperation with the United States.

We have known for some time about Monnet's work during the First World War (although is there not a typical exaggeration in Duroselle's remark that "la fabuleuse victoire de Foch a été facilitée et même rendue possible par l'action obscure de Jean Monnet"?), and John McVicker Hight Jr had access to Monnet's private papers when he wrote his study of American aid to France between 1938 and 1940. We know less about Monnet's work in America between 1940 and 1943, and it is interesting to learn that he refused to stay with de Gaulle in London because he felt that de Gaulle would appear to be a creature of the British Government, even though he himself accepted to go to the United States on behalf of the British Government. His claim that the defeat of the Germans was inevitable once the American victory programme had got under way is noteworthy, especially since he fails to mention the Resistance movement.

Monnet's role in Algiers during 1943 has been studied by André Kaspi (who also had access to his papers) and this section of the *Mémoires* adds little to Professor Kaspi's book. It is odd that he should refer, at this period, to Churchill's loyalty towards de Gaulle, but it is evident that he was impatient with the political complexities of Algiers, and anxious to get back to the real centre of power and action, namely Washington. There, whenever he was seriously hampered in his work, it was by the silences of the White House, which were a response to the "revendications hautaines" expressed by Algiers. It would seem that Monnet was neither "Giraudist" nor "Gaullist", but considered himself to be above such distractions.

Similarly in liberated France, Monnet had no difficulty in considering himself to be above the political squabbles which characterized the Fourth Republic. As the creator of the national plan for the modernization and equipment of France, and as the man who was also responsible for putting the plan into action, he had to deal with a succession of governments, and with some ten Prime Ministers. But this, he tells us, was not serious, merely a hindrance. It did not affect the two basic principles which he had seized upon more quickly than anyone else: that for France recovery was not enough, but she had got to be more productive than she had been in the pre-war period; and that it was not enough either for a number of European countries to come together in terms of specific agreements, they must come together in terms of union. He claims that he had early foreseen that America would lose interest in Europe, and therefore pressed upon the political leaders of France, especially Robert Schuman, the need to further the cause of European union. There was the question of the Ruhr and of Germany's capacity to produce more steel than the French. There was the danger of war and of America's possible insistence upon the creation of a German army. The rises of the Korean War and the nationalization of the Suez Canal were seen by Monnet as opportunities for pushing on with the business of gaining agreements.

But always, and this is the major insistence of his memoirs, whatever the value and significance of immediate objectives, what counted were his long-term aspirations. The original Schuman proposals, as he describes them, were either revolutionary or they were nothing, and if they were revolutionary it was because they involved a delegation of national sovereignty. "La coopération entre les nations", writes Monnet, "ne résout rien. Ce qu'il faut chercher c'est une fusion des intérêts des peuples européens." The creation of the European Community was to be a step towards the United States of Europe, and thereby towards the betterment of mankind. "Les hommes deviennent meilleurs si le contexte est meilleur."

Monnet's story has its measure of failure as well as of success, but what is striking is that the failures are ascribed to particular circumstances or to some personality who refused to give in to Monnet's arguments. We are told, for example, that the project for a European Defence Community had the misfortune to come before the National Assembly too soon after the defeat at Dien Bien Phu, when French opinion was still over-susceptible in matters of defence. Similarly, the European movement lost much of its momentum, according to Monnet, when Bidault replaced Schuman as the leading influence in foreign affairs, since Bidault looked at Germany with the eyes of a historian, whereas his predecessor had known Germany as a reality; while after 1958, and more especially after 1962, injury after injury was inflicted on the European ideal by "les notions périmées" of General de Gaulle. The prolonged British reluctance to associate with the new European institutions is explained in terms of a national characteristic which prevents us taking part in something until it has been at work and to work successfully. The failure to exploit the international crisis of 1973 so as to take another step forward in European unity is described as "un accident de parcours".

It could be argued that all these failures arose less from the particular and accidental than from the over-ambitious idealism which one associates with Monnet. There was much that was unacceptable about the European Defence Community, not least, as Maurice Duverger has recently recalled, the manner in which the adversaries of Pierre Mendès-France consulted the American ambassador in Brussels rather than their own authorities. Idealists have never been averse to intrigue. And if we were to present the arguments of General de Gaulle at a fairly low level and to recall his *boutade* during the 1965 elections, "Bien entendu, on peut sauter sur sa chaise comme un cabri en disant 'l'Europe! l'Europe!' 'l'Europe!' mais cela n'aboutit à rien et cela ne signifie rien", even then we are forced, more than ten years after, to ask whether it might not have been the general, with his old-fashioned attitudes, who was right rather than Jean Lecanuet, who was hailed rather prematurely as the Kennedy of the Third Republic.

It is interesting to reflect that one of the few occasions when Couve de Murville, in his own memoirs, cites Monnet by name, is when he quotes Macmillan's view, as expressed to de Gaulle, that it was the federalist drive of such men as Monnet which prevented Great Britain from following the European movement; and the traditional Community orthodoxy, that ordinary Europeans are eager to unite with one another but are prevented from doing so by narrow-minded national governments, has received a welcome corrective from Andrew Shonfield, who has recently observed that national governments may not be up to much, but they are the best friends the Community has got.

One ends this long and carefully slanted autobiography with the feeling that the author's grand ideal might be based on a mistaken assumption. Since the book has itself been written in order to further that ideal, I hope such a judgment will not be thought ungracious. One has the impression that many of the current confusions about Europe arise, not only from the aspirations of such as Monnet, but from his conviction that he was and is right about the necessary evolution of the Community. One could remind him of his own dictum, made about his father, that it is a mistake "à continuer à croire à ce qui avait été toujours vrai et qui ne l'est plus".

Certainly, one would not want to be over-critical of the active and devoted man who emerges from these pages and who invariably has a kindly word for the many people with whom he has worked (including many British politicians, civil servants and two journalists, François Duchêne and Richard Mayne). His book absolves him from one charge which is usually made against him, that of being a technocrat. In fact, the famous Monnet plan was technically very unsophisticated and was criticized by economists for the inadequacy of its macro-economic analysis (it was said that after a brilliant technical *exposé* by someone like Pierre Uri, the patient Monnet would simply say, "And now, in three sentences, tell us what you propose"). It is appropriate that in his conclusion Monnet should explain that, in spite of his lifelong devotion to walking in the countryside, he knows little about birds or plants, "les choses de la terre". But we can be sure that somewhere he has a friend, with a telephone, who knows all about such matters.

The Jewish renaissance

By Lionel Kochan

DOUGLAS VILLIERS (Editor):
Next Year in Jerusalem
Jews in the Twentieth Century
352pp. Harrap. £12.50.

Is *Next Year in Jerusalem* a coffee-table book or a serious work? The many illustrations suggest the former; the contributors the latter. They are indeed distinguished—inter alia, Arthur Koestler, Richard Crossman, George Steiner, Yehudi Menuhin, Rudolph Peierls, David Daiches. Each was invited to write on the same basic theme: "Why, after prolonged periods of relative obscurity and quiescence, the impact of Jewish intellectualism and originality should have surfaced so dramatically at this time rather than at any other." This is in itself a questionable presupposition; it is however, not rendered any the more acceptable by reason of the fact that, apart from Walter Laqueur, none of the contributors, for all their distinction, is known for the views that he originally propounded more than a quarter of a century ago—most notably in the London *Jewish Chronicle* in 1950. With the establishment of the State of Israel, Koestler then declared, Jews must decide either to become citizens of the new state or abandon any claim to be members of a distinctive Jewish nation; they must assimilate and thereby solve the Jewish problem, for the Jew himself creates antisemitism merely by existing as a Jew. (I prefer Sartre's "If the Jew did not exist, the anti-semite would invent him.") The point is that in the twenty-five years since he first put these views forward, Koestler must have been living in some sort of dream world.

His advice—let assimilation proceed from generation to generation—finds what he calls "an obvious example . . . in the cultural and social homogeneity of third-generation Americans of heterogeneous origin". But how is it possible to reconcile this with the American-Jewish renaissance, let alone with the general growth of ethnic politics and identity? That significant minority of Russian Jews who have asserted their identity at the cost of harassment and worse emphasizes, yet more strikingly how remote Koestler is from contemporary Jewish life. To be a prophet in the wilderness is not necessarily of course to be a mistaken prophet; it may also be that the descendants of those American and Russian Jews will bitterly revile their ancestors for not choosing to assimilate—but advice that flouts contemporary Jewish reality does not suggest a very firm grasp of the forces at work.

Given this level of understanding, it is a positive relief to turn to the rag-trade, rag-time section. But why choose a photo of Bobby Fischer to introduce a section on sport? What on earth is he doing *dans cette galère* of beefy swimmers and glossy pin-ups? Connoisseurs of social values will note that in order to deserve a colour plate you must either be a book dealer, swimmer or pop star. Best of all, be a Rothschild. They are the only family to warrant a triptych in existing colour.

An iconoclast in the wings

By T. C. Worsley

JAMES FORSYTH :
Tyrone Guthrie
372pp. Hamish Hamilton. £7.95.

Tyrone Guthrie, the English pioneer of "director's theatre", makes a good subject for a biography. James Forsyth was one of his protégés, and Guthrie gave him permission to write the authorized version. He does a good if rather oversimplified job, which has a slight air about it of the admiration of a fag for his fagmaster. He skims over the surface in an affable, easily readable style. We get an outline impression of the life. But he never dives down into the difficult questions of character and motive, nor of technique. But this is not just the conventional theatrical biography with its lists of successes and failures. Tyrone Guthrie was too odd a fish for that kind of treatment.

He was the son of a surgeon and a general's daughter, living in Tunbridge Wells. But the general had a large rambling house—a "place" almost—on the Ulster side of the Irish border to which Guthrie became very attached. He had the conventional education of his class at that time—prep school, then public school. And Wellington College with its army tradition was chosen for the latter in deference to the general. Wellington seems an odd establishment to have produced this stage director whose favourite play was the *Oedipus Rex*. But he was a tall strong boy with a passion for organization and he got through what were often traumatic experiences with no visible damage to his psyche.

His biographer does not mention the growth of his intellectual interests in this most philistine of schools, where he came under the influence of that genius of a schoolmaster, R. St C. Talboys, and with his guidance won a history scholarship at Oxford.

Evidently he had—or was expecting to have—a private income, since he told the authorities that he would not be needing the scholarship money. This is the only reference Mr Forsyth makes to this subject and it is not as clear as precise. Yet plainly a private income was a great advantage to someone who was to devote his life to classical theatre: a less independent young director might not have been able to afford the risk of stopping the rehearsals of a West End play, coming down to the footlights and saying in a loud voice: "Miss Tempest, why are you being such a bitch?"

After Oxford, spent mostly with the OUDS, he joined J. B. Fagan's company at the Oxford Playhouse, and received his first artistic blow. He was cast as Captain Shotover in Shaw's *Heartbreak House*. After his very first performance he was sacked by J. B. Fagan and given to understand that as an actor he was a failure; but if he liked he could stay with the company as assistant stage manager.

Tyrone Guthrie as actor (OUDS, as an Arcadian shepherd in Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*) and director.*

He learnt more about the backstage mechanics of the theatre as ASM than he could possibly have done as an actor.

He had never been the stereotype of an Oxford aesthete. He was an outdoor sort of person who loved long walks and hacking down the overgrown garden of the Irish house where he settled his mother after his father's death. His favourite clothes, not only there, but wherever he went, were slacks, a pullover and a pair of sneakers. In his forties, when he went for a season to direct at Stratford-on-Avon, he and his wife lived out the spring and summer in a tented punt. Everyone found him amusing to be with, not least the casts he was directing. He had a strong sense of the ridiculous. But he was strict, too, with something of a puritan passion for work.

He had his first real chance as a director when, after a year as producer and writer at the Belfast BBC, Anmer Hall invited him to take over Terence Gray's Festival Theatre at Cambridge. There he made his mark as a brilliant new young talent and the much-maligned "Binkie" Beaumont gave him three or four West End successes to direct. And with these behind him, he dedicated himself to the classics.

Meanwhile he had got married in circumstances about which Mr Forsyth is somewhat elusive. Flora Robson had been a member of J. B. Fagan's Oxford venture. Guthrie greatly admired her talent and quickly roped her in as one of his new company at the Cambridge Festival Theatre. He also proposed to her, but in such a tentative manner that her acceptance was equally tentative, and neither spoke of the matter again. Instead, he married Judy Brethenton, a childhood friend who had shared a nursery governess with his sister Peggy and was trying to become a writer.

It seemed a happy marriage, but whenever anyone talked of babies in relation to it, Guthrie would become embarrassed and leave the room. The couple set up house in Lincoln's Inn, and after an artistically successful but financially disastrous season at the Westminster Guthrie was invited by Lilian Baylis to take over the Old Vic.

This occupied all his energies, and for longer than he intended. During his second season Miss Baylis died and he was left to carry on; then came the war, and he found himself not only in charge of the theatre (which was out touring in the North), but responsible, too, for the opera and ballet at Sadler's Wells. The governors were very lucky to find so competent an administrator in charge, and Guthrie from his headquarters at Sadler's Wells travelled all over England to keep his wandering companies in good heart.

With the war finished and his release from the Old Vic he stumbled by luck on what was to be the most important of his legacies to the theatre—the thrust-stage. He had already made two contributions: he had popularized the idea of playing Shakespeare not in the doublet and hose of his own period but in a variety of more recent costumes. Then he was already celebrated ("notorious" some said) for his handling of stage crowds. When quizzed about it, he replied that there was no such thing as a crowd: there were just people with their individual looks, temperaments and idiosyncrasies, and it was as important to characterize them as it was the protagonists.

Thus his productions were always animated, but his sense of fun and his iconoclasm too often got the better of him and the animation of the crowds distracted the audience from the more important dramatic scenes that the chief actors were trying to play out down stage. Indeed there was an ambivalence in his attitude to the audience. At times he seemed to despise them: "If you can't get them any other way, bring in a chamber-pot. The middle classes always laugh at a po" was one of his sallies. At other times he would remind his actors not to be self-indulgent: it was the audience that mattered, not them.

This ambivalence is built in, as it seems to me, in the question of the thrust-stage. Directors and actors will tell you that because they are nearer to the audience they have a much greater sense of communicating with them. But when all's said and done it's not for the actors' satisfaction that the play is put on, and many intelligent theatre-goers dislike rubbing shoulders with the actors or having them running down the aisles beside them to make their entrances or exits from different angles. This is perhaps an old-fashioned view, held by those who still regard theatre as an art of illusion. What can't be denied is that too deep a thrust-stage (as at Chichester, for example) means that the majority of the audience hear only a third of the play and, seeing only the backs of the actors, have to guess at much of the action or mood.

This was very evident at Guthrie's first production of this kind. He had been called in to give a fillip to the dramatic side of the Edinburgh Festival in its second year. The play he chose was *The Three Estates*, a sixteenth-century play, much of it in a very broad Scottish dialect; and he somehow or other got the authorities to agree to his staging it in the Assembly Hall. This must have tickled his fancy a great deal — play-acting (some of it licentious, too) in the very kirk of Scottish Presbyterianism! It was a brilliant production — clever lighting spotlighting the gay costumes against the sombre oak of the hall. But it had this grave disadvantage, that the platform which became the stage virtually sliced the audience in half, and one half of the play was all that each side could hear.

It is in connection with these aspects of his work that one wants more detail, and more criticism from Mr Forsyth. Why was it that he could so seldom resist that extra gag or two that were blots on a fine production? Did he always have to *épater les bourgeois*? Was he certain that the thrust-stage was suitable for every kind of play? How, in detail, did he handle the chorus in Greek plays, the one difficult element for a modern audience to accept?

For we didn't see any of his productions of these in England. The success of *The Three Estates* at Edinburgh encouraged some rich Canadian patrons to persuade him to found a theatre in Stratford, Ontario. It would take three years to build a theatre. But why not meanwhile improvise, he suggested, with a theatre in a tent? It was the sort of challenge he loved, and he pushed the idea through. Except for occasional days of heavy rain when the noise on the tent-top made the actors inaudible, it was a great success, with productions of Shakespeare, Chekhov, and Sophocles; and several towns in the States competed for his services in setting up similar theatres for them. Minneapolis was the one that got him and absorbed much of his energy and time. But he was now also busy directing all over the world, in New York, in Israel, in Australia, at Stratford-on-Avon and at the Old Vic (I would have liked a great deal more about his season with Sir Donald Wolfit: this must have been a clash of giants).

But his last years were not too happy. He had found time to set up a jam factory in his local village in Ireland to give employment where there was none. But he had not time to keep a close enough watch on its progress. It began well enough, and a number of friends chipped in with capital. Unfortunately in the end it ran into debt to the tune of some £100,000.

This was one constant worry, and another was that his wife, Judy, had began tippling. She had remained childless, her writing had come to nothing and she was not really all that interested in her husband's work. Guthrie was uncharacteristically unsympathetic. He was himself getting old and tired but drove himself on to travel far and wide to keep an eye on his varied ventures. He died at seventy and the cause of death was clearly overwork. But he had first collected a knighthood which, rather surprisingly, he valued greatly and had told done out of when Olivier and Richardson got theirs at the Old Vic after the war; he knew that he had done more for the Old Vic after Lilian Baylis's death, and during the war.

Disasters large and small

By Susannah Clapp

HELEN HODGMAN :
Blue Skies
104pp. Duckworth. £2.95.

A lot of bad and bizarre things happen very quickly in Helen Hodgman's first book. Her publishers have made something of a speciality of short novels in which large events are not so much scaled down as seen, with a sort of glum innocence, as continuous with the botherings of everyday life. Their shortness follows naturally from the smallness of observation in which they deal, and Miss Hodgman's novel—which is intelligent, jerky, intense and scaty—points up both the merits and dangers of the method.

Her anonymous narrator is unworldly enough to think that an inquiry about her whereabouts at the time of Kennedy's assassination might possibly be an accusation—and sour enough to suppose that the "arch and irritating" habits that a friend develops after being abroad are "what was meant by travel broadening the mind". She has a shadowy husband, a characterless baby, and specializes in fierce suburban boredom: the blue skies of the title are those of Tasmania—and it rapidly becomes apparent that they smile only in order to conceal bared teeth.

The narrator has two neatly arranged boyfriends (one for Tuesdays, one for Thursdays) and in this way stakes our her world. One of them is accused of indecency and hounded, bloody, from his business and her life; the other—who possibly sleeps with his sister and certainly likes wearing women's clothes—is busted by the drug squad, and freed for a lifetime of creativity by the prompt suicide of his wife (the narrator's best friend). On the way back from a visit to one boyfriend the narrator has it off with the coach-driver; at the end of the novel she manages to murder—undetected — her raucously jolly next-door neighbour.

Helen Hodgman is too intelligent to write a novel which deals simply with discontent being made to simmer under a boiling sun. But the possibilities for interest that she provides are too many and too various. Characters appear, are confounded by their disasters, and exit without further trace. So do explanations of the narrator's feelings: at times it is suggested that her depression approaches madness (of a more or less divine kind); at others that her sense of superfluity has some more primeval root, assimilable to the "small sadness and boredom" of the destroyed Aborigines, whose ghostly presence she also experiences as a threat.

Some really grim and funny accounting goes on: as she slaps tinned brains into her daughter's "bunny bowl", or, safe within her house, meticulously follows her husband's instructions and takes "care all day". But an anxiety to make every moment tell leads to over-tricky phrasing and hectic scene-painting. The complaint that dawns are "too theatrical" to be wholly likeable is sympathetic: explaining this in terms of afterbirths and oyster-shells overestates and undermines the case. Here and elsewhere her nervy nibbling at different areas is a result not a contradiction of Miss Hodgman's acuteness—an unwillingness to be committed to one point of view or one set of scenery.

Eclipse of the earth

By Stephen Clark

JOHN BANVILLE :
Doctor Copernicus
241pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.90.

Nicolas Koppernigk of Torun returned to Poland from Padua when he was thirty. For the next forty years he served as a canon of Ermeland and worked on the detailed proof of his heliocentric vision in the intervals of diplomacy and medical practice. Only at his life's end did he consent to publish his detailed exposition of heliocentricity, and died, so it is said, with his paralysed fingers on a copy of his life's work.

John Banville misses few chances in his retelling of Koppernigk's life: the sundial he constructed in his schooldays under Canon Wodka, nicknamed Abstemius; the confrontation with Brudzewski of Cracow, the great Ptolomaist whose lectures the youthful Koppernigk did not attend; a clumsy attempt by the Neoplatonist Novarra to enlist him against the Borgias; a syphilitic brother; and the manic-depressive Rheticus to persuade him to publish. Koppernigk's talents, as statesman in the long struggle with the Teutonic Order and as physician, are given ample scope.

His great failure as an astronomer (more impressive than most men's success) is fully displayed: the Copernican system had eight more epicycles than the Ptolemaic, and mistakenly reduced planetary distances; it was not even, technically, heliocentric — the sun stood arbitrarily to one side of the centre. To be sure, the navigational tables produced eight years after Koppernigk's death were more accurate than the Ptolemaic, but it was neither accuracy nor simplicity that made the revolution. Koppernigk, in effect, saw the world as Nicholas of Cusa's infinite sphere: and as modern cosmology returns us to a finite universe, we can look back and consider the post-Copernican infinities of empty space. More important still, Koppernigk attempted a realistic description of the world beyond sight, rejecting Ibn Rushd's defence that "Ptolemaic astronomy is nothing so far as existence is concerned, but it is convenient for computation of the non-existent". Andreas Osslander's editorial preface, attempting to make Copernican astronomy a similarly non-realistic model, could not diminish its radical effect.

Mr Banville's Koppernigk is a scientific mystic, whose vision is traduced and distorted in the working out, and who devotes himself ever more distrustfully to the intellect and its intelligibles. Human companionship and the world of flesh are repulsive to him: his brother Andreas, a sinister Italianate figure, "the bent bow from which he propelled himself beyond the filthy world". Only on his deathbed can he repent. That engaging homosexual, Rheticus of Wittenburg, is allowed to tell his story, though from a standpoint less friendly to Koppernigk than his constant efforts to publicize the master's work would suggest. Certainly he had cause for hostility. Koppernigk gave him no mention in *De revolutionibus*, doubtless from senile forgetfulness and, as Tiedemann Giese put it in a conciliatory letter to Rheticus, his constant inattention to matters non-philosophical.

Psychological speculations on the roots of science do not make a novel. The strength of Mr Banville's work lies in his pictures of Koppernigk and Rheticus. He perhaps underplays Koppernigk's real practical ability—he was also an early economist, urging a unified national currency—and perhaps exaggerates his coldness. Rheticus makes more amusing reading, as he bounds and plunges about the room, tearing his hair over the hideous complexity of the orbit of Mars. And as a spokesman for the common world of sense which Koppernigk wished to transcend he is more convincing than Andreas Koppernigk. *Doctor Copernicus* is good enough as a historical primer; as a novel it is better than most.

Cad's army

By Richard Usborne

SIMON RAVEN :
The Fortunes of Fingel
142pp. Blond and Briggs. £3.50.

Fingel (Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Colonel—whatever his real or temporary rank) is a dirty little rat, and most of these stories about him and his merry messmates are fairly appalling. I have never found schoolboy smut boring (by the way Captain Raven and I were at the same school, though generations apart), nor *Playboy*-type sex. But Fingel and his lot seem to be wetting their rompers with giggles about their own deplorable grown-up behaviour on Her Majesty's Service. There are see-through mirrors, I am told, installed at all the best brothels. In reading about Fingel—and, I am sorry to say, in some other parts of the Raven oeuvre—I get an impression of a kind of hashish-extended omphaloskepticism—a chap or chaps looking eagerly through the eye of that kind of mirror at himself or themselves a-maying in the next bedroom.

Fingel is incorruptible, because he is already 100 per cent corrupt, and he is a sponger of others, officers or other ranks. To his advantage, as well as for his pleasure, he is a liar, a spiv, a hoaxer, a wide-boy, a post-dater of cheques, a rogue and a disgrace. As an Occupation officer in Germany just after the war in the first story, he gets a smart rap over the head with a poker from a *femme fatale* whose *femme* is not the sort he has been tricked into expecting. But he never gets his deserts. He remains out of jug to the end of the book.

Fifteen short stories, with enjoyable illustrations by Michael Folkes. Some of the stories are in the form of letters to Captain Raven ("My dear old Bean . . .") from far-posted Fingel, telling of his tribulations and triumphs. I don't see the Fingel chronicles being set as a special book at Sandhurst or any other officers' training establishments we pay for. But he is a peg on which to hang tailored anecdotes about the jolly japes of English regimental officers, and a bent sergeant or two, in peacetime post-Second-World-War England, Germany, Malta, Israel and Aden. They cheat, they bully, they scrounge, they skive, they drink, they fornicate. In one story Fingel puts on a Boxing Day pantomime for the battalion. It is titled *Fingerella* and, if you don't like fourth-form filth, you'd better skip that one. Later "Colonel" Fingel, posing as a Jew and on a three-month swop-mission to the Israeli Army, is given Lieutenant Joel Fezzez as driver and general assistant. Fingel writes to Captain Raven from Camp Uriah, near Tel Aviv, about Lieutenant Fezzez:

She's a wide, squat creature, of about twenty years old, very dark and somewhat in need of a shave, with enormous bra-less knockers under her khaki shirt and bandy thighs like nutcrackers, which frequently protrude from under her regulation skirt despite her angry efforts to confine them. Or rather, they did last night, but today she's wearing trousers and combat boots. The boots make her calves look like a pair of caveman's clubs with the bludgeoning end uppermost, while the trousers strongly assert the handiness of her hams, which make a broad ellipse—nearly a circle—when she is standing to attention. This she insists on doing whenever she talks to me, as if to convey the exclusively military nature of our association.

Well, if you are a Raven reader and if you know your Fingel by now, you know that the nature of their association soon becomes almost exclusively non-military. And Fingel's gentility is rumbled just the way you would expect from this author. Yes, probably skip that one too. Go on to "Fingel's Heritage". Fingel expects £10,000 or so from his mother when she dies, and he would not mind having it now. He tries to blow her to kingdom come with a booby-trapped geyser, but, ho ho, only kills her elderly female companion. Bathroom humour this time. Good *clean* fun.

Clytemnestra on the couch

By Bernard Knox

GEORGE DEVEREUX:
Dreams in Greek Tragedy
364pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £12.

The author's name inspires a certain initial confidence: this is not going to be a stab in the dark by a Greekless Freudian or an amateur performance by a Hellenist whose acquaintance with Freud is recent and superficial. The subject, too, is reassuring: dreams, after all, are the psychoanalyst's raw material, the object of concentrated study in his professional life. The application of his expertise to the dreams described in Greek tragedy, which scholars have so far discussed almost exclusively in terms of dramatic function, should, as Devereux puts it, "broaden and deepen one's understanding" of the text.

Strangely enough, in view of the respect for the prophetic power of dreams expressed everywhere in Greek literature, especially in tragedy, there is not much material to work with. The Aeschylean dreams are the most numerous and impressive. Atossa's dream in *Persians* fills nineteen iambic lines and in *Eumenides* a powerful scene brings on stage the sleeping Furies and the figure of Clytemnestra, who, in their dreams, rebukes them for their dereliction of duty and stings them to wakefulness. Io's dream in *Prometheus*, however, is simply a verbal message conveyed to her by "visions" she does not describe; Clytemnestra's in *Libation-Bearers* is described at secondhand by the chorus in four lines of stichomythia, and Menelaus's dream of the absent Helen in *Agamemnon* is presented in the vaguest and shortest of terms by the chorus (or the "prophets" of the house, depending on the punctuation adopted).

Sophocles offers only the dream of Clytemnestra in *Electra*, very different from the Aeschylean version and much more elaborate. Euripides gives us only Hecuba's two-line dream which she fears foretells death for her two surviving children, and the detailed account, by Iphigenia herself, of her dream, falsely prophetic for once, in which she prepares for sacrifice a column which she takes to symbolize Orestes. There is also the interesting dream of the charioteer in *Rhesus*, which seems not to prophesy things to come but to represent to the dreamer what is actually taking place around him as he sleeps.

This is not a large body of material, but those familiar with Devereux's voluminous production (he cites over eighty of his own publications in the bibliography) will not be unduly surprised to find that his "Ethno-Psycho-Analytical Study" extends to 344 large pages of fairly small print, including over 1,000 footnotes in even smaller type, and thirty-nine pages of introduction. Devereux "seeks to demonstrate the psychological credibility of the dreams Aischylos, Sophokles and Euripides had devised for certain of their personages. . . . What can be shown, is that the dreams one encounters in Greek tragedy are authentically dreamlike: that the dream Aischylos devised for *his* Klytaimestra could have been dreamed by her, had she been a real person. . . ." (The italics, here and in all citations, are those of Devereux.)

Not all Greek literary dreams, it appears, are authentically dreamlike—"Homeric dreams containing long discourses are un-dreamlike"; in fact "the manner of *contriving* literary dreams had changed between the age of Homeros and that of the great tragic poets—though the change was by no means complete". This statement seems at first to open up interesting perspectives for cultural history; but further consideration reveals that the qualification "by no means complete" attempts to cover a large area. "Un-dreamlike" Homeric dreams occur in Herodotus (Devereux cites one but there are at least four more) and Plato; more damaging to his thesis is the fact that Io's dream in *Prometheus* is of the Homeric type—a direct address to the dreamer containing a message and a command.

A suspicion that Devereux's distinctions may be artificial is strengthened by consideration of the connection he makes between "literary" dreams and dream-books. Such treatises (Artemidorus is, of course, our chief example) "are manifestly interested in prophetic or clairvoyant symbols. . . . Poets are interested mainly in inner meanings and . . . cast about for—often traditional—symbols. . . . Hence, dreams devised by a few great poets (eg, Homeros) . . . do, in fact, fit primarily 'literary' and therefore also dream-book 'models'." Anyone familiar with Artemidorus's dreary collection of dreams and their meanings for the dreamer's future—"To dream of drinking vinegar means a coming family quarrel", "Dreams about cabbages are especially unlucky for innkeepers"—will search in vain for the connection between Homer and dream-books, even if one can imagine dream-books in existence at the time Homer composed.

It seems more reasonable to suppose, with E. R. Dodds, that the prevailing Homeric type of dream—the divine dream which gives instructions and which occurs in temple records and "countless later authors from Isocrates to the Acts of the Apostles"—is a "culture-pattern dream" and "belongs to the religious experience of the people, though poets from Homer downwards have adapted it to their purposes" (*The Greeks and the Irrational*).

This is not a concession Devereux can afford to make, since it would mean that a type of dream unexampled in modern practice was once a historical reality; in fact Devereux expressly rejects the authenticity of the dreams of Aelius Aristides and those discussed by Artemidorus, who claims to have collected many of them from his "patients". One obvious proof of Artemidorus's unreliability (obvious, that is, to Devereux) is that he gives an elaborate classification of mother and son incest dreams, announcing among other things that the coital position adopted is of the utmost importance for interpretation—all this in spite of the fact that "such dreams are practically never dreamed, even by the acutely psychotic". But quite apart from Artemidorus's extremely detailed classification of such dreams, they are attributed to historical figures (Hippias, Julius Caesar, and the Messenian commander Komon) and discussed by Plato as a general phenomenon (*Republic* 571c); furthermore, it is unlikely that Sophocles would have given his Jocasta a line proclaiming that many men had lain with their mother in their dreams unless his large Athenian audience shared the same belief.

The evidence strongly suggests that in ancient Greece, contrary to modern psychoanalytical experience, a dream of incest with the mother was far from rare. Devereux cannot accept such a conclusion, if only because Freudian psychoanalysis is understandably reluctant to admit cultural differences at the deep level of the unconscious described by Plato. He is also sceptical of the reality of such overt dreams because his criterion of dreamlikeness is the need for analysis. His demonstration of the psychological credibility of the dreams in tragedy (of Clytemnestra's dream in Aeschylus for example) "is possible only if one goes through the motions of an '*as if*' psychoanalysis of the fictitious but plausible Aischylean Klytaimestra and of her dream".

To reassure the reader who may look forward with dismay to the "as if" psychoanalysis of Clytemnestra, Devereux goes on to make a large claim. "The conclusions such an operation yields are, strictly speaking, 'constructs', whose logical status is exactly the same as that of the equally inferential 'construct' that Aischylos, in causing Agamemnon to speak as he does, *meant us to assume* not only that his vocal apparatus was like that of any man, but also that his early training had caused him to speak Greek rather than Persian. . . ."

However, here is the conclusion which Devereux reaches in the case of Aeschylus's Clytemnestra, who dreamt that she gave birth to a serpent, nursed it at the breast and was bitten by it. "Klytaimestra, harassed by guilt feelings over not having nursed her son and also over Agamemnon's murder, fuses the two self-reproaches into one, and, in so doing, also fuses Agamemnon with his natural avenger, Orestes."

Further, since "nursing involves a sexual arousal" the dream "contains erotic instinctual gratifications" which are however "tainted by anxiety and by the need for atonement". The dream "gratifies the erotic drives of an extremely sensual woman—but does so by means of a built-in self-punishment. This, in turn, gratifies the bad mother's and adulterous and husband-killing wife's relentless Superego, by meting out to her a punishment which her rational Ego dreads, but which her guilt-laden unconscious mind craves." There will be few readers outside the ranks of Freudian adepts who will be struck by the logical equivalence of this "construct" and the inference that Aeschylus meant us to assume that Agamemnon grew up speaking Greek and not Persian.

Atossa's dream in *Persians*—the two women yoked by Xerxes, his overthrow by the rebellious one, the sorrow of his father Darios—yields the following conclusion: "Atossa could dream of Xerxes' oedipal hybris and its catastrophic consequences *only* if her dream expressed *her* (ambivalent) 'counter-oedipal', Iokaste-like impulses." But the most spectacular "conclusion" results from a detailed comparison of the three Euripidean dreams: those of the charioteer in *Rhesus* (allowing Devereux for the moment his belief that the *Rhesus* is by Euripides), of Hecuba in the play that bears her name, and of Iphigenia in the *IT*.

Devereux undertakes to show that they "must be considered as variations—by the *same* 'composer'—on a single theme: on that of the so-called 'primal scene', which is the child's real or fantasied, but always anxiety-distorted experience of his parents' coitus". And Devereux makes it clear that this is not a mere academic exercise on the part of the dramatist: "The three Euripidean dreams were probably patterned upon one or more of Euripides' own dreams . . ."; "the recurrence of the same theme in three tragedies implies . . . the conflict's persistence *in Euripides' unconscious*. . .".

There is only one possible basis for Devereux's claim that these remarkable interpretations are self-evident; it is that Freudian psychoanalysis has the authority of a science whose laws, confirmed by experiment, are challenged only by the ignorant or perverse. "*The Use of the Psycho-Analytic Method*", he claims, "needs no defense, at least for the open-minded reader; it has been tested in the crucible of about eighty years of clinical practice, involving tens of thousands of patients." But there are many (and their number seems to be increasing) who, neither ignorant nor perverse, challenge the whole basis of Freudian psychoanalysis; the theory is under assault from many quarters. It is for one thing relentlessly androcentric; few intelligent women can be expected to welcome a doctrine which announces that their half of the human race is consumed with envy of the male organ from childhood on and spends the rest of its life trying to (symbolically) [illegible] it. The modern women's liberation movement (a *bête noire* of Devereux, as is clear from some acid footnotes) regards Freud as a public enemy.

Other voices are raised too; statements by two recent critics (both of them sympathetic and respectful) express the attitude of a large segment of the intellectual community in the following terms:

> The therapeutic success of psychoanalysis has been dubious; its empirical base remains weak; its testability is nearly nil; its openness to quantification . . . is precisely that of a latched lid. (William Gass in *New York Review of Books*, April 17, 1975.)
>
> There is wide agreement that the logic of Freudian reasoning is suspiciously loose; that its data are too private and inferential to be scientifically trustworthy; that some of its particular assertions, especially regarding women, have owed more to ideology and superstition than to clinical fact. . . . (Frederick Crews in *New York Review of Books*, October 16, 1975.)

For the open-minded reader, like Devereux, I mean one for whom the use of the psychoanalytic method must justify itself in terms outside its own closed system, the value of this book will depend on the validity of Devereux's claim that "in this work the application of psycho-analysis to Greek drama is justified only heuristically—by showing that it broadens and deepens one's understanding of the plays containing dream-narratives". The reader may entertain the hope that even though the conclusions may be cogent only for the converted, the detailed, elaborate and learned discussion which leads to them will challenge or interest those who find the underlying theory unacceptable.

That there are occasional passages which arrest the Hellenist's attention is not to be denied. The very long discussion of *Agamemnon* 410-426—"Menelaos' Reactive Depression and Dream"—is full of interest for those who have struggled with this difficult and beautiful passage. Here Devereux's clinical knowledge of "reactive depression" produces a suggestive and original discussion, though interpretation, as usual, takes fanciful wing when he gets to work on Menelaus's dream, a text which is the shortest and vaguest dream description in all of Greek tragedy.

But this chapter is exceptional. Most of the "conclusions" have been reached by arguments which will not command ready acceptance outside Freudian circles. Anyone who has read much of the literature or argued with psychoanalysts knows the frustrating sensation of playing a game in which one's opponent makes the rules as he goes along: the Freudian analyst establishes correspondences which each become identities so that he manipulates sets of equations with which almost anything can be demonstrated. Devereux is extremely well equipped in this area; here are a few (just a few) specimens from his ample supply of equivalents: eye = penis (also vulva); girl = phallus; defloration = castration; foot = penis; coitus = killing; milk = venom = semen; father's phallos = mother's phallos = foetus. In the game of poker it is not impossible, if the deuces and one-eyed jacks be declared wild, to find oneself (or one's opponent) holding five aces; the prudent player will avoid this variety of the game. Reading Devereux is like playing against a dealer who can declare any card in his deck wild at will; you can't win.

The demonstration, for example, that the three Euripidean dreams are based on the *primal* scene consists of a list of twenty features characteristic of "primal scene" dreams and which are also elements in the three plays. Even allowing Devereux that licence ("in the plays" should strictly be "in the dream-account") the list is not impressive. Item 2, for example, is "Horror and Fascination"—surely elements which can be found in almost any Greek tragedy. For many of the items there is "no data" for one of the plays; where the data does exist it has been produced by prodigies of interpretation. Item 6, for example, reads:

> *The Paternal phallos*, seen as a dangerous organ, fascinates (but also frightens the child. E. *Rh.*: wolf "tails", whip the horses. E. *Hec.*: the tail (and, of course, also the penis) would, plausibly, be invisible in a *maternal* primal scene dream. E. *IT.*: the (apparently collapsing or shrinking) column could be dangerous to the dreamer.

There is nothing in Euripides's text to suggest that the column is collapsing or shrinking nor any hint that it is dangerous to Iphigenia. As for Hecuba, the fantastic nature of this enterprise can be gauged from that fact that the dream in *Hecuba* is supposed to represent the primal scene as seen by the mother. What business the mother had watching the primal scene instead of acting it is not explained; nor are we told whose mother we are dealing with. If these three dreams are patterned on one or more of Euripides's own dreams, perhaps—horrid thought!—it is Euripides' mother.

Devereux is willing to admit that some of his manoeuvres are difficult to follow and appeals for patience. After explaining that his first view of Atossa's dream as an "un-dream-like allegory" was due to a "scotoma", which was dissipated by his students, he expresses the hope that "this frank description of two momentary victories of my repressions over my insight . . . will encourage the non-psycho-analytical reader, who, at some point, finds it difficult to follow my reasoning, to look inward and ask himself what prevents *him* from seeing what is so evident to *me*". The idea that there might be something wrong with the reasoning does not apparently occur to him.

It is an idea that should not be dismissed. Space allows only one example: his discussion of Clytemnestra's dream in Aeschylus. His conclusion, quoted above, contains the phrase "guilt feelings over not having nursed her son". This is a statement which will leave most readers baffled, for in one of Aeschylus's most tremendous scenes Clytemnestra bares her breast and reminds Orestes how he sucked at it when a baby. Orestes is stopped dead in his tracks and has to turn to Pylades for a word of encouragement. However, according to Devereux, Clytemnestra in this scene is lying; she did not suckle Orestes at all. "Literary critics", he writes, "have noticed that Klytaimestra's claim is contradicted by the Nurse's credible affirmation that she alone had nursed Orestes—but have not come to grips with the problem. . . . Most critics do not discuss this contradiction." There is a good reason for this: there is no contradiction to discuss.

The nurse does not affirm that she alone nursed Orestes. Devereux's reason for thinking she does is given to us later; it is the "primary meaning" of the word *trepho* which is: "to nurse at the breast". The nurse of course makes no specific reference to nursing at the breast, in fact she speaks of feeding the child when it feels hunger or thirst, which suggests that it is past the breast-feeding stage, but she does use the word *trepho*. "Orestes", she says, "whom I reared up (*exethrepsa*) after receiving him from his mother" (Hugh Lloyd-Jones's translation).

Devereux's analysis of Clytemnestra's dream and motive depends entirely on his assertion about the "primary" meaning of *trepho*. But that assertion is baseless. There are in the extant texts of the tragic poets over 170 occurrences of the two verbs in question (*trepho* and its compound *ektrepho*). Many of them are literal or metaphorical uses of the basic meanings "feed, raise" but a good many refer specifically to rearing of small children by women. In twenty-seven such passages the question of nursing at the breast does not arise; in three this meaning is specifically indicated by the addition of a significant word (*mastos*, *gala*, etc); in three cases (all of them referring to Clytemnestra in the *Libation-Bearers*) it seems demanded by the context; there are nine cases where the context clearly excludes it. But also in twenty-five passages where these words are used of the rearing of children they refer to the activity not of a mother, but of a father, a tutor, an uncle or a male god. If the "primary meaning" (whatever that may mean) of *trepho* had ever been "to nurse at the breast" it seems to have been forgotten by the fifth-century poets and audiences.

In fact the consequences of this rash assertion about *trepho* involve Devereux later on, in his discussion of Sophocles's Clytemnestra dream, in such complicated manoeuvres and speculations that one feels at times that even he is out of his depth. Sophocles's Clytemnestra claims to have nursed Orestes at the breast (776) and this, according to Devereux, is true. But her claim is

> contested by *Elektra* who, like the Aischylean Nurse, claims to be the *only one* in the house . . . to have "nursed" Orestes. . . . Now, had the *Choephoroi* never been written, Elektra's words would *at once* be taken to mean *only* "tender nurturing". . . . But anyone familiar with *A. Choe.*, from which the motif of competing claims is borrowed must—be he an Athenian theatre-goer or a modern student of Greek—*stop and remind himself* that, unlike the Aischylean Nurse, the *virgin* Elektra can refer only to tender nurturing. . . . I *do not* believe Sophokles to have tried to persuade us that Elektra gave Orestes the breast nor do I feel that he expressed himself obscurely. One's *momentary* bewilderment is due to one's awareness that the Aischylean Nurse whom Elektra replaces here *did* nurse Orestes at the breast. It is this *awkward* and incomplete transposition of the competing nursing claims in A. *Choe* and the *unrelatedness* of these passages to anything else in *S. El.* which show that the discarded Aischylean motif of nursing in dream "slipped" indirectly into the Sophoklean text. The only alternative would be to assume that Sophokles knew—and meant to refer to—certain highly unusual biological facts; a hypothesis which I am *not* prepared to accept.

(The highly unusual biological facts are indicated in a note which begins: "The production of *milk* by a *virgo intacta* is extremely rare. . . .") These dramatic italics, so characteristic, as the matter is not, of Queen Victoria's epistolary style, betray a certain uneasiness. And well they might. The whole thing is a mare's nest, created by the unsupported claim that Aeschylus's Clytemnestra is lying.

In any case it is dramatically unthinkable that Clytemnestra should be thought of as lying when she bares her breast; the power of that great gesture which momentarily defeats Orestes, and through him Apollo, would be destroyed. And if it is a lie, why does it have such a shattering effect on Orestes? Lastly, if for some reason Aeschylus wanted the audience to think that Clytemnestra was lying, all he had to do was to make the nurse, in the preceding scene, say clearly and unequivocally what she does not even hint at—that she had nursed Orestes at the breast.

A lie is not the only extraordinary feature Devereux finds in Clytemnestra's famous three lines; there is also a "hydrodynamic absurdity". This turns out to be the statement that the baby sucked the milk with its gums (*oulois*). The absurdity lies in the fact that "*The Gums* play no role in suction"; Clytemnestra should have said "lips" and from this "*lie* about the gums" some still more penetrating insights are drawn. But it seems likely that these insights have nothing to do with Aeschylus, who had probably given no more thought to the hydrodynamics of lactation than Shakespeare did (cf, *Macbeth* I vii 54ff.).

It remains to mention two specific contributions the psychoanalytic method offers to the classical scholar in this book. One is the suggestion that the "basic similarities" between the dreams in *Hecuba*, *IT* and *Rhesus* "lend solid support to Ritchie's sober and scholarly arguments in favour of the authenticity of the *Rhesus* we possess . . .". The solidity of the support depends on the validity of the analysis; those interested in this approach will find much surprising matter in pages 262-312. The other is the tentative conclusion that "paleography could benefit from a familiarity of its practitioners with Freud's theory of parapraxes". One looks forward to Devereux's reaction to Timpanaro's fascinating book *Il Lapsus Freudiano* (now translated into English) which reverses the process and applies the techniques of textual criticism to the celebrated cases analysed by Freud in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*. The result is that as part of a severe critique of the theory as a whole, the young man's inability to remember the word *aliquis* in Virgil, *Aeneid* IV as well as Freud's own substitution of Botticelli and Boltraffio for Signorelli are given much less spectacular but more elegantly economical explanations.

It is sad to have to make such a negative judgment of a book on which the author has worked so long and devotedly; what makes it all the more so is that Devereux obviously loves Greek literature. But he wants to find his own life work and theory somehow mirrored in it. He opens his book with a suggestion that psychoanalysts are today's "gadflies of the mind" who like Thucydides's Athenians seem to have been "born into the world to take no rest themselves and give none to others". The reading of his book brought to my mind a different passage, the sad case of Coronis, who, Pindar tells us, "was in love with what was not there. She was not alone. There is a race of men just as deluded; they despise the familiar and fix their gaze on far horizons, chasing vain fancies with hopes that cannot be fulfilled."

Delphic pronouncements

By D. E. W. Wormell

ROBERT FLACELIERE:
Greek Oracles
Translated by Douglas Garman
[illegible]pp. Elek, £3.95.

Robert Flacelière's book on *Devins et oracles grecs* was first published in the "Que sais-je?" series in 1961. It is a pleasant semi-popular treatment of a complex and difficult theme, written with characteristic Gallic clarity and poise, touching indeed on most aspects of what was an essential part of Greek religious belief and practice, but not aspiring to analyse in any depth the often baffling problems inherent in such a far-ranging subject. The author is well known for his studies in Plutarch, where much curious information can be found concerning divination and oracles. He is also fully conversant with the history of Delphi and the archaeology of the site—two fields of knowledge which the French have made peculiarly their own. He finds it engagingly difficult to resist a good story. Thus he illustrates colonization-oracles by the tale of Phalanthus, on whom rain fell from a clear sky through the tears of his wife Aethra. This is [illegible] and certainly unauthentic. And he cannot quite bring himself to abandon the wholly apocryphal tradition of a chasm and its attendant vapours originally situated beneath the oracular seat at Delphi. In general, however, his treatment is balanced, lucid, and eminently readable.

An English translation by Douglas Garman appeared in 1965, and this has now been reissued in unchanged format. The version is lively and vigorous, but no attempt has been made to [illegible] sprinkle of mistranslations and the shower of misspellings which disfigure the text. At Dodona, we read, [illegible] oracles whose wives were prophetesses [illegible] this being [illegible] version of "un oracle dont les femmes [illegible] étaient les prophétesses". A whole [illegible] of the French [illegible] on page [illegible] does *not* mean "Peisistratus and his family". Gallicized Greek names and nouns are a trap for the unwary, but we might have been spared Erythraea, Onomacrites, and Posidonius of Apamaeus, or plural forms like Bakis, mystes, and Selle, [illegible] Castalia, Gumnia and so on. It was his away, not his way, which Zeus's judgment bestowed on Apollo (page 35). Plutarch is transmogrified into Plato on page 82. Knowledge does not stand still: the bibliography, which has no entry later than 1960, could and should have been brought up to date. Finally, the plates, though photographically satisfying, are not very apposite. In particular the hellenistic allotment machine is oddly out of place (as if one were to illustrate "the lot fell upon Jonah" by a photograph of the draw for the Irish Sweep).

[illegible] have been known [illegible] sion [illegible] sad indeed [illegible] the author [illegible] an attractive [illegible] fascinating [illegible] English [illegible]

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Waylaid en route to the Great Society

By Charles Wheeler

DORIS KEARNS :
Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream
432pp. André Deutsch. £6.95.

The older statesman and diplomat, Averell Harriman, once remarked that if it hadn't been for the war in Vietnam, Lyndon Johnson would have been the greatest ever American president. Doris Kearns leaves the verdict to historians, who should be grateful to her. For Miss Kearns was close to Johnson, and was a good listener. And L.B.J., bitter in retirement and desperate to earn the gratitude of the American people—if necessary, after his death—had a great deal to say.

They met at a White House dance, and their first encounter seems to have been mildly flirtatious. Miss Kearns was a twenty-four-year-old graduate student from Harvard and an anti-war activist; she had won a fellowship that allowed her to work as a special assistant to members of the Cabinet and had attracted attention by publishing an article, "How to Remove L.B.J. in 1968", in the *New Republic*. The President was uncharacteristically tolerant of his outspoken young critic, and he asked her to work directly for him. After his abdication in 1968, Miss Kearns became a part-time member of a staff he had assembled in Texas to help him write his memoirs, and there appears to have been a tacit understanding between them that their conversations, which sometimes began at dawn and continued intermittently until late at night, would provide the material for this book.

The ex-president might not have liked the result. Though torn all his life by self-doubt, he was not a self-critical person. Nor was he able to endure the criticism of others: he had absolute faith in the purity of his own motives and was inclined to attribute attacks on his judgment and performance to prejudice, envy or ignorance. And yet, Miss Kearns's portrait is not unsympathetic: in treating this complex giant of a man with measured admiration and much pity, she is probably at one with millions of Americans who were relieved when he retired and saddened when he died.

The younger Lyndon Johnson was a man of huge ambition, frenzied energy and lively intellect—all qualities that made him certain to succeed. What raised him above his rivals in politics, however, was his single-mindedness—that, and an extraordinary ability to persuade in personal encounters. Curiously, despite his commanding personality and richness of language, he was not an effective campaigner. He won his elections by building a better organization than his opponents'. He was shy of crowds, detested public argument and could be reduced to mumbling incoherence by a single heckler. As polling day approached, he would regularly fall ill.

He was not a model Democrat. As leader of his party in the Senate, he used his power to reduce debate to mere ritual. He argued that the proper function of debate was to unify and rally popular support for decisions reached beforehand in bargaining behind the scenes. He believed firmly in the right of the president to make policy, implying that the possession of presidential authority included the possession of unequalled sources of information, and therefore of understanding, of the issues. To Johnson, the fundamental fact of political life during his years as master of the Senate was that "America Loved Ike" and he dismissed as absurd and destructive the notion that the duty of an opposition is to oppose.

He was equally loyal to the junior senator who defeated him in the presidential race of 1960. But as John Kennedy's understudy, Johnson, for the first time in his life, was reduced to the role of onlooker—in office but out of power. At Cabinet meetings and at the weekly White House breakfasts for congressional leaders, he would offer opinions only when directly asked to do so by Kennedy; and, according to others present, he was invariably morose, unintelligible, *wry* and tired. He suffered badly from feelings of cultural inferiority.

As the Kennedys set about transforming Washington into an arts centre—with performances of Shakespeare and luncheons for writers and musicians at the White House—Johnson withdrew, convinced that the Kennedy people despised him as an outsider. Years later, in conversation with the author, he described how stifled he felt. The only purpose the vice-president served, he asserted, was to remind the president of his mortality.

> Every time I came into John Kennedy's presence, I felt like a goddam raven perched on his shoulder. Away from Washington, it was even worse. The Vice-Presidency is filled with trips around the world, with chauffeurs, men saluting, people clapping . . . in the end it is nothing. I detested every minute of it.

Then, abruptly in Dallas, his moment came: Kennedy was shot and Lyndon Johnson took his place. According to his own account, with deep misgivings at first:

> When I took the oath, I was illegitimate, a pretender to the throne, a usurper. There was Texas, my home, and the home of the murderer. And then there were the bigots and the eastern intellectuals, all waiting to knock me down before I could begin to stand up. The whole thing was almost unbearable.

Self-pity came easily to Johnson. But he rose above it. He performed brilliantly, showing tact and a subdued strength that quickly won over the country. He became the executor of his predecessor's will, invoking Kennedy's name in every speech and using the national feeling of guilt to turn the dead man's programme into a cause. And gradually Lyndon Johnson became his own man again, cautiously allowing the impression to take hold that he, the man of action, might succeed where the thinker had failed. His energy—overwhelming in the Senate, absent in the vice-presidency—returned.

The task well suited his talents and his political upbringing. Kennedy had set the goals: among them, a new civil rights law, federal aid to education, medical services for the elderly, a poverty programme. Now it was up to Johnson to mobilize the necessary political support. He was lucky, of course. The assassination had produced a mood of strong national unity, coupled with a desire for a renewal of belief in America; and sustained economic growth made it possible to persuade people that the poor and deprived could be helped and national problems resolved, without significant sacrifice on the part of the more affluent. But if circumstances provided the opportunity for the first leap forward in American society since the New Deal, it was Johnson, the great political practitioner, who turned opportunity into achievement.

His energy was reinforced by anxiety that his consensus might not last, and in 1965 he sent no fewer than sixty-three bills to Congress for enactment. The result was a cascade of legislative victories and bill-signing ceremonies. But the president soon discovered that the qualities and skills that served him so well when the objective was congressional action—his ability to persuade, coerce, manipulate and bargain—were counter-productive in the less familiar field of foreign policy and in his conduct of the war.

He had always preferred the lobbies and corridors of Congress to the debating chamber. He believed that every man could be "reasoned with", preferably in secrecy. He did not believe in the right of the people, or of their elected representatives in the Congress, to help determine the shape of foreign policy. And he passionately wanted his Great Society to continue on course. Thus he refused to go before the Congress and the country, declare war or a state of emergency, raise taxes, put the economy on a wartime footing and enlist public support for the war.

Instead, he hid its cost in the Pentagon's budget, escalated by stealth, and maintained a peacetime economy. Inflation ensued, the Great Society faltered and, as the war continued with no end in sight, his popularity sagged. And for Lyndon Johnson that was the beginning of the end. More than anything else, he needed public approval.

In her final chapter, Miss Kearns describes Johnson's dejection in retirement. He had always believed that power was a reward for working harder than other men. Power made good works possible; good works brought gratitude and love; these then provided the inspiration and vitality for more good works. By his own count, Johnson had given more laws, more houses, more medical services and more jobs to more people than any president in history. Yet they had turned against him. They had broken the cycle and he could not understand why.

Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, and Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, photographed in the Atelier Nadar; from Nigel Gosling's new study, Nadar (see cover).

The seat of politics

By Norman Shrapnel

SELWYN LLOYD :
Mr Speaker, Sir
192pp. Cape. £4.95.

Among the most cultivated of political arts, though not always with marked success, is the art of survival. You have to love the life to last out as long, and at so consistent a level, as Selwyn Lloyd. But it takes more than that. It calls for a long-term buoyancy; small wonder that this statesman—and who can mock the unmodish word if not he—has been a quietly devoted swimmer all his life. You imagine him doing a steady survivor's breaststroke as the flashy sprinters make rings round him before, one by one, they disappear from view. It was only the other day that his own surface bubbles signalled that he had at last gone from us to the Lords.

Survivors seldom have a memorable past or future, but they always have a present. Rarely do they make it, like James Callaghan, to the top. A more orthodox survivor than Mr Callaghan, Lord Selwyn-Lloyd has been virtually everything except Prime Minister, though he has unsurpassed experience of others in the job. The four he served treated him with varying consideration. Importantly he saw them all out.

Churchill was kind to him as a junior minister, and he never forgot it. At Suez, under Eden, he wielded a wooden hatchet for more disagreeable men; presumably he never forgot that either, though he seldom speaks of it these days. When, after a much-publicized occasion, Macmillan took him firmly by the arm there were those who expected it to come off. They were disappointed. The Foreign Secretary smoothly took over as Chancellor. He failed to survive the Macmillan purge—few did—but was consoled with the important job of surveying the Conservative Party organization. And he survived Macmillan.

Five years as Foreign Secretary and two years as Chancellor was already impressive long-distance swimming, but Selwyn Lloyd was far from finished. Having seen Macmillan off he served Sir Alec Douglas-Home as Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the Commons. At the disappearance of the Conservative Government he submerged for a time, unavoidably, but resurfaced as Speaker when the vacancy came up in 1971.

This book is the account of his adventures in the post, which must have been livelier than anything that happened to him since Suez. Otto quality that lends to a survivor to high office, and also perhaps to preclude him from the highest of all, is predictability. Lord Selwyn-Lloyd has it in good measure. *Mr Speaker, Sir* is the title you would expect him to choose, on the grounds that a boringly obvious one is better than a boringly unobvious one ("Order, order!" or "Ayes to the Right" are not for him, and quite right too).

It is no surprise to find that he calls his closing chapter "Whither Parliament?", a question he predictably fails to answer. Also one could safely guess that the last thing he would want to do would be to cause anyone embarrassment, least of all his successors in the Chair. He considers himself safe from this risk since "each Speaker must be a law unto himself within the rules laid down."

The paradox (how can a prisoner of rules be any kind of a law unto himself" unless he chooses them) illustrates Lord Selwyn-Lloyd's difficulty, which is the difficulty of anyone seeking to explain in rational terms the barrier goings-on which seem to outsiders to belong more to the world of Lewis Carroll, with Monty Python and WIH Hay interludes. Westminster insiders tend to forget that the orthodox procedures of the Commons can be more bewildering, even alarming, than many a protest or demonstration. To watch a member moving a point of order during a division—he has to be "seated and covered" which involves the conjuring of a property hat kept for the purpose—must unnerve the uninitiated visitor rather more than the sort of disorderly behaviour Mr Speaker Lloyd was normally called upon to cope with. There were, of course, limits. There was the time Bernadette Devlin assaulted Reginald Maudling both verbally and physically. He describes this sensational incident in some detail, whetting the reader's appetite for the climax. How would the parliamentary outrage be punished? "I decided", Lord Selwyn-Lloyd writes, raising his voice a little to match the drama of the occasion, "to take no action."

This was, in fact, both audacious and sensible of him, since his overriding concern was to avoid creating political martyrs. Lord Selwyn-Lloyd is an eminently sensible man, which makes it a pity that he has not given us the benefit of more developed thinking about the way Parliament works. But he does solve one mystery that must have intrigued generations of spectators. What does Mr Speaker say to Mr when they pause at his chair for a word at the start of a new parliament? Something inspirational? Not a bit of it. "Glad to see you've scraped in again", Speaker Lloyd used to say, or "Good heavens, I thought we'd seen the last of you".

From landed estate to council estate

By Hugh Kearney

JOHN BOSSY :
The English Catholic Community 1570-1850
416pp. Darton, Longman and Todd. £12.

John Bossy's title *The English Catholic Community 1570-1850* has a sectarian ring about it, which may hide from some potential readers the fact that this book is a piece of social and intellectual history. Indeed, when I first looked for it in Blackwell's history department the no-nonsense assistant guided my steps firmly down the steps to the theology department. But the lack of resonance in the title should not be allowed to obscure the fact that this is a significant contribution to English history by one of the most imaginative of the new generation of social historians. The name of Bossy may not be as well known to the general public as it ought to be, but among his fellow-historians in the early modern field his articles are much admired for their sureness of touch, not least a recent piece on an almost impossible subject "The Social History of Confession".

Dr Bossy seems almost to have avoided the limelight by design. When others worked in the overcrowded pastures of English Puritanism he turned his attention to the Counter-Reformation—and *mirabile dictu*, he seemed to find the minds of Carlo Borromeo and Francis de Sales more interesting than those of William Perkins and Samuel Hartlib. His refusal to follow the crowds is fully vindicated here. His book restores a lost dimension to English history by rescuing the history of the English Catholics from the byways of polemic and bigotry, snobbery and eccentricity to which it had been consigned, and places it firmly in the main stream of English historiography. What is interesting is the method by which this has been achieved. Writing with the sympathetic understanding of an insider and the detachment of an outsider (it is impossible to say whether Bossy is *croyant* or not) he manages to combine an analytical approach with a story line sustained over four centuries.

One of the achievements of historians in recent decades has been to rescue large areas of the past which their masters and mentors had ignored. One thinks in particular of the history of labour, of women and of popular culture generally as well as the history of such lesser nationalities as the Irish and the Scots. Dr Bossy's book illustrates this trend. He has taken the dedicated but sometimes narrow achievement represented by the volumes of the Catholic Record Society and the Recusant History Society, work without which his book would have been impossible, and placed it in a wide historical context. Paradoxically he does this by arguing that Catholicism in England took on many of the characteristics of an English sect, surviving thanks to its deep but restricted viewpoints, its kinship network and its remoteness from the seats of power.

Dr Bossy stresses the unheroic nature of the story he has to tell. In this his approach offers an illuminating contrast with the work of those Jesuit historians who never quite managed to strike a balance between religious apologetic and detached scholarship and who as a consequence left themselves open to the charge (wittily expressed in Hugh Trevor-Roper's "twice martyred") of exploiting the past to win souls in the present. Bossy steers clear of all this. Perhaps as a result he is able to put the Jesuit case better than they could have put it themselves, when he deals with the religious controversies of the early seventeenth century between regular and secular clergy. He scarcely mentions the Gunpowder Plot even though our own experience of Compton, Widgery, and Watergate might make us regard this as an episode not quite fully closed. He also avoids the trap laid by demands for contemporary relevance by sticking to the simple but fundamental rule of defining his period, which he sees as stretching from the aftermath of the Northern Rebellion in late Tudor England to the Oxford Movement (an overrated phenomenon in his view) and the prolonged waves of Irish immigration after the famine.

Keeping a respectful distance from Campion Hall is part of Dr Bossy's achievement. Meeting the challenge of Balliol is another. The Marxist, or Marxist style, of English history so tirelessly expounded by the Master of Balliol is now well on the way to becoming as much of an established orthodoxy as the old Whig interpretation. In it, Catholicism appears an outworn ideology, riddled with magical elements, and contrasting sharply with the modernizing thrust of Puritanism. Dr Bossy deals with the challenge by showing that by Christopher Hill's own touchstone of modernity, the label "modern", cannot really be denied to the Jesuit missionary Robert Parsons, and indeed to the Jesuits as a whole. Thirty years ago, H. M. Robertson argued in favour of the economic modernity of the Jesuits. Dr Bossy puts the issue against a wider background, drawing attention to Jesuit planning, aims, and organization and making a telling comparison between the objectives of the Puritan Feoffees for Impropriations, so familiar to the readers of Christopher Hill, and Jesuit proposals for independent financing which would free the clergy from the control of the gentry.

Dr Bossy also argues that the presumed backwardness of the area in which Catholicism survived is much less of a clear-cut issue than is normally supposed. The stock-raising pastures of the north-east were not, it would seem, a primitive subsistence economy but a sector of a wider market pattern. Catholic involvement in coal-mining and other entrepreneurial activities adds to the complexity of the picture. The survival of the Blundells in Lancashire seems to be due as much to economic expertise as blind loyalty to the old faith.

Most tellingly of all, Dr Bossy maintains that the Catholicism of the recusancy period was a new departure, radically different in character from the late medieval Catholicism of More and Fisher. Indeed he might well have made more of this. If Catholicism began afresh, there must have been "conversion" experiences similar to those of the Puritans. Historians have long been familiar with the view that Rome and Geneva had a great deal in common. Dr Bossy is the first English historian to suggest that Parsons and Perkins resembled one another. However, the notion that Catholicism contained a good deal of magic even after the impact of the Counter-Reformation demands more space than Dr Bossy has been able to give. He does refer to the role of priests as wonder-workers or as exorcists, but in general his argument is that Catholicism during its Counter-Reformation phase made headway by instruction and catechizing than by quasi-magical activity. But popular belief is a different matter. Illiteracy among the Catholic tenantry may have encouraged the survival of magical beliefs, as it did in much of rural England.

There are several other aspects of the book which invite comment. Historians are often moved to excitement by flashes of intellectual lightning glimpsed in the work of such anthropologists as Mary Douglas, but they find it difficult to harness the energy to their own mundane historical narratives. In his chapter on "Types of Religious Behaviour" Dr Bossy uses the work of Professor Douglas on pollution and purity and of Van Gennep on rites of passage to illuminate the attitudes of English Catholics during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He demonstrates how emphasis on ritual observance provided a major means of survival amid the pressures of English society at large. Indeed Parsons complained about the way in which English Catholics "relied on such external practices as living on bread and water on Fridays, vigils and most of Lent, and things like that". This emphasis on fasting, Dr Bossy argues, tended to become a social shibboleth marking off a Catholic gentleman, since only those at a certain level of affluence were in a position to make the gesture.

Not the least impressive part of Dr Bossy's achievement is his range over time, from Reformation to Industrial Revolution. The fortunes of the English Catholics mirrored the course of English social history generally. The challenge to gentry control of the Church of England had its counterpart in the attempt made by the recusant bishop Richard Smith to set up episcopal authority within the English Catholic community. But the victory in both cases went to the gentry. In the Church of England, Mr Collins dutifully deferred to Lady Catherine de Burgh. So also in the Catholic world, for a century or more, the gentry set the tone for their clergy. The priests came to seem as a travelling salesman catering for his customers. Missionary activity was actively discouraged and the declining status of the priest sometimes left him to make his way among the servants.

In the mid-eighteenth century, again as in England at large, evangelical stirrings began to change the face of English Catholicism. In Bishop Challoner, the English Catholics found their John Wesley. This shift forms the basis of one of Dr Bossy's major points, namely that the English Catholic clergy began to respond to the challenge of industrialization well before the impact of the Oxford Movement or the coming of the Irish. In fact, he tends to see the Oxford Movement as something of a disaster, bringing false hopes for the conversion of England, which were as wild and millenarian in their effects as any of evangelical Protestant plans for the conversion of the Jews, and caused more mischief. The shares of Newman and Manning may well fall in the ecclesiastical stock market as a result of Dr Bossy's sharp analysis.

The story which begins in the manor houses of the gentry ends in the classic slum. If the Quakers moved from meeting house to counting house, the Catholics moved from landed estate to council estate. But here again Dr Bossy adds an unexpected twist to the story. The middle-class Catholics of the 1850s (for in this also the rise of a middle-class English Catholicism followed the general English pattern) produced their own version of nonconformity, in which financial control of parish funds rested with the layman not the priest. This was ultimately to lead to a conflict between laity and clergy, which ended in a victory for the clergy. But the conflict was not without its drama, exemplified in, of all places, Wigan, where two large Catholic churches were built within shouting distance of one another by the opposing factions. This period of lay control was marked by a willingness to work in harmony with other religious denominations, not least in Liverpool, which was later in the century to be the scene of bitter sectarian strife.

Much of the value of this book lies in the intelligibility which it brings to the history of English Catholicism. But its implications are wider than that. It provides a case study of the history of a religious body which could well be applied with profit to that of other religious groups. Dr Bossy draws a parallel between the English Catholics and the nonconformist sects. In some ways a comparison with the English Jews might have been just as fruitful. The Jews had to cope with similar problems of prejudice, similar internal problems caused by large-scale immigration and similar methods of retaining their identity in ritual. But perhaps I am merely suggesting that British historians could read Dr Bossy with profit. Last, but not least, Dr Bossy's book should be read on the other side of the Irish Sea. For all his stress upon the Englishness of the English Catholics, his book suggests that similar processes were at work in Ireland. The story was not exactly the same, but Ireland too saw the rise of a Catholic middle class and a shift away from gentry control to clerical dominance. In Ireland also, there was a period in the early nineteenth century when the Catholics established a working relationship with Presbyterians, which later gave way to mutual hostility and suspicion. The ending, of course, was different. If the English Catholics, in a minority situation, remained ambiguously like the English Jews, the Irish Catholics, at least in the south of Ireland, were transformed by victory into an establishment suspiciously like the Church of England.

A New Historical Geography of England, edited by H. C. Darby, originally published in hardback in 1973, has now appeared in a paperback version in two volumes ("Before 1600", 316pp, £3.95; "After 1600", 460pp, £5.50. Cambridge University Press). Each volume contains half a dozen articles by different authors covering English history from the Anglo-Saxons down to the Victorian era. The contributions alternate between narrative descriptions of changes in the landscape and cross-sectional accounts of the country at one particular time. For example, the last two chapters of the second volume are "The changing face of England 1850-*circa* 1900" by J. T. Coppock and "England *circa* 1900" by Peter Hall. This combination of the "horizontal" and "vertical" approaches to the study, as Dr Darby acknowledges, follows that adopted by J. O. M. Broek in his book on the Santa Clara Valley in California published in 1932.

Enclosing Newton's space

By Paul Goldberger

HELEN ROSENAU :
Boullée and Visionary Architecture
158pp. Academy Editions. £12.

Dominated by an excessive love for my profession, I have surrendered myself to it entirely. But although I have yielded to this overweening passion, I have made it a rule that I shall work for the benefit of society and thus merit public esteem.

So begins Etienne-Louis Boullée's "Architecture, essai sur l'art", a statement of principle and apologia for the work the architect was still completing at the time of his death in 1799. It would be difficult to conceive of a more earnest, not to say more innocent, way of looking at the profession of architecture than that with which Boullée begins his treatise; he makes no attempt to deny the emotional pull of what he was; just a few paragraphs later, to call "the poetry of architecture", yet at the same time he seems mindful of the social duties of the builder to more than merely indulge himself in private aesthetic pleasures.

Boullée is generally viewed as a visionary, and many historians have put him in categories still farther from any mainstream. Sir Nikolaus Pevsner has called his work "megalomaniac", and this attitude is not atypical. Boullée's significant work was a collection of classically inspired, but by no means classically rigorous, designs for structures of enormous size and scale, which exploited basic geometric shapes for dramatic and powerful effect. None of these structures was ever built, but their influence as visionary designs was considerable. Most frequently students of Boullée's work, such as Albert Speer, saw the vast scale and images of power above all other aspects of the architect's designs, and thus his reputation could slip to the point where a scholar such as Sir Nikolaus could feel justified in brushing off his work as the output of an irrational eccentric.

Helen Rosenau's *Boullée and Visionary Architecture* should assist in correcting this view, and in restoring to us the impression of Boullée which the architect himself offers in his opening passage. She makes no attempt to deny the extraordinary nature of his work, but she probes into his own writings and, indeed, beyond them into his life to present us with a picture of a deeply serious, gentle and reasonable man, whose artistic passions were sincere yet under far more rational control than other scholars have implied.

The centrepiece of Dr Rosenau's book is Sheila de Vallée's translation of "Essai sur l'art"; the text is essentially a set of notes to accompany the essay. The essay is a delight; it is sharp in its observations, honest in its self-assessments, and witty in its general outlook. It never loses the tone of earnestness with which it opens, but Boullée's eagerness to admit to total belief in his chosen field of endeavour does not take on too much of the wide-eyed quality of the innocent; what we have instead is an altogether appealing mix of sophistication and affable enthusiasm.

Boullée's opening sections dispute the Vitruvian definition of architecture as the art of building ("Vitruvius mistakes the effect for the cause", Boullée says) and argues that Vitruvius's literalism sees architecture only "the art of creating perspectives through the arrangement of volumes". He goes on :

But when we consider the scope of architecture, we perceive that it is not only the art of creating perspectives through the arrangement of volumes but that it also comprises a knowledge of how to combine all the scattered beauties of nature and make them effective. I cannot repeat too often that an architect must make effective nature.

It is a radical notion, that of architecture as an art creating its own universe. Yet what is equally characteristic of Boullée is another passage in which he defends the young architect who accepts lucrative commissions to support himself even if they get in the way of his more theoretical work. He bemoans the bureaucratic life of the successful architect "overburdened with a stack of requests and details of all kinds", yet with a touching irony, given the course of his own life, he argues convincingly against suggestions that architects should sacrifice commissions to allow further theoretical study :

You will say that such a sacrifice should be easy in view of the expectation that he will one day be commissioned to build several great buildings. But can he really believe in such expectations? The opportunities are so few.... How preferable is the fate of Painters and men of letters!

Cenotaph for Newton, by night : "O Newton!", declared Boullée, "... you have defined the shape of the earth; I have conceived the idea of enveloping you with your discovery ... to make the sepulchre fit the shape of the earth, in imitation of the ancients and to pay homage to you I have surrounded it with flowers and cypress trees. ... I wanted to give Newton that immortal resting place, the Heaven." From Boullée and Visionary Architecture.

Boullée's realistic assessment of the architect's dilemma—that unlike the painter and the writer he needs a patron before his art can truly exist—strikes a vital, if obvious, contemporary note. It is not one that Dr Rosenau chooses to elaborate on, but then she does not discuss very much at all in extended detail in her text. While it is clear that she understands the blend of realism and artistic passion that moves Boullée, she describes his work in terse, straightforward terms; in what clearly reverses scholarly custom, no building project is described in the historian's text at anything approaching the length at which it is described in the architect's.

This is unfortunate when it comes to Boullée's more noted designs, such as his Cenotaph for Newton, an altogether extraordinary spherical structure intended to create the illusion of a star-filled sky through slits cut in the dome, or the project for the Bibliothèque Nationale, a vast coffered vault over a courtyard lined with books that achieve monumentality by their overwhelming numbers in endless rows. Dr Rosenau leaves the poetry as Boullée; she merely observes, as in the case of the Cenotaph, that it can be seen to have prefigured such diverse twentieth-century structures as the planetarium and the geodesic dome, although she methodically traces both the antecedents to Boullée's scheme and other monuments to Newton that were roughly contemporary to it. But it remains for Boullée's text to offer any discussion of the feeling of being within the huge sphere :

The unique advantage of this form is that from whichever side we look at it (as in nature) we see only a continuous surface which has neither beginning nor end and the more we look at it, the larger it appears ... [the onlooker] is forced as if by one hundred different circumstances outside his control to remain in the place assigned to him and which, since it occupies the centre, keeps him at a sufficient distance to contribute to the illusion. ... He stands alone, and his eyes can behold nothing but the immensity of the sky.

Boullée also intended that by night the Cenotaph interior should create the illusion of day, through intense lighting of a sort clearly unknown to the eighteenth century. So the idea was to celebrate Newton's achievement by creating a model of the world, one which would awe its occupants with its size and and its ability to echo the design of the heavens. But Boullée's world was never intended to create the illusion of being in the real world; like all great artists, his interest was not in trickery but in the creation of effect that admitted to being effect.

Where Dr Rosenau does allow herself more than a footnote, or a footnote-like reference (some of her most interesting points are in the footnotes to the Boullée essay, and some of the least important are in the actual text) the insights remain perceptive. She discusses Boullée's attitude toward ornament, for example, which he saw not as a visual embellishment but as a symbolic addition to bare walls and unbroken surfaces which were, to him, far deeper means of aesthetic expression. Boullée was, Dr Rosenau suggests, "inspired by the simplicity and austerity of the dwellings of the poorer classes", a convincing argument for it underscores not only the architect's essential humanism, but also his fascination with light, shadow and the symbolism of basic geometric form, all of which he valued more than the sheer size and ornate quality for which his work is better known.

Boullée thus looked ahead not merely to the age in which technology would at last make his extravagant schemes possible, but beyond it to a time when the aesthetics of minimal form would, as they have today, take on new meaning. Thus Boullée's work alludes, if only slightly, and conceptually, to the perceptions behind the work of Luis Barragan in Mexico or of Kevin Roche in the United States (whose College Life Insurance Co pyramids are tiny, but quite Boullée-like) or of the many architects who have applied reflective glass to minimal forms to yield an effect more abstract than anything conceivable in the eighteenth century. But the work of these twentieth-century practitioners, for all its more modest size, rarely has the serious understanding of human use and symbolism of Boullée's designs. Boullée wanted not merely to awe and not merely to make striking form; as Dr Rosenau states, "it is the ordered immensity which appealed to him, expressing the Newtonian finite world and transcending it by stressing the variety and dimension of the universe".

Matters of form

By Stephen Bann

HANS RICHTER, WERNER HAFTMANN and WERNER HOFMANN :
Kurt Kranz
Early Form Sequences 1927-1932
228pp. MIT Press. £18.

This is a confusing and, in some ways, an infuriating book. Kurt Kranz was a student at the Bauhaus from 1930 to 1932. Since the war he has had a productive career as an artist and teacher in Germany and the United States. But this is in no sense a monograph covering the different phases of his life and work. It concentrates almost exclusively on four "form sequences" [illegible] during his time at the Bauhaus. Let it be said first of all that, as far as the reproduction of these sequences is concerned, there is no cause for complaint. The colour plates are superb, and a special laid paper has been chosen to give added effect to the black-and-white series of 1928-29.

Unfortunately the text fails to support these fine illustrations. The opening dialogue between the artist and Werner Haftmann, recorded in 1974, scarcely gets beyond presenting Kranz as a *Wunderkind*, with an emphasis on the nuances of German provincialism that is difficult to appreciate further afield. ("I find it quite astonishing that a young man living in Bielefeld at that time should have attempted such a thesis at all, with no direct models.") The [illegible] introductions to the various form sequences tend to break off [illegible] and [illegible] with horror.

Kranz's own concluding essay on "picture sequences and serial technique in visual art" lacks all editorial control. The film by Eggeling already mentioned is ascribed to 1923, though the correct date of genesis (1919) is actually specified in a previous section by Werner Hofmann. Misprints abound, sometimes with an oddly derogatory effect (Warhole, Impostegayl). The valid attempt to draw connections between the exorcisms of the artist's early years and the work of the contemporary avant-garde is rendered almost meaningless by the eclecticism of his modern references.

All this is doubly unfortunate, since Kranz's career is of interest in at least two connections. Systematic procedures such as those of his "form sequences" have held the attention of many present-day artists and, in Britain at any rate, they are becoming an increasingly useful tool in art education. At the same time, what Michael Weaver has called "Cinemlastics"—the tradition of abstract film associated with Eggeling, Richter and Fischinger—is achieving a remarkable revival in the present proliferation of "artists' films". In short, there is enough contemporary interest in this study to justify enthusiasm, not unmixed with horror.

The Lloyds and the Georges

By Kenneth O. Morgan

W. R. P. GEORGE :
The Making of Lloyd George
184pp. Faber and Faber. £5.50.

The Lloyd George industry long ago reached take-off point. It has been the very model of sustained growth ever since the opening in 1967 of the Beaverbrook Library (whose loss is so much deplored). Much of the literature has understandably dwelt on the years of power after 1905, and especially on the wartime and peacetime premiership. These were the years of achievement, and most historians worship at the shrine of success. But there has been much misinterpretation or neglect of Lloyd George's roots, that complex background in nineteenth-century rural Welsh society, without an understanding of which so much of his career is unintelligible. For the study of his earliest years, two great collections of papers have survived. One, the letters to his first wife, Dame Margaret, housed in the National Library of Wales, have been open to students for some years, and several published works have used and cited them extensively. The other, the letters to Lloyd George's selflessly devoted brother, William, who gave him unceasing financial and moral support (and who died aged 101 in 1967), still remain in Criccieth, in the possession of W. R. P. George, William George's surviving son.

Now at last Mr George has lifted the veil on a part of the riches in his custody. They have, it is true, been used once or twice before. Fragments of Lloyd George's diary from 1880 onwards were used in a multi-volume biography written before the First World War by Herbert du Parcq, a Liberal barrister who later tried to conceal his authorship. William George's own remarkable reminiscences, *My Brother and I*, based on these papers, were published in 1958. But this new book, *The Making of Lloyd George*, covering its subject's background and life until the entry into Parliament in April 1890, provides important new material, drawn from Lloyd George's early diaries, shorthand notes and abundant correspondence with his brother. The result is an attractive and informative book, pleasantly yet forcefully written, which deserves close attention and a warm welcome from all students of Lloyd George's career.

In part, the author is concerned with sketching in the family and local background against which his uncle operated. The accounts, both of the Pembrokeshire Georges and the Caernarvonshire Lloyds, is rich and revealing. Especially fascinating is the account of Lloyd George's maternal grandfather, Dafydd Lloyd, something of a polymath with a powerful patriotic awareness ahead of his time. Even more relevant is the life of the schoolmaster father, William, who died in 1864 when his elder son was but one and his younger son unborn. William George senior was an introspective, scholarly man, of philosophic bent, yet one who lacked the drive and self-confidence of his elder son. The cross he bore, with melancholy dignity, was that of frustrated ambition — seldom one of Lloyd George's problems (prior to 1922). In addition, the author brings out clearly the social and political structure of mid-nineteenth-century Wales. This was truly an age of enterprise and of dynamic change such as the nation had not experienced since the days of the Tudors. Within three decades, between the 1860s and the 1890s, Wales was transformed from a sleepy, squire-ridden backwater into a thriving democracy, a progressive land of county councils and county schools, with a new pride in its nationhood and its historic language and culture. Mr George's account here, while spirited, is not altogether reliable. The 1851 religious census showed not that three-quarters of the Welsh population but three-quarters of the worshipping Welsh population (a very different matter) were nonconformists. The description of Chamberlain's impact on radicals in the 1880s seems to underestimate the dominant role of Gladstone in Welsh political life at the time. But these are small details. In laying emphasis on the distinctive, profoundly un-English culture from which Lloyd George's career as radical and populist derived, Mr George has performed a most valuable service. His judgment as well as his heart is in the right place.

Most readers, though, will rightly be concerned with the light shed, with copious quotations from letters and diaries, on Lloyd George's character, ideas and early activities. Some of the material here certainly covers ground long made familiar by a succession of biographers of the "cottage-bred boy", from J. Hugh Edwards in 1908 to Peter Rowland in 1976. The influence of uncle Lloyd, the schooldays beside the river Dwyfor, the early adventures in the county courts, the triumph in the Llanfrothen burial case, the breakthrough in Caernarvon Boroughs have all been chronicled often enough before. So, too, have the blow-by-blow details of the protracted courtship of Maggie Owen. But Mr George adds many fascinating nuances. Lloyd George's philosophical and religious self-exploration in his early manhood (perhaps unduly neglected by previous authors, including the present reviewer) is well illustrated. For the young radical Baptist, faith and works were inseparably intertwined. "How is man to reflect his Father's glory? By doing about doing good, by diminishing man's misery in every respect and by promoting his happiness. In this respect Jesus is *the great model*." (December, 1882.)

Lloyd George's strategy as a solicitor, the calculated aggression, the endless resource with which the most humdrum of cases and the most tedious of clients were turned to political advantage, is also well brought out. His flirtation with the Demon Drink, with the local militia—and, inevitably, with a rich crop of available and provocative maidens with which the North Wales hillsides (then, as now) seem to have been remarkably thickly populated—are given fresh and sometimes dramatic treatment. There is also insight into Lloyd George's emergence in politics as orator and journalist, his admiration for Chamberlain and Dilke, his relations with Tom Ellis and other young radical tribunes, and his skilful tactics in winning the Liberal nomination in Caernarvon Boroughs in 1888 (a theme elaborated in a recent thesis by Mr Emyr Price of Bangor). Finally, we are given some material on the by-election triumph itself — no foregone conclusion since the seat was a Conservative one, with a powerful Tory clergy in the cathedral town of Bangor. Not until almost twenty years had gone by could it be said that Lloyd George held a safe seat; some of the difficulties he faced are suggested in this book. But Mr George could now be persuaded to give us a further instalment, including excerpts from the William George letters for later years (when the letters to Dame Margaret are meagre), then he would be twice blessed and posterity doubly grateful.

The conclusion drawn by the unwary from this book might be that Lloyd George was the typical product of the Welsh politics of his time—radical, nonconformist, anti-landlord, anti-clerical—and that he can largely be explained in these terms. In some respects, this is clearly true, and the centrality of Welshness and Welsh values for Lloyd George's career beyond question. And yet the evidence also shows how unlogical he was. Even in his native land, he was a cloud, hard to categorize. In a nonconformist, chapel-ridden society, Lloyd George was passionately critical of the stifling atmosphere of the chapels and their puritan, Sabbatarian ethic: he denounced in 1884 "the scandalous waste of opportunities in building a chapel, huddling a religion of pseudos". In a world shaped by the college-trained elite of the Ellis type, he was the self-educated, self-made man, dedicated to "petting on", rather bored by the higher education movement which absorbed so much of the national energy. In a generation which revered Gladstonian liberalism and sought national equality within its framework, he was for a time more intensely and bitterly Welsh nationalist. He stood apart, driven on by a "juggernaut" of demonic ruthless ambition, and a sense of possessing rare gifts, of which the selfless William, slaving away in the Portmadoc solicitor's office, was the victim. William really belonged to this remote rural world: his later meritorious career in local government, education and the Welsh language movement was a hymn to its values. But David, even at the age of twenty, looked confidently to a wider stage, far beyond "this stinted principality". He was alienated from much of rural Wales—just as later on he gave his admiration to other alienated men, Theodore Roosevelt, Mitchner or Hitler. Even to the native land, to which he so often paid eloquent and sentimental tribute, he was an outsider. Thoughout his later career in Westminster and world politics, an outsider he was to remain to the end.

Westminster and beyond

By Lucy Sutherland

JOHN BREWER :
Party Ideology and Popular Politics at the Accession of George III
382pp. Cambridge University Press. £10.50.

When John Brewer states in his preface that his book began as a Cambridge PhD thesis, with the title "Political Argument and Propaganda in England 1760-1770", and adds that it has since rather changed its character as he has "become increasingly less preoccupied with the issues of parliamentary politics, and ever more fascinated by political and social life beyond Westminster", he says what many young scholars of eighteenth-century English history have been saying and thinking in recent years. But though his book takes its place in a recognizable trend of eighteenth-century historiography, it is a remarkably individualistic and enlivening work on its own. Not only is he fully at home in the manuscript and printed material of the period on which he concentrates (including its great range of pamphlets of all kinds), but he writes with verve and incisiveness, and both possesses and imparts a sense of the vitality and complexity of the period itself, as well as that interest in its links with later developments which has long been a preoccupation of historians.

Party Ideology and Popular Politics at the Accession of George III is not a long book. It contains 269 pages of text, though Mr Brewer and his publishers are to be congratulated on including over fifty pages of notes—mostly of course the references to the voluminous material he has used, but quite a number containing interesting additions to the text itself which could not be included in it without interrupting its flow. An excellent bibliography, which follows the useful modern tradition of indicating one of more collections in which pamphlets are to be found, is appended. Given the length of the book and the complexity of the matter, he has had to be highly selective, and what he has had to omit is sometimes as interesting as what he includes. But as it stands not the least of its attractions is the skill with which he keeps a remarkable number of balls in the air at the same time, each of which he controls with apparent ease and a zest he succeeds in transmitting to his readers.

Chronologically, he divides eighteenth-century politics into three eras—1675-1725, the years of emerging stability; 1725-1754, those of the consolidation of the stability, and 1754 "until the spectra of the French Revolution was to change fundamentally the nature of politics", the years of the gradual disintegration of this stability. His own study covers the earliest years of this last movement, in particular the decade of the 1760s.

In a note to the reader, Mr Brewer explains that the book is intended for the undergraduate as well as the expert and suggests that the former might confine his attention to the introduction "intended as a synopsis of the arguments advanced in the rest of the book". Though the synopsis is well worked out, it loses much of the vitality which characterizes the work as a whole without the detailed analysis and judgments of men and affairs on which the latter is based. Whatever may be thought of the "Namier revolution" (a controversy on which Mr Brewer has some interesting comments) its result was indubitably to stimulate a study of the period which depends on a much more elaborate and complex set of concepts than were ever used before. Mr Brewer does less than justice to his powers of exposition when he calls his treatment of these varied topics (the elucidation of which he himself obviously intensely enjoys) "the sort of detailed annotation that some students find highly indigestible".

Part 2 of the book, which he calls the "reconfiguration of politics" deals as he puts it with "the perennial problems of Georgian "high politics"". It is a subject to which a number of modern scholars have devoted much ingenuity, and the differences between their interpretations are often subtle. His account of the relaxation of long-maintained political barriers with the accession of the young king is of special interest (some of his conclusions could receive striking support from an examination of the ecclesiastical elements still surviving in Torylsm and of the developments in the politics of the University of Oxford in connection with them). Equally interesting, on quite a different matter, is his discussion of the evolution of the Rockingham Party.

Parts 3 and 4 break different ground. The first seeks to assess the influence of the press and of the popular ephemera on the development of the "indigenous political culture" which was growing up in the provinces and its impact on Westminster. This impact he sees as focusing in the Wilkite movement to which, despite its transient nature in its acute form, he attributes important permanent results. Clearly though it centred in the metropolis, he makes a strong case for arguing that at its height "the Wilkite phenomenon would not have been possible without a strong provincial press and thriving indigenous political culture".

His short section on Wilkes the man, the symbol, and the superb organizer of publicity, is one of the high spots of the book. He sees him as "a prince of misrule", even a sort of court jester, "the mischievous belligerent scourge of all those who presumed to stand for overweening power", and he makes interesting comments on the part which ritual played in the popular manifestations on his behalf in the City and the metropolis—a subject on which comparison could be made with popular movements as far back as the Exclusionist Crisis of 1682. Here too foreigners were astonished at crowds so rampageous but so cheerful and unbloodthirsty.

Studies of the influence exercised on Englishmen's notion of representation by the American demand for "No taxation without representation" and of the means by which politicians sought to increase the press, in the persons of skilled pamphleteers, to their own causes, are added for good measure. Mr Brewer concludes with the recognition in which all would agree that "the complexities of eighteenth-century popular politics have yet to be unravelled", but he has produced a wide range of interesting proposals as to how part, at least, of this operation can be carried out.

Within the tribal limits

By Rodney Needham

NORMAN B. TINDALE :
"Original Tribes of Australia. Their Terrain, Environmental Controls, Distribution, Limits, and Proper Names
With an appendix on Tasmanian tribes by Rhys Jones
404pp and 92 illustrations. 4 maps, boxed. University of California Press (IBEG). £40.

Far below the aery trails of academic speculation and structuralist rhetoric are the proper subjects of social anthropology: real representatives of mankind getting a livelihood from their environment and trying to keep one another in place. Here on the ground is the first task of the discipline: to establish who is where. In other branches of science this kind of descriptive undertaking is far advanced, so that our knowledge of species and habitat among mammals and birds and plants is minute, extensive, and increasingly exact. Pick out at random any natural manifestation of life, however exotic or rare, and someone will be able to identify it, class it with related forms and discriminate it from others, say where and in what conditions it is to be found.

But when it comes to the human species nothing like this universality or exactitude is to be had. As often as not, probably, the very names of other peoples are disputable, their relations with neighbouring groups obscure, and their territories only vaguely charted. For that matter, the style of denotation is itself a topic of dispute. The standard unit of ethnographic description has long been the "tribe", but anthropologists have argued without decision about what this should mean, and Edmund Leach has contended that in northern Burma and elsewhere the ordinary ethnographic conventions as to what constitutes a tribe are not simply unsure but "hopelessly inappropriate". People everywhere do, as a matter of fact, call themselves by distinctive names, but beyond that premise any objective or agreed mode of classification is hard to come by.

In the early 1920s Norman B. Tindale prepared for publication a map of the tribes of Arnhem Land in northern Australia. The editor to whom it was submitted refused to accept it because it showed finite boundaries to the tribal territories, whereas the received idea of the day was that aborigines roamed at will over the whole country. It took a compromise to ensure that the boundaries should remain on Tindale's map as dotted lines.

Two years after that brush with ethnographic dogma, Tindale was appointed curator of anthropology at the South Australia Museum, and in the subsequent four decades he vigorously took advantage of the opportunities for field research afforded by the post in order to make as wide a contact as possible with the aboriginal peoples. In this long and single-minded professional enterprise he pressed his investigations, often by original exploration, into practically every part of Australia. He published scarcely a hundred articles on tribal locations, marriage, initiation, hunting, songs, legends, tool-making, material culture, totemism, and a great deal else.

The work with which he made his name in the wider world of anthropology was his field survey of Aboriginal tribes, conducted in 1930 together with an invaluable map of tribal locations throughout the continent. If he had written a monograph on this sole contribution to Australian ethnography he would have secured a leading claim to anthropological and historical recognition. But his inquiries then were not half over, and after thirty more years of sustained labours he has now brought out a work that supersedes his earlier study. It is a great ethnographic achievement, and it will stand as a monument both to Tindale and to the myriad tribes of the first Australians whom he has devotedly placed on the map.

The aim of the work is to put on record a summary of the results of over 50 years of research into the distribution and nomenclature of all the valid tribal groupings of Australia. The tribal divisions listed in it are those named and accepted by the aborigines themselves, and so far as possible the criteria employed are their own. Generally speaking, these are a name, a territory, a language, a form of social ("kinship") organization, and the common performance of certain rites. The resultant record lists as fully as can be established the aboriginal tribes of Australia as they were at the time of contact with the western world.

There were approximately 600 tribes, each mainly endogamous and confined within its own tribal boundaries, limits beyond which it was dangerous to move without adequate recognition. Each tribe had a population of about 450, dispersed among a number of separate hordes with a mean constituency of some 25 individuals of all ages. Data on inter-tribal marriages indicate that around 86 per cent of marriages were contracted within the boundaries of the tribe.

Territorially, these limits were traced by topographical features and by artificial markers such as heaps of stones. An interesting detail, which serves incidentally to confirm the reality and significance of the boundaries, is that often the aboriginal guides of early European explorers and pioneers led them along tracks that happened to be boundaries between tribal groups, thus avoiding transgression of other tribes' land. So clearly acknowledged were these boundaries that when in 1953 Tindale plotted the territorial limits of the tribes surrounding the Konejandi, and then encountered for the first time a Konejandi man, he found that the tribal area that the latter circumscribed fell neatly into the blank space left by the others.

Aboriginal Tribes of Australia consists of a large quarto volume of text and, in a slip case, a set of four big maps on a scale of forty miles to the inch. The volume is divided into three parts. The first, entitled "The People and the Land", consists of eleven chapters dealing in order with: the people; naming of tribes; geography and climate; tribal boundaries; tracks, travel, trespass, and trade; physical anthropology; tribes and food; large tribes and small; Australian tribes in antiquity; discussion and comments on the tribes; and blunders, excusable errors, and discarded ideas.

Part II, "Catalog of Australian Aboriginal Tribes", comprises an alphabetical list of all tribes with a guide to the states in which they were found. Part III is a list of alternative names, variant spellings, and invalid terms. Then follows an appendix, "Tasmanian Tribes" (40 pages), by Rhys Jones, of the department of prehistory at the Australian National University, with its own map and references. A substantial bibliography complements the catalogue, providing sources that proved useful to Tindale in identifying and locating the tribes. (All of his tribal references were incorporated in John Greenway's *Bibliography of the Australian Aborigines*, publishing in Sydney in 1963.) The volume closes with a general index to Part I and to the principal headings in Parts II and III, followed by an index to Tasmanian tribes. The text is illustrated with 39 figures (sketch maps, plans, drawings of artefacts, etc). There are 46 colour plates, nearly all scenic, and 52 photographic plates in black and white. The format is clear and appropriate to a work of reference, and the production is right for the purpose; the paper is durable and [illegible] in a depressing shade of dark brown), is sound enough. The work as a whole is handsome, singularly valuable but will be quite indispensable for any library concerned with Australian history and ethnography.

In the face of so great a product of half a century's painstaking labour it comes hard to formulate any critical judgment, but unavoidably there are minor points of disappointment to be mentioned. Part I, for example, is not as full as it might have been, and it is not to be compared with comparable works such as Elkin's *The Australian Aborigines*, proceedings of the Australian Anthropological Society, or R. M. and C. H. Berndt's *Man in Australia*. It is, rather, a series of essays characterized by constant brilliance and a wealth of information, but it is not a positive stamped moreover with marks of his unmatched experience of the field and by his preeminent authority as tribal cartographer. This stature explains and justifies the fairly direct references, touched by an occasional testiness, that he makes to some other anthropologists: he is generous indeed when a man has earned his respect, but acerbic (if in very moderate terms) when he comes to the pretentious or the incompetent.

Tindale expresses a special duty and pleasure in recording the debt of anthropologists to R. H. Mathews, a surveyor who in the last years of the nineteenth century and the first two decades of the twentieth, working alone and without research aid, expert direction, and the encouragement of any single institution, brought together primary data on the Australian aborigines in more than 185 papers. Tindale writes of him, with a deliberate and impressive weight:

> A few years ago it was fashionable to decry his work, but my years of field survey have convinced me that the facts given by Mathews, where they have been checked and properly understood, pass all tests. The manner in which Mathews's data on tribes has fallen squarely into place, item by item, has given me a profound respect for his integrity and for his in the pursuit of knowledge of the aborigines. Perhaps we are more indebted to Mathews than we realize, for even those versed in Australian literature may not have noticed how often his work was absorbed into the writings of A. R. [Radcliffe-] Brown, one of his detractors, in such a manner as to obscure the fact that he was quoting rather than reporting primary data.

Professor Elkin has independently arrived at this caustic conclusion, and neither he nor Tindale is now alone in wishing to see ethnographic credit at least ascribed where it is properly due.

The point is driven home on a later page where Tindale, in a double-edged observation, writes that the fact that Radcliffe-Brown's definition of a "tribe" is still quoted as authoritative is a commentary on "the increasing reading gap between different sections of the anthropological discipline". And there is a polemical piquancy in his revelation that when Radcliffe-Brown recorded the existence of the "Ngadari" tribe near the headwaters of the Fortescue river, the ethnographic reality was that he had been told merely that there were "strangers" (*ngatari*) in that region.

Daisy Bates, also disparaged by Radcliffe-Brown while he took advantage of her work, gets an honourable mention, though it is a shock to learn definitely from Tindale that her tribal maps of western Australia appear to be lost. Deservedly, too, Johannes Falkenberg receives a special tribute for his excellent study of the Murinbata. Fr Ernest A. Worms, known for his investigations in northwest Australia, who encouraged the author to the publication of the survey in its present form, has the accolade of the dedication of this splendid production.

On a more practical score, it should be stressed that the catalogue of tribes (which occupies a hundred pages of small type) is most punctiliously clear and useful. The approved name of each tribe is given, with a phonetic equivalent, and the facts are arranged in a standard form: first the topographical location, then the map co-ordinates (read off to the nearest five minutes) and the area in square miles (and square kilometres), followed by alternative names of the tribe and the main bibliographical references. No praise is too high for the clarity and hard-won detail of the maps.

Whether the order of exposition, both in the commentary and in the catalogue, is the best that might have been adopted is less certain. The survey proceeds through the states that make up modern Australia (Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and so on), which is conventional enough, but the state boundaries circumscribe large aggregates of sometimes disparate tribes on a merely governmental basis, and so disjoin tribes that are culturally very nearly related. For non-Australians in particular there would have been something of a case for listing all of the tribes (and 600 is not an unmanageable number) continuously in alphabetical order.

If there are small defects which consultation of the work will disclose in the course of time (few are readily detectable at a straight-forward reading), these are expectable and can be set right. But it is a serious luck that the author has had to contend with a parlilect 150-word vocabularies and his "social organizational frameworks on the more tribes. To include them would have made the survey even more expensive than it is, and when such basic data were scarcely available no expense should have been spared in making them accessible to those who will use the survey. It is much to be hoped that they will be published separately, perhaps as a supplementary volume.

The publishers would have been more helpful also if they had supplied, after the table of contents, a paginated list of the maps, figures, and another of the tables. An errata slip pasted in at the front acknowledges that because of a technical error, for which the author was not responsible, all of the colour plates (which, incidentally, he meant to "tell their own story") with the exception of plates 32 are printed in reverse as mirror images. This, while deplorable in itself, does not reduce their particular effect or diminish their usefulness as views of the variety of environment, and in probably a few (e.g. Nos 11, 24, 29) the mistake make much of a difference. The plates in black and white, which are photographs taken mostly in the early 1930s, depict aborigines and the circumstances of their life as they used to be prior to European influence. The woman in the frontispiece is a charmer, and there is a great poignancy in plate 74, showing three naked men sitting by a couple of rocks painted with spirals and circles, when this is compared with the appalling desolation of the same terrains shown in some of the colour plates and which the aborigines thought to master by means of their little designs.

The appendix by Rhys Jones, on the tribes of Tasmania, is well set out and informative within its own limits, but the main impression it makes is one of acute regret that no more was learnt about the Tasmanians before the last full-blooded man died in 1876. It is still possible that a social anthropologist could establish rather more about Tasmanian social organization by an analysis of G. A. Robinson's papers, but Rhys Jones's conscientious marshalling of the evidence does not make that appear likely. After Tasman's voyage of 1642 Europe had over two centuries in which to learn something of the Tasmanians and their civilization, and now, virtually unknown, they are gone for good.

As for Australia, 370 years have passed since Jansznon sailed into the Gulf of Carpentaria; less over 200 years ago Captain Cook named New South Wales and prepared the way for British settlement; and the first exploration of the interior was carried out in 1813. There has been an unconscionably long wait for it to be established who lived where on the Australian continent, but at long last that "first task" has been accomplished, and altogether admirably.

On the borderline

By Peter Rivière

FELIPE A. LATORRE and DOLORES L. LATORRE :
The Mexican Kickapoo Indians
401pp. University of Texas Press (AUPG). £9.60.

When, in 1600, the Algonquian-speaking Kickapoo were found living in Michigan they were already refugees, having been displaced westward by the Iroquois. The next three and a half centuries showed little improvement in their condition. [illegible] When they made friends with the French, they followed the fur traders and broke up into several bands. Rivalry between the English, French and Spanish for their alliance and trade forced them to keep on moving further and to move again. When the Americans gained these territories, the Indians were victims of a pincer movement: to [illegible] encroachment on their lands by colonizers, and movements to Indian territory.

[illegible] reservation in Indian territory, or by the Mexicans, who, once they had served their original purpose of protecting them from the marauding Indians, tried to evict them.

This, in brief, is how 400 Algonquian-speaking Indians come to be living in northern Mexico, some 80 miles from the Rio Grande and the American border. It could also explain why the Kickapoo are notoriously unapproachable and why previous attempts to study them have failed. The Latorres have done much better. They approached the Indians gently, setting up house in the neighbouring market town, and waited for the Indians to come to them, as indeed they did, in large numbers, for advisory assistance.

Despite spending 10 years on the study the authors do not seem to have completely overcome the Indian's resistance. It is clear that fieldwork was difficult; the Kickapoo objected to them seeing too much, to taking photographs of certain objects, and to recording their genealogies. It would also appear that the Mexican Kickapoo are the most secretive of all the Kickapoo, and the impression is that the book is composed mainly from informants' accounts rather than first-hand observation. The result is rather anecdotal, but not so the Latorres have managed to provide a very full picture of the Kickapoo's present way of life.

The Kickapoo are still marching to the beat of a different drum. Although as tolerant as any other Indians, they are [illegible] refugees. Today, in Mexico, they are [illegible] peace, [illegible] Mexicans, who, [illegible] States working mainly as agricultural labourers (the question of their citizenship has never been settled, and because of this they are free to move backwards and forwards across the American/Mexican border at will). Despite this process of development and the vicissitudes of the past centuries, the Kickapoo have retained intact much of their indigenous society and culture. For example, their extensive ritual cycle has been adapted to the requirements of their new working life. But more interesting, and it is only possible to catch glimpses of this in the ethnography, is the retention of what appears to be a fascinating form of symbolic classification that includes amongst other things colours, cardinal points, ceremonial societies, and forms of good and bad death (for which allowance has been made in post-contact life for death while drunk). The snippets of information are both tantalizing and frustrating; their implications seems to have passed the authors by, and the overall picture has been lost.

This is one of the book's main faults. The other is the authors' failure to record and examine any key Kickapoo terms (the glossary consists mainly of Spanish words). Despite the fact that many of their informants must have been bilingual, if even trilingual. They themselves did not learn the language. This may be the result of the Kickapoo's determination to impart only fairly superficial knowledge, but whatever the reason it is a pity since it much reduces the value of what was undoubtedly a long and difficult piece of work.

Styles of dropping-out

By Charles Madge

PHILIP ABRAMS and ANDREW McCULLOCH :
Communes, Sociology and Society
239pp. Cambridge University Press. £7.90 (paperback, £2.95).

The subject-matter of this book is elusive in several ways. Far from attempting to survey the countless communal groups which have formed over the centuries in different countries and cultures, its authors' concern was with a recent British variant of the phenomenon which in the late 1960s "broke surface in the form of a Commune Movement". This organization issued in 1970 a *Directory of Communes and Commune Projects, Tribes, Crash Pads and Related Phenomena in Great Britain and Europe*, which listed 57 groups or would-be groups committed to various communal projects. Many more are mentioned in the organization's journal, *Communes*. In the present study, which was funded by the Social Science Research Council, sixty-seven communes or communal projects were visited, in most cases several times. A questionnaire was sent to each of the 700 members of the Commune Movement, who include sympathizers as well as commune residents, and elicited 245 replies. The authors record "the subsequent collapse of this tidy research strategy".

They ended up as participant observers who on at least two occasions declined serious and considered invitations to give up research and join a commune. "When challenged we found that our idea of participant observation extended to making beds but not to making love". One questionnaire came back inscribed "Sociologists are parasites". The assumptions and methods of sociology were more or less antithetical to those of the communes. "Viewing sociology's withdrawal from society from the standpoint of their own withdrawal they see very plainly the violence done to social experience by social analysis." Commune members tended to be resistant to any analytical approach or theoretical formulation. "The Commune Movement and indeed any sort of extensive connexion between communes hardly existed. Most communes had knowledge only of a handful of others; some knew of none at all. The mere locating of communes proved a slow and laborious business. Many of the addresses we were given had been abandoned by the time we had arrived at them." Decidedly the commune was a phenomenon which did not want to be pinned down. "For some years many commune members have found even the extremely loose framework of the Commune Movement oppressive, a feeling which culminated early in 1975. In a decision to set up the Commune Network as an alternative to the Commune Movement; in contrast to the minimal constitution of the Commune Movement, the point about the Commune Network is that it has no constitution."

Communes which on a first visit seemed stable and successful turned out on a second visit to be in crisis or to have broken up completely. "A day's hiking across the Northumberland moors . . . brought us to a derelict farmhouse with only a few mystical daubings on the door to support the claim . . . that it had . . . housed an exceptionally thriving commune." "When we went to Long Lea, a commune in the least cultivated stretches of West Yorkshire, we found brambles grown over the path, a gate off its hinges, a deserted farmhouse, and painted on a mounting block by the door, Brecht's message 'He who laughs—has not heard the terrible news'."

Only about half the communal groups known to the authors were communes in the sense they defined the term, "groups devoted to communal living for its own sake. Of the rest, many were "quasi-communes", accidental in character, knowingly transient. Others were utopian communities seeking to create a social order to which their members were subordinate. Others were purposive communes, some religious, some therapeutic, a few political. But the remaining category, the family commune, was the focus of the researchers' interest, with between five and twenty-five adult members, enough to break the conventions of monogamous pairing and private life and not so many that "the diffusion of intense relationships among all members of a group ceases to be possible". Such a commune tended to have a relatively permanent core, and a fringe of visitors and would-be members.

People in communes spent a great deal of time talking to each other about each other. Playfulness was needed to offset the commune's egocentric solemnity. "To be able to carry off 'I'd like to sleep with you tonight' as though it were 'How about ping-pong?' . . . is vital to the preservation of personal integrity." Conversely, small issues got blown up into serious conflict: "We had this terrific bust-up the other day because Graham insisted on knowing who had eaten his peanut butter. When someone starts something like that what they really want to know is who am I? Where do I stand?" But Emma and Harry couldn't take it: they left."

Communes must be taken seriously but not at face value, say the authors. But although perhaps they make too much of the "heroic" aspect of these enterprises—after all, there is heroism in the larger society as well—Philip Abrams and Andrew McCulloch retain a canny sense of the material underpinning which makes life in communes possible, at least for a time. "Grammar school and university (started if not finished) provide the educational experience of the overwhelming majority of members of the commune movement. The profession most consistently represented amongst commune members is that of primary or secondary school teacher." A surprising number of communes had been launched on the basis of inherited capital, large gifts or substantial loans from a friendly bank manager. The Commune Movement manifesto of 1970 suggested £30,000 as an average figure for a good commune in 1976 presumably at least twice this amount would be needed. Two common ways of formalizing the financial basis were to set up either a limited company or a charitable trust. The third obvious device, the friendly society in the form of a housing association, was not possible under existing legislation. (*The Legal Frameworks Handbook: For Communes and Collectives* was published from Launceston Hall in 1975.)

With the capital basis settled, there remained the question of income, which proved more problematical. Income pooling was the most radical solution but usually members had differing private commitments which made them unwilling to sacrifice themselves to the same degree. As a compromise, a house fund might be established to which members contributed equally. Members who took on a lot of domestic work might be paid an internal wage. The commune might run a shop, a pottery, a restaurant; one was apparently making candles. But to balance its budget, the commune was likely to need the help of professional income earned outside. "In a sense, everything depends on the willingness of the one or two members who earn large incomes to subsidize the rest."

The authors discuss possible economies of scale to be gained from communal living, and savings in tax where a number of small incomes are combined. They compare some figures from the Family Expenditure Survey of the Department of Employment (not the Department of the Environment as they erroneously state, both in the text and in the bibliography) with equivalent figures from two communes. These show substantial savings on food, fuel, durable goods, transport and services, especially in the case of the larger house of the two communes. Communal living permits large sums to be spent on the purchase of large houses; the larger the property, the smaller the unit area cost of accommodation.

If you want to buy a large country house and fit it out for communal living it is obviously an advantage to start from a middle-class basis, with access to capital resources, and with some good professional earning capacity. This by itself probably explained the class background of the commune movement. Abrams and McCulloch, however, look at it the other way round. The petty bourgeoisie, they say, were finding their position in society less and less possible, hence their flight into "alternative realities". Paul Swezey is quoted as having written "long ago", (in 1968), about the progressive squeezing of the class in the middle between monopoly capital on the one hand and the demands of the working class on the other. Nicos Poulantzas's article "On Social Classes" in *New Left Review* is drawn on: according to this, the petty bourgeoisie consists of two distinct economic groups—the traditional group engaged in small production, trading and craft work and experiencing a steady decline in both numbers and status; and a modern group thrown up by the inner technological revolution of capitalism and found particularly now in the communication industries, the educational system and cultural institutions.

I feel very sceptical about this kind of neo-Marxist analysis. In the first place I doubt if either the modern or the traditional lower-middle-class occupations are doing all that badly. In the second place, the involvement in the commune movement of Harrovians, Etonians, dentists, solicitors and architects suggests that the upper echelons of the middle-class hierarchy are at least proportionately represented. And in the third place, the total number of communes and of commune members is not all that great, compared to, say, Jehovah's Witnesses, or even the National Front. "Is it fanciful", ask Abrams and McCulloch, "to see the insistence of the commune movement on the tyranny of things over people, and their efforts to rescue the individual from a world of things, as expressing the crisis of a social group whose most cherished values have been outraged by the discovery that their own life-work and being are for others no more than commodities?" Yes, I think it is on the fanciful side to make so much of it. But the communes are an interesting side-effect and *Communes, Sociology and Society* is a careful, honest and truthful account of some of them.

The biraderi of Bristol

By John Rex

PATRICIA JEFFREY :
Migrants and Refugees
Muslim and Christian Pakistani Families in Bristol
221pp. Cambridge University Press. £4.95.

Most sociological research on immigrants in Britain has focused on the problem of discrimination and, within this, on discrimination against West Indians. There has been a dearth of good ethnographic fieldwork among Asian immigrants which looks at their life-projects and social relations from an Indian or Pakistani point of view. Patricia Jeffrey's study, *Migrants and Refugees*, is therefore of some importance even though there may be doubts about its representativeness.

The most crucial point which Dr Jeffrey makes, about the Muslim Pakistanis at least, is that, independently of the degree to which they have become assimilated to English culture, they maintain network structures which preserve boundaries between their own group, the host society, and other elements in that society. Behind these boundaries activities are pursued which can only be understood in terms of an ongoing society in Pakistan itself. Crucial therefore to the understanding of Pakistani behaviour in England is an understanding of the structure and dynamics of Pakistan itself.

The two terms listed in Dr Jeffrey's useful glossary of Pakistani usages which are the most important are perhaps "biraderi" and "izzet". The biraderi is a group of kindred who live closely together and interact with each other frequently. Izzet refers to the status ranking of the biraderi compared with other biraderis. In principle, as an Islamic country, Pakistan does not recognize caste, but consciousness of gradation by rank is important and it is the biraderi which seeks above all to preserve and enhance its rank.

Pakistanis may seek to enhance their izzet in two ways. One is by Westernization involving particularly the building of "pukka" European-style brick houses with glass windows as distinct from the traditional "kutcha" houses. The other is by what Dr Jeffrey calls *Ashrafization*. The term "ashraf" literally means noble, but nobility is attained through extreme traditionalism particularly in practices relating to the seclusion of women. The Pakistani who seeks to improve his economic position therefore will also seek to improve his status along a line of Westernization or Ashrafization. Some Pakistanis would maintain that the concept of Ashrafization here is confused with Sanskritization among Hindus.

Pakistani immigrants to Britain have this social system in mind as their major reference point. They envisage themselves as retiring to greater economic security, to property holding, to having pukka housing and to moving in the more Westernized or Ashrafized circles. Their hopes however, may not be fulfilled. Pakistani society and the Pakistani economy provide little in the way of opportunity for an expansion of a high-status property-owning group and for most their return is likely either to lead to frustration when it is accomplished or to be indefinitely postponed.

The third alternative of Anglicization is, according to Dr Jeffrey's evidence, not one which is widespread among Muslims. Following Barth, she maintains that it is possible, even when becoming economically dependent upon and culturally exposed to a new environment, for a group of individuals to retain their distinctiveness and identity by sealing off the boundaries of their social networks. Bonds with outside groups of employers, workmates and neighbours remain instrumental and single-stranded, while those of members of the in-group are multiplex and become more so. Thus, despite the apparently overwhelming pressure towards change, the boundary maintaining social network ensures that there is an area within which traditional cultural values can be preserved. Preferably this will be a kin-network including those in Pakistan as well as in England. But, in the absence of such kin in England, the Pakistani may well find himself a substitute in a group of non-kin or fictive kin.

One policy implication to emerge from this is that Muslim Pakistanis will not on the whole be affected by public policies on housing, whether they are discriminatory or not. Housing provides a basis for a long-term operation whose turning-point is seen as lying in the return to Pakistan, but in any case may be seen as permitting the attainment of pukka status in terms of Pakistani standards. The fact of the matter is that in their housing as well as in terms of their general standard of life poor Pakistanis who had to struggle to survive in the towns and villages of Pakistan see themselves as being well-off.

It is, however, dangerous to generalize from this to the view that discrimination presents no problems, and the small group of Christian Pakistanis indicate clearly enough an alternative line of development. In their case, despite the maintenance of considerable cultural similarities (e.g. in housing, diet and dress) with other Pakistanis, they want the boundaries of their networks with those of the English to be weak and they are anxious not to be closely associated with other Pakistanis. In the long run there may well be others, who like the Christians are, at least metaphorically, refugees from Pakistan, and who will be seeking entry to British society, whether that society be thought of as having a unitary or a pluralistic culture.

TLS Commentary

Anyone for ch'i ch'ae pan?

What is black and shiny and comes in seven pieces? The new Penguin, *Tangram: The Ancient Chinese Shapes Game* by Joost Elffers and others, £1.95 for a book of puzzles and—thank heaven—solutions, and a set of shapes. The puzzles—1,600 of them—are arranged morphologically, so there is a page of variant cats or rabbits or boats, a profusion of candles and rockets, and startlingly vivid representations of persons pursuing a variety of activities. All these shapes are produced by the manipulation of the seven pieces, triangles of various sizes, a square and a parallelogram, which are handsome, agreeable to the touch and sturdy enough to withstand being hurled about in rage.

The immediate response, however, is not rage but disbelief: how can this wretched handful of inert geometry yield these lithe figures, the chaffering tradesmen, meditating sages, tumbling acrobats; that mockingly goosestepping bird, that fawning terrier? Plainly the experts have cheated, insinuating a few extra pieces of more organic shape. Reference to the back of the book punctures these suspicions but increases one's resentment. Of course, the puzzlers have been helped by the angular Chinese style of dress, architecture and writing, which, one now suddenly sees, were deliberately adopted for ease of translation into tangramese.

The book has a useful historical introduction: the game of *ch'i ch'ae pan* seems to go back a millennium or two, the words deriving from the custom, which one can only describe as inscrutable, of threading a seven-eyed needle on the seventh day of the seventh month. Tangrams reached print and Europe almost simultaneously at the beginning of the nineteenth century: an impressive achievement, illustrated but not explicated, in the German Tangram alphabet from *Der Kopfzerbrecher*. An English fanatic claimed, improbably, that Tangrams had enabled Li Hung Chang to forerun Pythagoras by a thousand years or so.

There is a brief section of impenetrable numeracy on "counting and classifying Tangrams": "the reader may like to solve another problem of the same sort: what is the greatest convexity number which can be reached for a connected divisible grid Tangram?" Or might not. But it is, as the introduction to an early puzzlebook pointed out, "for the nobility and all other classes. It is, in addition, edifying, and you cannot, as you often can with other games, lose your money." Only your mind.

It is impossible to construct obscene Tangrams.

Dame Edna's tucker-bag

Dame Edna Everage has followed Monty Python and the Goodies and Rutland Weekend into the funny-book business in time for Christmas—collage technique, naughty bits and all. Her "guide to gracious living and the finer things of life" shows Australia's first lady in many guises: "gay, sage, hygienic and forceful". We hear how she brought up her gorgeous kiddies, Bruce (who married Joylene and travels for the Australian Dried Fruit Authority), Valmai, and young Kenny, who recently did his finals in flower arrangement and is into nostalgia. We share her revolting beauty secrets ("I am very interested in skin and crevice care"), the details of husband Norm's prostate problem and of "the Torrid Scandal that nearly wrecked my Famous Marriage". Australian sex and "Extra-marital Modesty" are discussed in the account of Dame Edna's private clinic, where girls who have been "rude with their fiances" get short shrift.

It is, however, in the recipe section that a new dimension is added to Dame Edna's genteel genius. Some of her recommendations are patently unspeakable: oysters in condensed milk, ham in Pepsi-Cola, ravioli with dates, and the ubiquitous slices of "nicely drained" pineapple. But some are terrifyingly feasible, and the cooking instructions, quantities and photographs plausible. There is a gelatine shape filled with "assorted attractive multicoloured veggies" and a Funnel Web Spider cake topped with a spider of plastic-coated wire covered in marzipan with cherries for eyes that provoke the authentic Barry Humphries frisson, which is one not of shock but of recognition.

The rest is average Everage, good for a giggle and as a reminder of the magnificent Housewife-Superstar, scorns in the values of Australian suburbia, who had sober London theatre audiences weeping with laughter and making suggestive passes with mangled gladioli, as she trod anything but softly on their backward European habits and their bathroom decorations. *Dame Edna's Coffee Table Book* (112pp. Harrap. £3.95) is available to her public in the "limp edition"; if anyone is rash enough to apply for one of the "limited stiff edition" of 250 numbered copies, signed by the author and encasing a pressed gladiolus, at £25, he may do so.

Past and present laughter

Keith Thomas, the Oxford historian, gave the seventh Neale memorial lecture at London University on December 2, entitled "The Place of Laughter in Tudor and Stuart England". Mr Thomas continued his distinctively anthropological approach to early modern England in a "history of seemliness", relating views about laughing to changes in social and moral ideas.

He began with an account of the "laughter of derision" in Tudor court life: those who deceived laughed at from above and beneath. In court life joke-books, after the Italian fashion provided models for derisive laughter according to Renaissance comic theory. In the village laughter was directed especially at the victims of marriage and cuckoldry. Local accents were easily mocked, together with Dissenters and the Welsh taste for cheese on toast. This kind of joke, Mr Thomas suggested, served the cohesion and conservatism of the social order.

Next he discussed "radical laughter", which was directed at specific social targets—in particular the clergy and the universities. He mentioned Oxford's licensed undergraduate clown, the *filius terrae*, and told a good joke about the Oxford geographer who could not find his way out of Bagley Wood. There was plenty of coarse laughter around, with jokes about digestion that were, as Mr Thomas had it, "deflationary in more senses than one".

In the post-Reformation world, views of laughter became increasingly restrictive. Slowly the critical power of laughter had its teeth drawn. Lords of misrule in the villages were denounced, Christmas mumming, with its transvestite overtones, was ruled out, and the keeping of household fools frowned upon. This long and complicated history [illegible] of the social structure. Folk humour retained its vitality, but the Augustan aristocracy were more concerned with decorum. Addison recommended the "half laugh" for gentlemen and Lord Chesterfield stressed that the classical virtues, above all *gravitas*, made laughing out loud strictly for the mob. This growing refinement, not surprisingly, eventually produced its own dark twin, pornography.

Mr Thomas finished with a careful assessment of Puritan views of laughter. To laugh at the quirks of fortune, it was thought, was to laugh at God's own work. The Fifth Monarchists, for example, debated whether laughter might not be a sin. Such humourlessness is far from risible, being rather, intrinsic to their ideal. Some areas of life must remain, in Bacon's words, endorsed by Mr Thomas, "privileged from jest".

Edward VII's Christmas letter-heading—a languid-eyed lady with parasol and fur ruff. He was writing from Sandringham on December 28 (no year given) expressing his pleasure that "Dearest Lily" had liked her present of an Indian bracelet ("more for show than for wear"), and extending the season's greetings, in which his wife, he assured her, joined. The letter-heading is reproduced in Sotheby's catalogue (152pp. £1.20) of autograph letters, literary manuscripts and historical documents to be sold on December 14—a sale which includes some remarkable royal correspondence including a letter agonizing in 1812 to hand over the king's master key during the insanity of her husband George III, and a letter of 1717 from George I explaining that "by the misfortune of a great Excrescence of Flesh in the Nature of a Wen upon his right Shoulder he labours under great inconveniences".

Fifty years on . . .

The TLS *of December 9, 1926, included, besides pieces by Eliot on Sir John Davies, Middleton Murry on Stendhal and Herbert Read on Smollett, a review by John Buchan of an anonymous Old Stalker's stalking reminiscences. The book, he concluded, was "worthy to stand on the shelf with Lady Braddlebane's* High Tops of Black Mount*".*

Charles Morgan, who was then the Times *theatre critic, wrote about two books on the cinema: Today, though everyone is willing to judge the outward merits or demerits of a moving-picture, to estimate, on a basis of experience, the worth of its photography or its lighting, only a few are yet careful to discover what are the proper aims of cinematography or what aspects of beauty it is peculiarly fitted to reveal. In a word, technical accomplishment is nearly thirty years in advance of the aesthetic theory upon which it should have been based. The mistakes, artistic and psychological, to which all arts are subject in their earliest experimental stages and which are generally to be remedied by the persuasions of criticism, have been, in this instance, so magnified by commercial repetition and popular acceptance that error itself is become a vested interest.*

One book was The Public and the Motion Picture Industry *by William Marston Seabury; Mr Seabury looks for "the bitterness of pictures through a commercial renaissance of the industry"; but his book leaves us unpersuaded that the film world can be greatly changed except by the entry into it of artists who shall remain independent artists, by abandonment of the existing desire to make every film all things to all men, by a willingness to work at first on a small scale before special "audiences", and by a gradual dissemination of taste.*

The other Let's Go to the Pictures *by Iris Barry:*

Unhappily she is so determined that no "film-fans", however slight their powers of concentration, shall find her tedious that she is no sooner face to face with the aesthetic problems that the films suggest than she hurries away from them to bright, discursive chatters on "stars", producers and directors which are little more than a series of notes. . . . We learn that "I love Jackie Coogan but I don't call him a big actor", that "my favourite female star is Lil Dagover"; that "Rudolph Valentino had a talent", that a film called *Greed* was "so terribly moving that it upset one as much as sitting through three Greek tragedies to see it". She says, too, that all the regular film-goers she knows, including herself, enjoy whatever they see. It is useful thus to be reminded that there *are* people in the world more fortunate than ourselves.

TLS Children's books

First and second childhoods

By Peter Conrad

LANCE SALWAY (Editor):
A Peculiar Gift
Nineteenth Century Writings on Books for Children
Kestrel. £8.95. (7226 5140 6)

The child is in the nineteenth century quite literally the father of the man. Wordsworth's visionary enigma becomes a social fact, most notably in America, the land where all romantic prophecies, however bizarre, are actualized. As Wilde pointed out, America has granted the child an absolute, vindictive spiritual priority: the infant devotes itself to "correcting the faults of its father and mother", and is unwearyingly generous in giving its elders "the full benefit of [its] inexperience". Blake's innocents have prematurely armed themselves with the vicious consciousness of experience, and it is the transformation of the fables of romantic nature into offensive social usages which makes Wilde so bilious about children—as for instance in his comment on the death of Little Nell.

Behind Wilde's antagonism to children is a more general point, which is one of the startling suggestions to emerge from the criticism of children's literature which Lance Salway has collected in *A Peculiar Gift*: this is the nineteenth-century's alternation between lyrical generosity to children and fear of the literary consequences of that generosity. On the one hand, the romantics grant the child a charter of spiritual liberties; on the other, they worry that their mystical enthusiasm may have afflicted literature with a visionary childishness, an inspired inspidity. Without intending to, Mr Salway has documented an important seizure of literary conscience. For romanticism is at once emotionally regressive and mentally progressive, at once lyrically infantile and self-analytically adult. It combines two contrary movements: the crabwise scuttling of poetic emotion back into childish and chimerical superstitions and old wives' tales which Peacock derided; and the imperial advance of poetic intelligence, reuniting opposites in nature and art, which Friedrich Schlegel called the progressive universality of romantic thought. From Wordsworth to Proust, romantic art hopes to reconcile the two motives by regaining a childish personal past which is projected ahead into a millenial mental future. The child's shocks of delighted, uncomprehending sense are justified in retrospect as stages in the orderly evolution of its mind.

But the danger is that this inquisition of time may simply intellectualize emotion in a second childhood of ponderous banality. In one of Mr Salway's documents, W. C. Roscoe astonishingly remarks that "the German is still the intelligent child of Europe. . . . The great Goethe himself . . . had this childelement, not in his heart, but in his intellect", and proceeds to discover a child's undiscriminating curiosity in Goethe's morphological investigations, and a child's charming egotism and earnest deliberateness in his manner of philosophical exposition. The paradox is summed up in the dual existences, mathematical and nonsensical, of Lewis Carroll: manipulating abstract patterns of number and symbolic relationships, but converting them into conundrums and quizzes to tease his infant acquaintances; mentally a trigonometrical adult, emotionally a contemporary of the lisping tots and lachrymose wax dolls he befriended. The romantic imagination combines in unsteady equilibrium the protest of the emotions against a chastening and stalling maturity, and the mind's restless self-interrogatory desire to explain the past to itself and to tranquillize emotion by recollecting it. The romantic must be at once an "infant divinity", in Ruskin's phrase, and a sagacious, reflective ancient.

The paradox appears at its most brazen in Ruskin's Slade lectures on *The Art of England*, which argue that the moral disqualification of classical art is its neglect of children, and make the diminutive housewives of Mrs Allingham and the floral manikins of Kate Greenaway tokens of a new, gentle and guileless phase of Western imagination. In the art of the race's infancy, there were no infants; the art of the race's adulthood is to include only angelic toddlers, frisking fairies and dolls presiding over tea-parties. Art evolves backwards: the progress through regression which is the emotional pattern of romantic narrative from Sterne and Wordsworth onwards is made by Ruskin a principle of cultural history. The work of Kate Greenaway is praised, in contrast with the savage Saxon malice of Hogarth, as evidence of a humane delicacy and "softening of the English mind"; but there is a depressing similarity between the mind benignly softened and the mind gone senilely soft. The revolutionary future, with a circularity which is an image of Ruskin's own stunted nympholeptic sexual temperament, is to be made from a dream of the idyllic past.

Kate Greenaway depicts a world evacuated of railways and gasworks, machines and offices, and Ruskin converts her pastoral regression into an apocalyptic prediction of social change: "All the gold and silver you can dig out of the earth are not worth the kingcups and the daisies she gays you of her grace." Sentimentality is an attribute both of mental power and of emotional impotence: a symptom of philanthropic concern and an enlargement, as the eighteenth century knew, of the responsive and perceptive capacities of the human instrument; but also an apology for Ruskin's obsession with the child Rose La Touche, who insisted that their marriage be postponed until they met, as resurrected infants, "in that Kingdom where love will be perfected". Ruskin characteristically turns to illustrators rather than writers for evidence of his notion of childhood: one of the sentimental aptitudes of painting, which the nineteenth century valued, was precisely its power to freeze and frustrate time, to eternalize an instant, embalming youth and preserving it from change. Kate Greenaway saves Ruskin from the shame and guilt of maturity, as Basil Hallward saves Dorian Gray by painting him.

The constant effort of the writers in *A Peculiar Gift* is to defend the survival of infantile imagination in an age of self-analysis and criticism, "the best products of whose literature", as a *Quarterly Review* contributor put it in 1860, "are of an abstract and speculative nature". Locke dismissed fairy tales as "useless trumpery", and Rousseau declared them a libel on nature because they induct the child into an arrogant anthropomorphism. Cowper archly replied:

I will not ask Jean-Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate, or no.

As romanticism developed into an encyclopedic justification of the ways of nature and society to man, it began to doubt the utility and rationality of poetry, which as Macaulay argued is a relic of barbarous days, before the mind had made itself efficient, when nothing could be remembered without the aural fixatives of rhyme and jingling metre. Marginalized, poetry retreats to the nursery where (as the child is also a relic of the mind's prehistory) it, following the logic of Macaulay's argument, it belongs. Confined to the nursery, poetry becomes the repository of antisocial vices of character and grotesque wanton vices of language: R. H. Horne, in a *Household Words* piece in 1851, connects the murderous contour of children's verse with the primitive crudity of its form.

Poetry either devotes itself to arousing unrepentant glory in violence (Horne is shocked by "the outspoken, barefaced, valiant impudence" of the Sparrow's boast that it has killed Cock Robin and the poem's failure to see that justice is done) or else, equally truant from the responsibilities of mind, to soporifically singing querulous children to sleep. All lyricism is either an incitement to violence, or a persuasion to sleep. One lullaby joins the two motives by promising to demolish the cradle and smash the baby:

Hush-a-by Baby,
All in the tree top!
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the boughs break,
The cradle will fall—
Down tumbles hush-a-by Baby, and all!

But, exiled from the adult world of civilized restraint and lucid meaning, poetry acquires an exhilarating freedom, so that the English equivalent to the pure poetry of the French symbolists, in which language has disburdened itself of content and formalistically submerges sense in sound, is the nonsense verse written supposedly for children by Lear and Carroll.

Although Lamb denounced the educational dreariness of Mrs Barbauld and Mrs Trimmer, who cram infant noddles with geography and natural history, and Dickens ridiculed Cruikshank's transformation of fables innocent of meaning into parables about temperance, Coleridge in *Biographia Literaria* defended fairy-tales as intellectual training. They had taught him, as he says, to distrust the evidence of sense and to regulate "all my words by my conceptions, not by sight": fairytales are mentally valuable precisely because of their implausibility, which stretches the intelligence into contemplative "love of the great and the *whole*". But Coleridge's claim is dubious, for the oddest quality of children's literature is its want of imagination, its entirely literal and practical apprehension of the universe as (in the phrase Coleridge uses of the scientific enemies of infant superstition) "a mass of little things".

This is why antindustrial allegory like *Robinson Crusoe* or a venomous satire like *Gulliver's Travels* can become innocuous classics of the nursery, because both works have that drab prosaic acquiescence which is the child's actual sense of the world. Both Crusoe and Gulliver lack imagination, and survive because of this fortunate deficiency: Crusoe populates his solitude with tasks, and takes refuge in the calming tedium of routine; Gulliver has not the wit to see that he is suffering through the perilous initiations of an allegory, and jovially accepts whatever happens to him without pondering its meaning. Children treat these characters with the same thereness the characters themselves so absurdly exhibit. The disingenuous moralism of Defoe and

QUEEN ANNE AND HER MAIDS.

ONE child covers her eyes, while the others, standing in a row close to each other, put their hands behind them. One has a ball concealed, which all pretend to have. They then call the one who has covered her eyes, and addressing her sing:—

"QUEEN ANNE, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun;
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun;
She sends you three letters, and begs you'll read one!"

A page from the facsimile of the first edition of Kate Greenaway's Book of Games *(Dent. £2.75. 460 06781 8)*

the self-tormenting contrariness of Swift are ignored. The child's inexperience is not an imaginative elation, cleansing the doors of perception: rather he takes all facts on trust, with the lack of imagination Prospero deplores in Miranda when she salutes the courtiers. The world is new to her, and she gladly accepts whatever it presents, feeling no need to invent imaginatively an alternative to it. The sacred power of imagination, which the romantics thought the child's prerogative, belongs rather to adults: they alone need it, because they are no longer lyrically bemused (like Miranda) or prosaically engrossed (like Crusoe and Gulliver) by the world which confronts them, and hope to redeem or abolish it by making fictions.

Lamb objected to the intrusion of science into the nursery, but by the end of the nineteenth century applied science had taken over children's fiction. R. L. Stevenson admired in Jules Verne a "prosaic pedestrian quality of imagination, eminently fitted to win belief of nineteenth-century readers" and corresponding, it might be added, to the child's unimaginative practicality. Verne's heroes transform the busy craftsmanship of Crusoe into a nonchalant technological expertise, and are as indifferent to the exploratory fantasy of their moon-shots or descents into the maelstrom as Crusoe is to the natural solitude of his island. Crusoe turns the wilderness into a cottage industry; Verne's scientists turn the dazzling immensities of space into sleek, obedient machines. Phineas Fogg's journey round the world is accomplished by the astute manipulation of time-tables, by rigorous punctuality, not romantic wishfulness, and the narrative is accelerated by the irritation of a characteristically domestic and humdrum fear: Passepartout has carelessly left a gas jet burning in Savile Row in the confusion of departure. The world-encircling epic hero is ruled, like Crusoe, by a bourgeois scrupulousness about good housekeeping.

The technological invasion of romance, interestingly documented by Mr Salway, has implications beyond the limits of children's fiction. Conan Doyle called Stevenson's form "the modern masculine novel, dealing almost exclusively with the rougher, more stirring side of life, with the objective rather than the subjective", and suggests that this kind of fiction is a "reaction against the abuse of love". Victorian novelists had made marriage the obligatory fictional conclusion, releasing characters from society into the sentimental privacy of their affections. However, these marriages are not renewals of life but extinctions of life: Jane Austen's marriages are funerals, marking the termination of the brief giddy hedonistic freedom of the heroines, who must now settle down into becoming images of their mothers; Victorian marriages are parabolic deaths, for the characters, defeated or ignored by society like Clennam and Dorrit, retire into a sheltered emotional sanctity which will be made safe and eternal only (as Rose La Touche told Ruskin) in heaven. Marital endings are not biological new beginnings, as in Shakespearean comedy, but acts of surrender, withdrawal, hopeless retention. Conan Doyle, in praising Stevenson for a vigorous avoidance of effeminate emotion, is expressing an ethical objection to the Victorian novel, that form which despite its loose baggy amplitude and compassion, counsels retreat from the affray of the "roaring street" into the solitary, meditative contemplation of the private life.

Although Conan Doyle hoped for the novel's return from feminine passivity and inert subjectivity to the masculine values of strife, danger and successful action, it is a masculinity solipsistic form which protects itself from the energy of the noisy and the eager, and the arrogant and the froward and the vain. The new masculine novel refuses the temptation of love, but unavoidably modulates its heroes in its own way by removing them to nature, isolating them "between water and sky", as Conrad says of Marlow. *Typhoon* and *Lord Jim* turn Marryat into metaphysics: Conrad makes self-reliant moral virtue out of the aesthetic weakness he discerns in Marryat, whose amphibious novels "live on the sea and frequent the shore, where they flounder deplorably". The rude outdoor health of the boy's book becomes in Conrad a sad parable, forbidding the hero to reach a peace with society, urging him to self-confrontation in an elemental waste.

"What a pity it is we were not all boys when these . . . jolly books appeared!" Stevenson says in his article on Verne. He had no cause for regret: the best children's books are written for adults, by whom, after all, the idea of childhood was invented.

A home of your own

ANTHEA GODDARD :
The Aztec Skull
Deutsch. £2.50. (233 96782 6)

MABEL ESTHER ALLAN :
The Rising Tide
Heinemann. £2.50. (434 92696 5)

There is a worthy adage among critics, teachers, parents and others such that nothing but the best is good enough for a child. Surprisingly, perhaps, nothing could be further from the truth. One might as well say, "Fillet steak or nothing—no bangers served here." Indigestion would sooner or later set in and probably boredom too.

Two authors this autumn have produced bangers of a high order. The first, and unquestionably the better, is *The Aztec Skull*, written by an Australian writer of adult thrillers, Anthea Goddard, whose first entry this is into the children's field. Almost the entire book takes place in a rambling old deserted house where Jenny, aged twelve, contrives to live secretly and alone. When she first finds the house, within a few hours of running away from the local Children's Home, she recognizes it at once as the house-of-her-own that she has dreamed about for so many years. It never occurs to her that there might be somebody who would question her deep sense of ownership. The first shock is the arrival of Paul, through a trap door in the hall. Paul, also twelve, has been a frequent visitor to the old house and after a day or two of very natural resentment, he decides to share with Jenny its mystery. Hidden behind the false wall of a junk room lies a secret hoard of Mexican treasures, among them the sinister Aztec skull, a priceless relic brought back from Mexico by Diego Gama, the owner of their dream house. The unexpected return home of Diego Gama provides the second, even greater shock. With the skill of a natural craftsman, Anthea Goddard guides the story to a denouement the reader will accept. Melodramatic—yes; magic—is far more powerfully written but flits uneasily between the descriptions of the struggles of the urban community. Mike, the hero of both stories, finds his own identity through his involvement with the fantastic world into which the magus leads him and, at the same time, feels that his own role in this fantasy world is releasing a new and potent force into the community. It is a pity that such good writing should be wasted on such an incoherent and uncontrolled story.

Judy Allen's *Lord of the Dance* (Hamish Hamilton. £2.90. 241 03476 X) is a confused and confusing book made up of two almost quite disparate parts. The main story centres problems of living in a new town and, particularly, the problems of being a shy adolescent boy is nearly enough written but lacks depth and real understanding. The subsidiary story—which involves magic powers, allegorical battles between the positive and negative forces in the world under the direction of an architect-cum-magus—is far more powerfully written but its uneasily between the urban community. Mike, the hero of both stories, finds his own identity through his involvement with the fantastic world into which the magus leads him and, at the same time, feels that his own role in this fantasy world is releasing a new and potent force into the community. It is a pity that such good writing should be wasted on such an incoherent and uncontrolled story.

predictable—perhaps; but structurally faultless. A pleasant bonus is the very real warmth and humanity which permeates the whole book. Jenny's feelings are explored with the utmost delicacy and one is grateful in these days of neurosis and stress for a story which emotionally is so wholesome.

With Mabel Esther Allan, writing for a slightly older age group, one is again immediately aware of the practised craftsman. She may be sensational, sentimental and facile but she does know what she is about. The theme of *The Rising Tide* is, rather unexpectedly, Welsh nationalism. Eighteen-year-old Fennel Chalfont inherits a group of remote islands off the coast of Wales and decides to try living on one of them with her friend Sue. With the help of a boyfriend apiece, the two girls discover that the caves beneath the island contain a sizable bomb factory in full production, run by unscrupulous Welsh Nationalists. At great danger to themselves they expose to the police a desperate plot to blow up half the public buildings of Liverpool. . . . Far-fetched, but undeniably a splendid read. Those who belong to the "Nothing but the best . . ." school will find little to applaud in such a book. It is not of any great literary worth. It is not meaningful, symbolic or psychologically important. As comfortable pudding, however, I can think of nothing better.

Ann Evans

Ton-up boys

NIGEL HINTON :
Collision Course
Oxford. £2.95. (19 271387 6)

EVELINE BARNARD :
The Brothers are Walking
Dobson. £2.50. (234 77577 7)

By an odd coincidence, two publishers, simultaneously, bring out novels with crude cover pictures showing boys on motor bikes roaring through the night towards the reader. Each is about a teenager, too young to own a motor bike legally, who is involved in knocking down an elderly pedestrian, certainly not over up to it and lives in guilty terror of the victim dying and himself being identified.

But there is a subtle though crucial difference between them. Nigel Hinton calls the "motives or the motion" by which the author persuades the reader of the validity of his vision.

Nigel Hinton's standpoint is right alongside his agonized hero, worrying with him about the implications of his crime and deceitfulness. We meet his friends and follow him to school and to the football match. We get to know him intimately as someone with a past and a future and a role in a particular bit of society, a person to be valued.

Eveline Barnard, on the other hand, keeps her hero firmly at arm's length. We feel she does not know him at all well and would not particularly like to. We learn almost nothing about his private life or his involvement with the motor-cycle gang. He is just another of those anonymous ton-up boys that destroy the peace of suburb and village—loutish intruders upon middle-class normality. What they need, Eveline Barnard implies, is exposure to a few decent educated church-going country people in order to acquire some backbone and to sort out their misguided [illegible] of course, works out [illegible] the case of her hero [illegible] unlikely fortune to be [illegible] by none other than the posh daughter of the magistrate who put him on probation for thieving. An ideal playmate for him! But, alas, real life problems are not solved quite like that.

Nigel Hinton and Eveline Barnard have much to learn from each other as novelists. She is a fluent and unpretentious story-teller whom children will enjoy reading, whereas he is a slightly ponderous chronicler of thoughts, emotions and insignificant activities. But it is he who knows about the life that teenagers live, amidst ordinary friends, playing football, trying out drink, making foolish advances to girls and just occasionally, getting into serious trouble—like running over a pedestrian on a stolen motorbike—for which there is no simple solution.

Aldan Warlow

No tick on Tyneside

WINIFRED CAWLEY :
Silver Everything and Many Mansions
Illustrated by William Stobbs
Oxford. £2.95. (19 271389 2)

FREDERICK GRICE :
Nine Days' Wonder
Illustrated by Paul Ritchie
Oxford. £2.95. (19 271394 9)

"As if Before-You-Were-Born and Far-Away were suddenly Now and Here", thinks Jinnie Friend when her father takes her to the decaying mansion where he had slaved as a footman long ago. It is one of the virtues of Winifred Cawley's book that it makes long-ago seem like today. She is writing of her own day and her own country—and her story is reinforced by the characteristically truthful and penetrating drawings of William Stobbs, whose time and country it is too—remembering with great intensity of detail the everyday dramas and the everyday apparatus of the 1920s on Tyneside.

In the first of two short novels about the Depression Jinnie's father abandons hope that the Wire Works will reopen and give him back his job. He takes a shop in Stratford Street, which means working on Sundays and giving up his cherished chapel preaching. It means too that Jinnie has to start all over again in a new school with new friends and enemies, preeminent among the latter the terrible Mollie Molloy, whose aunt's name leads the No-Tick-at-any-Time list in Mr Friend's shop. Jinnie suffers much pain and humiliation before she finds the chink in Mollie's formidable armour and is admitted to the freemasonry of the street.

In the second story "Many Mansions" Jinnie does better at school and in inter-street warfare, but poverty threatens to destroy the Friends and their whole precarious society. Mr Friend attempts to put back the clock by trying to get back into service, but that way of life is dying too. The book ends on the smallest note of hope; the Friends will try their luck in drapery.

A little less successfully than in *Gran at Coalgate* Winifred Cawley draws a picture of an industrial society stratified by snobbery. The Friends are a cut above everybody else in Stratford Street. Mollie alone symbolizes the coming breakdown of this social order. "Mollie never gave up."

The story is told consistently through the experience and in the thoughts of Jinnie. Her habit of thinking in capital letters becomes a shade irritating at times, but the truth of the story and its portraits is never in question.

"Many Mansions" ends with Jinnie coming eleven, her hopes set on a scholarship and a teaching career, but "precious little money about". When Winifred Cawley took up the story in *Gran at Coalgate*, the General Strike of 1926 was making the coal-towns of County Durham "no place for a bairn". This too is the scene of *Nine Days' Wonder*, in which Frederick Grice examines those momentous events in the life of a teenage boy from the mining community. Keir Ramsay—both names reveal the political sympathies of his father—finds that life in the grammar school in Durham is as tough as life in the pit. Rather than struggle with the social and intellectual prejudices of the school Keir finds his pleasure in fooling about with Pompey Allchurch—a male Mollie Molloy—on the very edge of the law. The strike brings him back to reality and gives him an objective. "There were new things he had to face, and he knew they had no terrors for him."

Frederick Grice writes—as perhaps befits the subject—in an outmoded manner. Where Winifred Cawley lets the story tell itself, he underlines the meaning and points the moral. His is a book of exclusively male interest—a rarity indeed—and one which invites respect for its historical accuracy, its impartiality and its unfailing regard for social responsibility. It has everything except emotional involvement and consequently the reader cares too little about the fate of the hero. Compared with Jinnie, Keir is just a stick on which to hang a tale.

Marcus Crouch

Romantic traditions

HESTER BURTON :
To Ravensrigg
Oxford. £2.95. (19 271393 0)

GEOFFREY TREASE :
Violet for Bonaparte
Macmillan. £2.95. (333 21186 3)

LEON GARFIELD :
Moss and Blister
Illustrated by Faith Jaques
Heinemann. £1.90. (434 94033 X)

Romance and revolution, commonly supposed to characterize the turn of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century, dominate two new historical novels set in this period. For Geoffrey Trease in *Violet for Bonaparte* these elements are provided by a European Grand Tour and its unexpected interruption by the Emperor's escape from Elba. Hester Burton in *To Ravensrigg* finds romance in the highly traditional device of the heroine's unknown parentage, while the political theme here is the struggle for the abolition of slavery, which unites many of the plot's disparate elements through the offstage figure of William Wilberforce. This subject is illustrated only too graphically as the heroine, Emmie, watches and subsequently aids the desperate flight of a runaway slave about to be deported to the plantations. Later we are introduced to the reverend Mr Fenton, tormented by the ineradicable guilt of his years in Kingston, and to some of the Quakers engaged in preparing evidence for the commission. Interwoven with these episodes is the story of Emmie herself, as she sets sail for the East with her father, only to be shipwrecked in the Channel and nearly drowned.

The plot moves at a great pace and later chapters find the heroine journeying from Dorset to the Lake District, encountering further hazards and some rather implausible coincidences which serve to fasten up the plot neatly at the end. Yet evocative and fast-moving as the narrative is, I find Hester Burton most persuasive in quieter and more intimate scenes, such as those where Emmie settles down in the Fenton household, acknowledging how good it is merely to be alive.

Geoffrey Trease is another writer notable for the zest and pace of his narrative. In *Violet for Bonaparte*, less hampered by an elaborately unwinding plot, he sends his hero Ben, artist's model and Covent Garden scene-shifter, on a series of picaresque adventures on the Continent. Ben begins his travels as valet to the irascible and xenophobic Lord Harry, for whom the opportunity to visit Elba and gloat over the fallen emperor is one not to be missed. The period detail is handled with a care and knowledge that remains entirely unobtrusive, and the story gallops along with the suspense, verve and humour that hold the reader to the end.

My only uneasiness is with the protagonists of these two well-told tales: they have a neutrality, a modernity with which the reader is intended to identify, that makes them stand a little too critically away from their background. Hester Burton deliberately contrasts her Emmie with frivolous and silly cousin Hannah, and shows how deeply she had been influenced by her mother's political awareness, yet even so her perceptions of herself and her society are rather exceptional for her time. Both authors endow their "ordinary" central characters with sensitivities and sensibilities that early nineteenth-century authors more regularly attributed to the aristocracy. It is a little difficult to credit Ben Raeth, the son of a porter, with the fineness of perception of a Fabrice del Dongo, required of him by the plot. Perhaps an insistence on social equality has blinded us to the extent to which unequal systems conditioned their participants.

Leon Garfield happily avoids this particular historical snare's nest by presenting his simple people simply as they are, in a comic view that surprisingly avoids being patronizing while delighting in absurdity at every social level. His laughter is quite without contempt, despite the fact that his methods are akin to caricature. Inevitably Blister, the midwife's apprentice, with her protruding ears, saucer eyes and dream of an immaculate conception (her own), is a more memorable creation than Ben or Emmie. *Moss and Blister* is the latest in Garfield's series of "apprentices", odd little books whose length suggests a slightness that their energy contradicts. Moss the midwife and her scrawny apprentice are a splendidly comic duo, plying their trade of delivering babies—itself, seen as essentially comic, perhaps for the first time since Dr Slop—on Christmas Eve.

Julia Briggs

Go East, young man

ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF :
Blood Feud
Illustrated by Charles Keeping
Oxford. £2.95. (19 271392 2)

It is always very difficult to review new books by established and accomplished writers. "More of the same" and "what we have come to expect from this writer" are cool praise, however emphatically accompanied by adjectives of enthusiasm. And if is now a long time since there was a new major piece of writing from Rosemary Sutcliff. *Blood Feud* will be eagerly welcomed by admirers of her long and distinguished body of work.

Is *Blood Feud* then more of the same? In some ways, yes. We find ourselves once more with a hero suspended between worlds in transition—half Celtic, half English, Viking slave and Byzantine soldier, he is swept up on that epic movement of the Viking expansion eastwards, so fascinatingly unfamiliar to most of us. We find ourselves also in a moral world where courage and loyalty count overwhelmingly, and men are ruled by a ferocious code—blood binds them as brothers or as enemies. Once again we are brought through darkness to a faint dawn; the hero is suspended between duty to kill and duty to heal, and finds himself defined by the choice he makes.

Rosemary Sutcliff's mastery of her chosen vein of writing is complete, beyond praise. The evocation with a few vivid, always concrete strokes of remote scenes, of battles, journeys, camps, is superb. She can catch the manly tones of voices uttering tough or grand or commonplace sentiments in a language which never seems outré, and never sounds the false contemporaneity which is the bane of so much historical writing. The tale moves swiftly across a crowded and believable world. And this book is as finely crafted as anything Rosemary Sutcliff has done.

And yet this is not quite more of the same. Rosemary Sutcliff's central subject in the past has been "The Matter of Britain" the welding of those manifold strands which made our country; Jestyn of this book is not part of that—he is almost literally a spin-off, thrown violently on a long path that leads him for ever away from home. And though Jestyn never really feels at one with the duty to kill that the old code lays upon him, the inner drama is faintly drawn compared with the sweeping grandeur of the outward one.

And if a little of the zest has gone, and if this is not the Sutcliff novel one would recommend above all the rest, it is still an admirable book, and a splendid read, and we can never have enough work of this quality.

Jill Paton Walsh

Blood Feud will be published on January 6.

The American tradition

By Brian Alderson

BARBARA BADER :
American Picturebooks from Noah's Ark to the Beast Within
615pp. New York: Collier Macmillan. $45.

The "Noah's Ark" of the title of this book is just that—*The Story of Noah's Ark* by Elmer Boyd Smith (1905). And "The Beast Within" is less precisely that—an amalgam of some strange adventures from the 1960s and 1970s: wild things within Max within a wolf suit, judges consumed by a terrible thing that was coming this way, and children hoaxing the Academy of Sciences in Paris. Delving back over almost seventy-five years, Barbara Bader has sieved out the contribution of American publishing to the art of the picture book—the way the richest country in the world has responded to the establishment of what William Scott has called "the simplest, subtlest, most communicative, most clusive, most challenging book form of them all".

Seventy-five years of one "book form" in one rich country may not seem to warrant 615 pages of closely-packed description with 663 illustrative examples, even when it attracts such superlatives as Mr Scott's. After all, David Bland in his lengthy *History of Book Illustration* (1969) devoted only five off-hand paragraphs to the subject. And yet even Mrs Bader could hardly claim to be exhaustive. She has, in fact, concentrated most of her attention on original story books and non-fiction for younger and older children, and has had disappointingly little to say on such things as the treatment of traditional matter—alphabets, nursery rhymes, fairy tales—or, with the exception of the Little Golden Books, the changing characteristics of the mass-market picture book. Can an operation of this magnitude really be justified?

The answer to that question is an unreserved affirmative. Indeed, by teasing out so single-mindedly the work of illustrators in America she has raised new questions about a national style and about comparative influences; and by relating the artistic activity to a variety of external events she has given a contextual background to the books of the period which has been signally missing in almost every history and survey up till now (David Bland's not least). *American Picturebooks* is a pioneer assessment of some of the social, pedagogical and technical forces which have contributed to determining the kind of books that are produced for children; and Mrs Bader's thorough knowledge of those forces (the part played by librarians, say, or psychologists, or publishers, editors, or printing virtuosi) is matched by her keen eye for the details of a picture or the salient characteristics of an artist's *oeuvre*. Never before has so ambitious a book on the subject been planned and carried through with such liveliness and attention to telling detail.

That said, however, it must be recognized that the occupational misfortune of pioneers is that they cannot also be site surveyors of property developers. By choosing to open up for us just what can be done in compiling a history of picture books, Mrs Bader has met the inevitable difficulty of raising expectations which she cannot fully satisfy. *American Picturebooks* does not always probe deeply enough the implications of Mr Scott's eulogy, or its own epigraph, which is worth quoting in full:

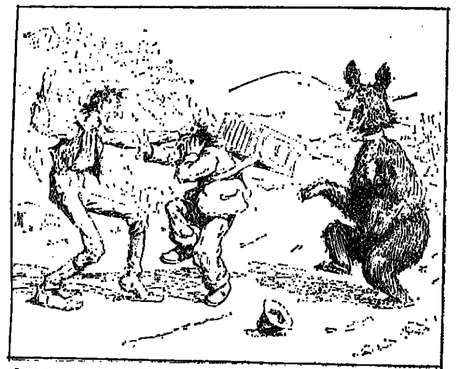
> A picturebook is text, illustration, total design; an item of manufacture and a commercial product; a social, cultural, historical document; and, foremost, an experience for a child. As an art form it hinges on the interdependence of pictures and words, on the simultaneous display of two facing pages, and on the drama of the turning of the page. On its own terms its possibilities are limitless.

One may perhaps be forgiven, while thanking Mrs Bader for so perceptive a summation, for saying also that not even 615 pages are enough to reconcile the many incompatible courses which that statement has left her to follow.

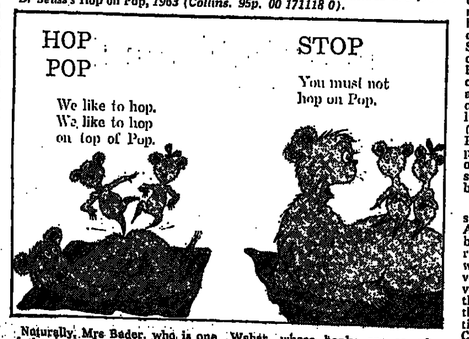
Mrs Bader has had the wit to trace the burgeoning of "art" and experiment in picture books to the rise of the children's book editor in American publishing, and to the alliance forged between editors and librarians (the one, in fact, often began life as the other). Similarly, she has shown how the qualities of a medium—stone, or acetate, or paper—may govern the kind of picture-book page that is produced. But although such observations are an essential part of her commentary the reader comes upon them in a rather catch-as-catch-can fashion. These topics have their own history which is often close to that of the picture book, and I for one would have been glad to sacrifice some of Mrs Bader's less engaged descriptions of the books she deals with for a fuller development of such "social, cultural" issues.

Mrs Bader is never able to do more than give a sketch of what the influence of librarians amounts to (her opinions of Anne Carroll Moore remain ambivalent throughout) even though the reader has a sense of the need for fuller delineations—not least because of the "political" and commercial significance of the Caldecott Medal. And, in technical matters, although she is able through the index to draw together thought-provoking points about graphic methods such as collage, or the use of tints, she cannot similarly do justice to the dominant influence of the varieties of lithography. The sporadic, but usually penetrating, remarks which she makes on these far from incidental issues at least draw attention to her book's value as a cumulative account. Here is no "textbook" to be gutted for a brisk critique of Bemelmans or Crockett Johnson.

The difficulty which Mrs Bader has in creating a unity of the many components of *American Picturebooks* is nowhere more obvious than in the broad dispersal of her critical assessments. Intimations of this are already present in the words of the epigraph where matters for objective discussion (the "planning of pages, the "drama" of turning them) are set alongside matters giving rise to more complex operations—"the interdependence of pictures and words", or to totally subjective pronouncements (children's experiences). It was surely a vain hope from this point onwards that a consistent critique could be managed at these three levels, and in parallel with the historical descriptions.



Seventy years of hopping and bopping: signs of an American tradition in narrative picture making. The contentious gentlemen and the excited bear are from A. B. Frost's "Antonia and Jeremiah" in The Bull Calf and Other Tales, *1892 (reprinted by Dover Publications/Constable Books 98p. 486 22230 6); the tenuously related bouncing creatures are from Dr Seuss's* Hop on Pop, *1963 (Collins. 95p. 00 171118 0).*



Naturally, Mrs Bader, who is one of the most incisive critics of picture books alive today, can at times be masterly. With the two words "lyrical blather" she deals once and for all with the fatal flaw in that beautiful book *The Moon Jumpers*, just as in almost two pages she argues back and forth the crucial points about Margaret Wise Brown's *Goodnight Moon*—a probably the most abstract in form and concrete in substance" of all her writings. (One cannot here do more than note a tangential theme: the wide divergence of English and American taste in picture books. The Udry/Sendak *Moon Jumpers*, like much of the work of those heavily bemedalled artists Robert McCloskey, Marcia Brown and Robert Lawson, is unknown in this country. Margaret Wise Brown, who is the most extensively indexed person in *American Picturebooks*, has had practically nothing issued by English publishers — *Goodnight Moon* itself arrived here this year, just on thirty years after its first publication in America).

For all her perceptiveness, however, Mrs Bader has fallen victim to the perils which await the long-distance critic: a tendency to overvalue work for its historical rather than its absolute significance (e.g. Rojankovsky, that classic example of the illustrator for whom everything came too easily), a willingness to accept work for its good intentions rather than its actual performance (e.g. Duvoisin, or Peet, or Weber, whose books are so often marred by contrived or sloppily written stories) and of course, a reluctance to drive arguments about illustration to their necessary conclusion for the basically sentimental reason that, as she says of Duvoisin's work, "children like it".

As one example among several, what are we to make of the knots which Mrs Bader ties for herself in a paragraph beginning "Is this illusion for?" where she contrasts Artyzbasheff "adding to the aesthetic values" of a book with "Rackham et al" whose pictures "had nothing to do with the physical book" but which, for children, "the raisins in the cookie"? In equality, demands that we ask whether the Rackham pieces were the best response to the text illustrated (would children have enjoyed something else more?) or whether the raisins took on extra flavour because the rest of the cookie was indigestible—in any event the "physical book" never fades from the argument anyway.

The introduction of the child attracts attention from the other notions in hand. It also helps to serve as an example of the difficulty which Mrs Bader encounters passim: the of finding adequate space to give rigorous examination to "the interdependence of pictures and words".

English readers (and whatever shortcomings, *American Picturebooks* deserves to be read by all of English readers) will be grateful for it, particularly and at the absence of a more determined critical grasp in the book for two reasons: our own need to assess the very different extent which American illustration has taken from our own since 1900 and our interest in establishing whether there really is any such thing as an American contribution to picture book art. For although Mrs Bader charts with enviable skill an enormous field of activity, one closer to monster volume unsure whether the beast within is not either primarily derivative (the best work from Smith at one end to Zemach at the other tends to owe its quality to European influences), or unknowing (happiness is a warm puppy like a friend is someone who likes you, or simply dependent *in toto* on brilliant design-work and printing. (Another argument which Mrs Bader raises, but which cannot be pursued here, is the wholesomeness of magazine art and advertisement styling as an influence on picture books.)

The one clue that Mrs Bader does not unwinding in seeking the Americanness of American picture books unfortunately tends to get ravelled up soon after the start when we begin to encounter the volumes of smooth, earnest endeavour which have been blessed throughout most of the century by the establishment forces of education and librarianship. When Anne Carroll Moore put on her kid gloves for A. B. Frost and turned her back on W. W. Denslow she was in effect rejecting the source of much that was to be both fruitful and characteristically American in the coming decades. Suprema though the achievements may be of Wanda Gág or Maurice Sendak, or Margot Zemach, who—qualitatively—are for us the major figures in this book, they are not unimaginable without the presence of the United States. But would Mrs Bader allow us to say the same, or afford still to neglect, the tradition that runs through Disney and McKay to Dr Seuss?

Were dreaming of a Black Christmas

Fourteen Rats and a Ratcatcher
Tamasin Cole
This witty double-edged tale is illustrated with enormous verve and humour and the design of the book is admirably suited to its direct argument. A real joy!
Margery Fisher, Sunday Times — £1·95

Potato Man
Polly Pindar
A clever idea . . . the prints are delightful and glow with colour.
Nursery World — £1·95

Junk Jimmy's African Trip
Jan Lööf
'A lovely story of youth and age, and the wisdom, the guile and the innocence of both . . . a credible/incredible story with very funny pictures.'
Irish Times — £1·75

The Sea Voyage
N Orengo and F Mello
A voyage of the imagination, designed to stir the imagination.
Good Housekeeping — £1·75

The Dream-maker
Lioselotte Schwarz
'Most original in idea . . . the pictures too, in pleasing colours, are dream-like and surreal.'
Naomi Lewis, The Observer — £2·25

Fact and Fancy Books
Words by Peggy Blakeley
Said Solomon Sadly
Teddy Bears Can't Go to School
Each: £1·35

Read Together Books
Words by Peggy Blakeley
Ennile and Chips
I Bet I Could
Each: £2·25

Adam & Charles Black

Original sinners

MICHAEL DE LARRABEITI :
The Borribles
Dudley Head. £2.95. (370 10898 1)

FRANK WALKER :
Vipers & Co
Illustrated by Trevor Stubley
Macmillan. £2.95. (333 19430 6)

NIGEL GRIMSHAW :
The Wildkeepers' Guest
Faber. £2.95. (571 10899 7)

Fantasy can be a good way of commenting on the real world. But an author who uses it for this purpose in a children's book runs the risk of writing over the child's head, for children are less prone than adults to view the world with critical detachment.

In *The Borribles*, Michael de Larrabeiti takes this risk upon himself by creating a set of characters who run counter to our comfortable assumptions about children. The Borribles never grow up, but they are worlds away from the Lost Boys of the Never Never Land. They live in derelict houses, sweep constantly and survive by petty pilfering. Although we are told that they dislike cooperative effort, they have a fully fledged sub-culture with its own traditions, folk-lore and rigid rules. The book deals with their expedition across London to attack the Rumbles of Rumbledom, who pronounce their "r's" as "w's", have long pointed snouts and bear names like Vulgarian, Napoleon and Orococco. An adult will at once perceive resemblances between the Rumbles and another well-known group of characters, and will suspect a conscious reaction against the over-cushioned cosiness of many children's books. I doubt, however, whether any but the most sophisticated child would pick up the parallel, which is nowhere explicitly stated.

Thus, in a rather disturbing way, the story works on two levels. A reader who is aware that the Rumbles may have their own point of view will notice the suggestion that the attack may have been unjustified and will appreciate the sad and ironic ending, which undercuts the heroism by revealing that the heroes were manipulated. But it is perfectly possible to read the book simply as an exciting adventure with a sour twist and this makes the violence worrying. One Rumble, for example, is killed by having an electric fire dropped into his bath and another is crushed underneath a car when the jack is removed. These are seen as noble actions and the realism of their presentation makes them very different from the comic, knockabout violence of *The Beano* or Tom and Jerry.

Because of all this, *The Borribles* is a difficult book to evaluate. On the one hand it is a well-written and exciting story with very subtle overtones. But, on the other, its picture of human—or Borrible—nature leaves an unpleasant aftertaste, for those in authority are corrupt and cynical and the heroes, although honourable, are brutal and naive.

Vipers & Co, by Frank Walker, is also a fantasy which comments on modern life, but it is a different kind of book altogether. The villainess, a witch married to a member of Parliament, drinks Maledictine and plots to uglify London by destroying old buildings and replacing them with office blocks and multi-storey car parks. The hero and heroine—a remarkably characterless pair of children—study river pollution in their spare time and combine a social conscience with a most unlikely innocence: "I didn't think MPs could be bad," gasped Clare. "Surely it's not allowed?"

All this smacks of the worst kind of writing down to children, with adult jokes adorning a central concept which grossly over-simplifies a contemporary problem. Moreover, the particular combination of the everyday world with fairytale villainy is unoriginal, echoing *A Hundred and One Dalmatians*. There is even a lost cat (instead of dog) called Perdita. However, once the plot is set up and the action begins, the sheer mechanics take over and the latter part of the book is fast-moving and spirited. It is not nearly as subtle or as well-written as *The Borribles*, but it is competent and entertaining.

In contrast to these two books, *The Wildkeepers' Guest*, by Nigel Grimshaw, is a straightforward fantasy which follows a fairly familiar pattern. Three beings from outside our space and time burst into this world, and become involved in a supernatural conflict. This conflict is successfully resolved with the help of Joan Flagg—a girl with unusual powers of perception—and the Wildkeepers, the remnants of an ancient race who survive in secret. Unfortunately the story never comes to life. The main Earthly characters do not really understand the struggle that is going on and, because of their own strangeness, do not engage the reader's sympathies. The Wildkeepers, who had a special significance when combating a building contractor in an earlier book, seem to have no particular purpose in this one, and Joan Flagg spends the last quarter of the story in a stupor. In addition, the plot is aimless. Although it abounds in incidents, these do not play a vital part in the final dénouement, and little suspense is generated. One is left with the feeling that the author went through the motions of his tale without enthusiasm and the story remains curiously flat. In *The Borribles* and *Vipers & Co*, in spite of their faults, the reader is carried along by the authors' obvious relish for the worlds they have created and in the end—in fantasy most of all, perhaps—this is the indispensable ingredient.

Gillian Cross

Fantastically familiar

ROBERT WESTALL :
The Wind Eye
Macmillan. £2.95. (333 21187 1)

NINA BEACHCROFT :
A Spell of Sleep
Heinemann. £2.50. (434 92853 4)

The author of a highly praised first novel must inevitably be faced with a difficult decision when he starts work on a second book. Should it be the mixture as before, a mixture proved to be popular and successful? Or would a complete change of direction be preferred, in order to avoid the inevitable critical comparison with its predecessor? Robert Westall has wisely settled for the latter course, and his new book, *The Wind Eye*, could not be more different in style and theme from the Carnegie Medal-winning *The Machine Gunners*.

Although the plot and characters of *The Wind Eye* bear no resemblance to those of his previous story, the ingredients of Robert Westall's new mixture have long been the staple constituents of English children's fiction. Take one academic, articulate family consisting of an austere professor, his capricious second wife and three children from their previous marriages; place them in a remote holiday cottage overlooking the Farne Islands on the Northumbrian coast; add the legend of St Cuthbert, still a force to be reckoned with in that part of England, together with the discovery of an ago-old boat that can transport its occupants back into the time of the saint; stir briskly with dashes of vivid local colour, authentic dialogue and uncomfortably realistic family tension, and the result is that familiar dish: the family holiday-adventure-time-fantasy.

But Robert Westall is too skilled and perceptive a writer to remain content with such a well-tried recipe, and the family's experiences in and out of time are not used simply to provide exciting adventure, though the book has plenty of this. Robert Westall is primarily concerned with his characters, with the conflict between them, and with the way in which their attitudes and behaviour are changed, for better or worse, as a result of their experiences. By the end of the book, each member of the family has come to terms with themselves and with their relationship with each other; the benign influence of St Cuthbert has crossed the centuries and touched them all. *The Wind Eye* is a many-layered book, and it succeeds admirably on each level. Whether the book is viewed as exciting time fantasy or as a perceptive study of family behaviour, the reader is kept in thrall until the final page. And, above all, it reinforces Robert Westall's reputation as an exciting and stimulating new writer for the young.

Nina Beachcroft's *A Spell of Sleep* is also concerned with time and with the influence of past events on the present lives of the characters. And, as in *The Wind Eye*, it is an entire family which finds itself threatened by forces from the past. But, in this case, it is only one Peter who realizes that the malevolent old couple who have moved into the house next door are not just particularly vindictive neighbours but are evil creatures from the past intent on the destruction of his family's happiness. It was Peter himself who inadvertently released the Baxters from the centuries of sleep to which they had been condemned by a kind of medieval Merlin, and so it is now up to him to make sure that they return to their spell of sleep and restore his family to their former contentment.

Nina Beachcroft has created a chilling atmosphere of menace in her new book, and those scenes in which the malign Baxters slowly disrupt the lives of Peter and his family are remarkably gripping. But her manipulation of time and her transformations from past to present are often contrived, and one would have welcomed a less confusing and more convincing explanation of the identity and motives of the unpleasant intruders. *A Spell of Sleep* may be a less ambitious book than *The Wind Eye* but a little of Robert Westall's acute perception of character, place and time would have lent it a little more distinction.

Lance Salway

Of moon and men

WILLIAM CORLETT :
The Dark Side of the Moon
Hamish Hamilton. £2.90.
(241 89507 3)

DELIA HUDDY :
Time Piper
Hamish Hamilton. £3.50.
(241 89530 8)

William Corlett's *The Dark Side of the Moon* is that most suspect of things: an eminently discussible book. Ideas on existence, morals, semantics, society, sex, maturity, and just about everything else which might interest the alert adolescent reader are to be found in it, inviting accusations of artistic disunity from the unwary reviewer. It also has a misleadingly conventional main plot—the motiveless kidnapping of a public-school boy by three drop-outs. This plot not only has pace, but also fascinating twists, metaphysical implications, and a Detective Chief Inspector worthy of Josephine Tey. The book then draws a thoughtful parallel between this and, of all things, an American moonshot, complete with troubled astronaut. The fact that these unlikely elements are fused more or less perfectly into a coherent whole, shows what a virtuoso performance the book is—and how much William Corlett deserves his growing reputation.

His success does not really lie in the variation of style—which can be a trifle tiresome, or the ingenuity, curiously, the book seldom seems to be perceived. It is really in the way in which he has caught the directness and vulnerability of the young mind (and the rather sobering deviousness of almost everyone else's). Thus although it may in the end have a somewhat bleak message about growing up, *The Dark Side of the Moon* faces its problem shrewdly and illustrates them sharply. In short, it demonstrates just what the "adolescent novel" can do.

A worthy shelf-mate, lighter on ideas but stronger on charm, is Delia Huddy's *Time Piper*, which is also not quite what it appears to be. Luke Crantock is waiting to go up to Cambridge, and longing to get away from the pettiness of home and village life. More or less plausibly he gets a job in a chaotic laboratory in London, where an almost credible experiment with a time machine is coming to its climax. All of which suggests the formula of fantasy held down to earth by a carefully (and in this case rather cumbersomely) established reality. But as the book tightens its hold we find that it is really a very perceptive story about finding maturity; and that it is not really sci-fi but a love story.

Thus, as with William Corlett's book, the obvious plot simply provides the tensioning; the real truth and optimism of *Time Piper* lies in the growth of Luke's involvement with the strangely remote girl who follows him to London. Thus it does not really matter whether Delia Huddy gets away with the science (which she nearly does) or she mucked up the balance of the strands of the book (not to be unkindly peevish by a reviewer). What is important is her view of adolescence, which parallels, perhaps rather more gently, William Corlett's.

Peter Hunt

Laughter in the dark

D. J. ENRIGHT :
The Joke Shop
Chatto and Windus. £2.50.
(7011 5097 1)

Those who know D. J. Enright's memories of his own childhood (*Memoirs of A. Mendicant. Professor*) or his poems on his own childhood (*The Terrible Shears*) or his poems for children (*Rhyme Times Rhyme*), all marked by a peculiar grace and the crispest common sense, will not be surprised that he has now written a story for children; or that it turns out to be one of exceptional quality and attractiveness. At the start of *The Joke Shop* three children are discovered, real children that one can see as having coughs as well as voices, chilblains as well as fingers. They are at a loose end, their mother away nursing a sick relative, their rumpled writer father queuelously trying to finish a children's book. Three splendid oddities balance the nice normal children—Herr Brush, Mr Spector (my brother is a dancer) and Inspector Barlow, names murmurous with possibilities for most modern children. The six of them set out to find two other missing children, and in the course of their search Robert, Jane and Timmy are lured into a seedy joke shop which proves to be the vestibule of another world and a different life: the universe of darkness, debility and dissolution, inhabited by shadows for whom light is the enemy and vitality and laughter vulgarities one has to be educated out of.

Their teacher is a doctor of Shudosophy called Obtuse, they are made to memorize the Legend of Lady Umber, they learn about the Dimday Book and the way to preserve the Dark Ages. This dim limbo is both chilly and sad but, as one would expect from such a famous wit, lit by the gleam of a vivacious comic spirit. It shows itself particularly in the proliferation of puns — the child's version of the spigram — some of them plummy Victorian puns, others engagingly wisecracking and contemporary. The mysterious element in which the children are submerged enriches and complicates the fantasy; and gives the marvellous events a strong intrinsic human truth. The narrative is managed with tact and gaiety, and the meaning is both cheerful and deep. This is a real children's classic of a story, appealing both to the sensitive child and the intelligent adult; and to the one in the other. Read-aloud to a group of children it will be a delight.

William Walsh

Holiday horrors

JOSEPHINE POOLE:
Touch and Go
Hutchinson. £2.95. (09 127330 7)

A. J. HOLDEN:
No Trains at the Bay
Blackie. £3.25. (216 90170 7)

In the matter of menace lurking in a smiling countryside, Josephine Poole has something of the mastery of Geoffrey Household and her new novel, *Touch and Go*, is a chilling little exercise in *la chasse humaine*. Plump, teenage Emily and her bright, progressive mother go from London for a so-called "farm" holiday in Devon. On the way they crash the car and something Emily sees in her concussed state in the hospital involves her and her friend Charles in a cumulative nightmare of crime and terrorism. Once they have inadvertently revealed their knowledge they are marked down for murder, murder made to look like accident. As the pace quickens they find themselves being hunted down remorselessly through the dark and the fog, on clifftop and in barns and, almost more horrifyingly still, through the midst of the oblivious holiday world still going on around them.

They have slipped out of the real world into a fourth dimension of fear where their cries for help are unheard, and the fact that they are still children makes them all the more vulnerable. A few words from an adult to the unsuspicious can sound so safe, so reasonable—who could ever guess at the deadly callousness of what is being planned?

Fortunately Charles and Emily share all the resilience and ingenuity of the young and they are not easily beaten. In a hilarious chase through the carnival streets, with time fast running out, the hunters become the hunted and their nefarious plot is foiled with panache. Even then, there is a bizarre realism in the ending which is characteristic of this author. *Touch and Go* is a thriller of more than ordinary pace and excitement, but there is nothing stereotyped about the characters or their reactions to events. Josephine Poole has a sharp and pleasantly uncharitable eye for the world around her which is not the least of her delights.

A sense of humour is conspicuously lacking in A. J. Holden's *Trains at the Bay*, a picaresque adventure set in nineteenth-century New Zealand, where settlers were still few and far between and there is and order nothing to write home about. Nick Turner, fresh from Bristol city, and his illiterate but resourceful New Zealand friend Frankie are blown out to sea by a storm and experience most of what treats the country has to offer: the way of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, sinister treasure-hunters, hostile Maoris and so forth, before being finally reunited with their families. But the background is authentic and the book does bring home the terrifying ease with which people could get lost and separated in the trackless land of bush, fern and seashore, where communications even over a distance of a few miles could take days.

Anne Carter

The man from the sea

DAVID REES:
The Missing German
Dobson. £2.50. (234 77696 X)

JEAN MacGIBBON:
After the Raft Race
Heinemann. £2.10. (434 95816 6)

The Missing German is a wartime story. Its hero is Simon, athletic but not intellectual, who is sent on holiday to a remote Devon farm as a rest from the bombing. He finds another teenager already installed. Keith is his opposite in many ways, being public school, brainy and rather patronizing. The immediate hostility between the two is complicated by their discovery of Stefan, sole survivor of a wrecked German submarine. Stefan is hardly any older that the boys themselves. Their decision to try to hide him and the consequences of that decision give the book its plot.

The hiding operation is suggested and initially masterminded by German-speaking Keith, who is also the first to lose heart and to see the impossibility of what they are attempting. Simon, originally cool to the idea, comes to be its most determined advocate. His change of mind is prompted by his growing affection for Stefan, though he can communicate with his friend only by gestures or with a dictionary. The relationship, on Simon's part, deepens to something more than simple friendship and his sense of loss when the inevitable parting occurs is acute.

This is a modest story, plainly told but with hints of considerable depth beneath its somewhat conventional adventure-story surface. My reservations about it came largely from wondering what sort of readers it would appeal to. The sixteen and seventeen-year-olds who would identify with its central characters and who might be interested in the ethics of helping wartime enemies or in the nuances of latent homosexuality would, I feel, want something more reflective and subtle and indeed would probably long since have switched to adult literature. The twelve or thirteen-year olds that the surface story would most appeal to might well demand rather more pace and excitement.

After the Raft Race is also set in the Devon countryside. Patty and her Mum go there under an assumed name after Patty's Dad is wrongfully accused of theft and assault. Patty meets two nice boys and starts going out with Terry, the less handsome but the more sincere and dependable of the two. (Naturally, when he takes his glasses off he reveals lovely brown eyes.) She also takes part in the race of the book's title, the big local event of the year, and eventually sees the real villain unmasked and her father cleared.

Heinemann's Pyramid series has set itself admirable goals but it is going to take much better writing than is on display here to achieve them. *After the Raft Race* is forced and the reality it purports to offer is actually the pseudo-reality of women's romantic fiction.

Alasdair Maclean

Private eyes

STEPHEN CHANCE:
Septimus and the Stone of Offering
Bodley Head. £2.75. (370 1103 1)

ELLEN RASKIN:
The Tattooed Potato and other clues
Macmillan. £2.95. (333 19841 7)

These two novels provide energetic, convincing evidence both of the intense difference between American and English ideas of what sort of a story is good for children, and of the continuing life in an old dog of storytellers, the detective. We have met Stephen Chance's Septimus before, yet the splendidly traditional qualifications he has to be hero of an adventure—parachuted among the partisans in wartime Yugoslavia, policeman-become-clergyman, mountaineer, brave, jovial, benign — mean that these days he has to be in his late fifties and feeling it a bit. Septimus would be a likely friend for the stocky, novel-looking man with a pipe, [illegible] jersey on the dust cover—but do not let any child call him old-fashioned in my hearing.

Stephen Chance rattles out Septimus's gripping December fireside yarn, in which an ancient Welsh legend of blood sacrifice is quite unscrupulously woven in with Plaid Cymru efforts to turn away the surveyors who may sanctorise a new colonization of the valley out behind not of soldiers but the Water Board. The bluffness and occasional clumsiness of both prose and morality sort well with the manner of the characters, and the odd clients' entrance-money well worth paying for Stephen Chance's plain-spoken decency. The long climax of the novel, in which Septimus deliberately surrenders to the idiot giant in order to free a little boy, and to a fine romantic scene deep in the slate mines brings his readers firmly but firmly to feel the proper horror and pity of blind destruction justly destroyed and the compassion due to helpless, inarticulate self-protectiveness, is an admirable exercise in reading which will please and instruct both the uncle who gives and the ten year old who receives.

Ellen Raskin's is a cockier book altogether: quick, allusive, pastiche and altogether not to be caught out in any old nursery. Dickory Dock, her heroine, works for a mysterious gentleman-artist-detective in a house filled with a mixture of figures from *The Munsters* and the old *Knockout* boys' weekly. Like all traditional heroines, she is innocent, good, and unsurprisable. She becomes her employer's faithful hound, and in a quickfire sequence of inquiries, helps him help the police solve an of course baffling set of apparently unrelated (but, ahn! subtly interfused) crimes. The scenery and the personae are relentlessly Greenwich Village picturesque—drunks, fat cops, art emperors, white-suited blackhearted blackmailers, goofy art-student boyfriend. With much of the charm and funniness of "Sesame Street", Ellen Raskin sugars her pills of art education and brings together her gleefully confusing scatter of inventiveness with quite a flourish at the end. But she has not quite the heart to give her book a heart, for all its attractiveness.

Fred Inglis

Mixed marriage

JOAN LINGARD:
Hostages to Fortune
[illegible]

Hostages to Fortune is the fifth instalment in the story of Protestant Sadie and Catholic Kevin. We first met them as school children in Belfast, where they grew up, loved, and married. After leaving Ireland, they have tried married life in various unpropitious places. They seemed to be settled in Cheshire, but the untimely death of Kevin's employer and the consequent loss of their home sets them off again on the snakes-and-ladders pattern of their life together.

The political and religious differences, so integral to the first three books, have receded gradually in the last two. They flare up only in moments of anger or when the "in-laws" come on stage. The problems now are more domestic than political, more emotional than religious. This time, the main irritant is Clodagh, Kevin's teenage sister, who is unforgivably perverse and so lands our couple with yet more responsibility and anxiety. [illegible] who help and support [illegible] Sadie are all older people, even elderly. Typically, Joan Lingard underlines differences and then shows how barriers can be crossed. Many children will recognize such bridging of the generation gap and will appreciate the picture of loving mothers who are much less help than outsiders.

New readers will perhaps find *Hostages to Fortune* less appealing than will addicts of the series. Characters from earlier books and references to past incidents are skilfully introduced without holding up the narrative, but it needs memories of the earlier books to flesh these people out and make them more than cardboard puppets appearing on cue. At the end of the story Uncle Albert arrives in his battered [illegible], provide once again an open ending and the expectation of another instalment.

Cecilia Gordon

Son of Salinger

PAUL ZINDEL:
Pardon Me, You're Stepping On My Eyeball!
Bodley Head. £2.95. (370 11025 0)

JILL CHANEY:
The Buttercup Field
Dobson. £2.50. (234 77654 4)

The (to us) amazing articulateness of American adolescents; in fact as well as fiction, might seem to give the American writer of teenage fiction an advantage over ours, since by comparison the conversation of our young seems to consist of grunts. Well, it depends what you want your characters to do with your story, and anyway the talent of its characters has no more to do with the merit of a book than plot has. Paul Zindel's people seem to take over his book entirely and live so vividly you forget there's a narrator at all. Salinger managed the same effect in *The Catcher in the Rye* with an adolescent narrator who seemed to pickle a generation forever in his chat (which some found insufferably coy). Nobody thought his book suitable for Holden Caulfield's contemporaries in those days, or put it on the children's shelf.

Pardon Me, You're Stepping On My Eyeball! is a lot more outspoken and explicit and is now considered suitable for readers the age of its characters, which shows, I suppose, how life has caught up with fiction (rather than the other way round). It recalls Salinger in its zest and funniness and, like so much good teenage fiction, is an adult novel that happens to have a young viewpoint, but is not so much (or so necessarily) about a pair of fifteen-year-olds as about the pressures of American life upon them. Pressures to succeed, to belong, to be popular, to come out on top in every competition, particularly the sexual.

Edna's parents are so distraught that she hasn't a boyfriend that they rush to the school psychiatrist. Marsh's mother is so obsessed with his randiness that he invents a randy life to match her fantasies. Meantime, from California, letters pour in from a mysteriously absent father, prodding, advising, keeping up Marsh's spirits and telling him to be sure no one treads on his eyeball. It doesn't take Edna long to find that Marsh's father is in fact in an urn under Marsh's bed, what's left of him, that is . . . And so to Washington, with urn and rocket, symbolically launched into river and sky.

Well, you can give the plot of any novel and not convey its quality. The quality of this one lies in its understanding of the incoherence as well as the precocious intelligence of its young, and its wry reaction to those damaging comics, their elders; to the stand it takes on every point that matters and its attractive understanding of what doesn't matter. Above all, it catches what Kingsley Amis has called "the adolescent's coldly wondering stare".

None of this can be said of *The Buttercup Field*, a strangely damp book in which everything, even feeling, seems somehow muffled, uncrisp. Yet the story and its situations sound interesting. There's contrast between two ways of life (rural working class and trendy middle-class simple-lifers), a brother's death looming across the surviving lives, the young peasant's attempt to break away to London, alternative societies, a commune of kindly young thieves, a job with Italians who scarcely touch the English life around them; and across it all the total commitment of fifteen-year-old Dick to the beautiful Jessica, his age but very much not his class.

Plenty of situations, and action, and themes and ideas, but very little life coming out of it. The positions of the characters are, or ought to seem, moving, pathetic, interesting: the tongue-tied boy who tries to express his love with an expensive present and is rejected by Jessica's parents just because of it, because it seems to imply too much for them to accept; the alien world of London, where even speech seems hard to follow, a language of sophistication, of unknown rituals; the effort to catch up at school, to start afresh and become someone, make a mark on the surroundings. But somehow, though it is all presented, it seems lifeless, a case history rather than a novel, a tale told at one remove, in which the names never come alive. It is tempting to contrast the dullness of teenage life in England at Dick's sort of level with the richness of his contemporaries' life in New York, but it will not do. Situation has no more to do with excellence and readability in a novel than plot has; or the goodness or badness of characters, or their attractiveness or unattractiveness, or the colour of their hair.

Isabel Quigly

Growing pains

CHRISTINE NOSTLINGER:
Girl Missing
Translated by Anthea Bell
Abelard-Schuman. £2.95.
(200 72452 5)

BENJAMIN LEE:
It can't be helped
Bodley Head. £2.75. (370 10956 2)

Girl Missing by Christine Nöstlinger and *It can't be helped* by Benjamin Lee belong to what is probably the biggest "growth area" in children's fiction: adolescent problems and problem adolescents. Writers in America and on the Continent, in particular, seem to specialize in this field; the English, with a few exceptions, have been slower to join in—perhaps wisely. *Girl Missing* is about a fourteen-year-old who runs away from home with a much older man; in *It can't be helped* Max's father dies on the second page, and his mother goes mad shortly after her husband's funeral. Neither book seems to make a successful story out of the material. Christine Nöstlinger's novel reads like a well-documented social worker's case-book, even though the narrative is told in the first person by the runaway girl's younger sister, and despite the dreary family background (divorce and not-too-successful remarriage of the mother) being fairly convincing. One can imagine it being seized on by certain teachers for the kind of sociological work that is too often done in schools, under the disguise of the English lesson, but it is difficult to imagine many teenagers reading it for themselves with a great deal of pleasure. The language (translated from German) often sounds as flat and depressing as the subject-matter, and tracing the missing Ilse is made all too easy by her sister's discovery of a boy at school who knows her every movement because he is madly in love with her.

Benjamin Lee's novel is unsatisfactory for rather different reasons. It is just too difficult to believe any of it. Max's stupidity and sexual naivety, which are meant to be gently comic, seem incredible throughout, and so do many of the situations: why, for instance, are Max and Bleasdale (the latter an excellent and genuinely funny send-up of a juvenile communist agitator) not punished for their little demonstration in the headmaster's study? Why do Max's aunt and uncle believe their daughter's crazy story that Max has made her pregnant? (He has only been in the house a day or two.) Why do Claire's parents make no attempt to find out why Max has broken down in tears at their dinner-table and rushed out of the house? And so on. It would have helped a great deal to know how old the characters are. The prose, which is meant to reflect the central character's immaturity, falls into the error of being flat and uninteresting — whatever happened to the sparkle of Benjamin Lee's last book, *The Frog Report?* — and the writing of the sexual episodes seems clumsy and unpleasant. Another novel, then, which leaves the reader feeling depressed (though the last chapter is clearly meant to be optimistic) and the reviewer wondering how many teenagers will derive pleasure from their reading.

Sexual naivety, sexual experimentation, death of close relatives, extremist politics, children running away from home, mad mothers, divorced parents, selfish parents, old-fashioned and conservative parents: all may be perfectly proper themes for teenage fiction, though not in just two short books. And how does it feel to be young and faced with such problems; how do the young succeed or fail in these situations? Neither of these novels presents real flesh-and-blood people, feeling and thinking, and coping credibly.

David Rees

Blundering youth

JANE GARDAM:
Bilgewater
Hamish Hamilton. £3.25.
(241 89398 4)

Bilgewater, a corruption of Bill's daughter, is the nickname of motherless Marigold Green whose father is housemaster at a boys' school in the cold north of England. The horrible epither has somehow affected Marigold's conception of herself, and in the first few pages she enumerates her defects with near relish: glasses, solidity, orange hair and all—the reader is prepared for the worst. Like innumerable heroines from *Anne of Green Gables* on, however, Bilgewater is more attractive than she imagines; but there are no banal transformations in this story. Intellectual, idiosyncratic Marigold, is taken in hand by the headmaster's flamboyant daughter and turned briefly into a passable version of the Comprehensive Fifth Form's high-street fashion ideal. In desperation she runs after Tom Terrapin, the only boy who can accept her on her own terms, crying, "D'you like my *hair*." He does not.

The first epigraph fixes the mood: "Youth is a blunder" (Disraeli). The theme is familiar, but Jane Gardam handles it with a splendid original recklessness. Bilgewater is far more memorable than the usual dotty or awkward adolescent. The rueful, chatty, engaging tone of the archetypal first-person teenage narrative is compressed here into something altogether fiercer and wittier. On the brink of social disaster, Bilgewater fixes or does something unpredictable; but her behaviour has an inverted kind of style. Even when she indulges in self-pity against the advice of forthright Paula Rigg, the young school matron, she guys the emotion ("I wetted the exercise book with tears").

The diverting events in the second half of the novel are linked by the figure of Mrs Deering, a grotesque and slightly malevolent old body who sticks in kiosks, chews meat sandwiches on the bus and appears at crucial moments in Bilgewater's life. Technically, her function is to dissolve tension and to relieve the author of the necessity to deal seriously with emotion; but her presence helps also to raise continence to the level of literary accomplishment.

Bilgewater is a comedy of false trails and misalliances. The structure is flexible, the quotations apt and sparing, and the narrative fluent. Only the omission of many commas confuses the syntax; only the epilogue is less scintillating than slick. Jane Gardam took something of a risk with her title, with its slang meaning of nonsense or rubbish; but it has to be stated that the content of this novel is a long way from bilge.

Patricia Craig

The generation gap

BRIAN LEE :
Late Home
Illustrated by Anne Knight
Kestrel. £1.80. (7226 5235 6)

SHELAGH McGEE :
Smile Please/Witches
Robson. £1.50. (903895 82 X)

Brian Lee's poems are written in the persona of an adventuring or questioning boy (late home from play, wondering about old things in the loft, torch-reading under the bedclothes) and set about carefully to recreate a sensitive childhood in an exurban setting. Amid much existential philosophizing of a very commonplace kind, the boy reveals an attractive rootedness in the ordinary—he would like to give his father for his birthday not the predictable tie, but "flagons full of the perfume/Of steak and kidney pie". Is this the kind of thing much liked by children, I wonder? Poetry written for children directly about their supposed experiences and feelings can be of very doubtful interest to them, particularly if the poet betrays any tendency towards a verbal hoodwinking ("silvery spell-bound night") or nostalgia ("my little room") which proves that he is on the outside looking in. How can they believe him? Is *this* how a grown-up thinks they feel? The gap widens rather than closes. Children have sharp ears, too, and the longest poem in *Late Home* is almost impossible to read safely, due to its metrical uncertainty. Which is why careless jokey verse of the kind supplied by Shelagh McGee in *Smile Please/Witches* has more of a chance, trivial as it is (though the inevitable comparison of the *Smile Please* half with Ted Hughes's *Meet My Folks* reminds us of the lasting poetic imagination that both these books lack).

John Fuller

A picture of ugliness

KEVIN CROSSLEY-HOLLAND :
The Wildman
Illustrated by Charles Keeping
Deutsch. £1.75. (233 96801 6)

A sad little story, told in clotted prose and illustrated by sombre, grey pictures—it's hard to imagine that anything in this book would appeal to most children. Charles Keeping's illustrations, in that swirling, grainy style he reserves for legend and mythology, have their usual high quality, while the story is an old and haunting one, about a merman caught at Orford during the reign of Henry II. But together the effect is dark and depressing; something that must have been intentional, since ugliness is emphasized in the pictures and underlined in the text, with the merman turning into a Suffolk Caliban, surrounded by rustic Yahoos, mouths agape and in need of urgent dental treatment. The whole thing would have been better as a limited edition aimed at connoisseurs who could appreciate the skill of Keeping's draughtsmanship and the aqueous effects he creates so vividly, although they would have to look harder to find anything in Kevin Crossley-Holland's prosey narration. For children, however, put off by the initial harshness of appearance, I fear the whole effort will be wasted.

Nicholas Tucker

The art of illumination

East of the Sun and West of the Moon
Old Tales from the North
Illustrated by Kay Nielsen
Hodder and Stoughton/Gallery Five. £3.50. (340 21392 2)

HANS ANDERSEN :
His Classic Fairy Tales
Illustrated by Michael Foreman
Translated by Erik Haugaard
Gollancz. £3.95. (575 02188 8)

A selection from the Norse folk-tales in *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* was first published in English in 1859. Since then there have been many illustrated editions but the stories are best known through this collection with its illustrations by Kay Nielsen, which was first published in 1914.

It is not that Nielsen chose unusually illuminating passages to illustrate or that he gave the heroes and heroines memorable features. Indeed, his princes and princesses and the malicious trolls all conform to familiar types. Nor can he be said to have been a fine draughtsman, coming a poor second to Beardsley whom he so admired. What is remarkable about the illustrations is the emotive power of their patterns. By piling up stripes, zigzags, spirals, checks, stars and circles, Nielsen evokes a world in which it becomes possible to believe in moons flying out of forbidden rooms and men wearing bearskins passing for real bears.

The colour, too, adds to the enchantment, but much of its delicacy is lost in this new edition. In some of the illustrations even the basic range of colours has come out different from the original printing. In the illustration which shows the youngest daughter waking up on a little green patch to find the castle vanished (unfortunately used on the jacket as well), the haunting mauvish grey tonality has changed into an altogether more commonplace green.

Happily there are some compensations. In some ways the reprint has improved on the earlier editions. This time, most of the illustrations appear beside the passage they illustrate, giving their magic more chance of affecting the reader. And although several of the illustrations to the stories reprinted are missing, the text is fitted into fewer pages (without seeming crammed) cunningly giving the impression of a more lavishly illustrated book.

Hans Andersen's fairy tales have had numerous illustrators too, but the stories are not associated with any one artist. They have had so many illustrators that they bring to mind a conglomeration of images drawn from the imaginations of, among others, Rackham, Dulac and Heath Robinson—different illustrators for different stories. No single artist has established a whole world for Andersen's characters in the way Nielsen did for the Norse tales.

Michael Foreman's illustrations are no exception but none the less they are most appealing. Each page is headed by a vignette, beautifully reproduced from a pencil drawing, and nearly all of them have at least one full-page illustration as well, most of them in colour. Enough of the favourite themes are illustrated to make the volume, in spite of the recent translation, seem comfortably familiar. The ugly duckling still stares in wonder at his graceful reflection and the "sensitive" princess still tosses on her mountain of mattresses, disturbed by a pea beneath them. But refreshingly he also calls our attention to less celebrated passages. The prince, disguised as a swineherd, is now depicted extracting his kisses from the princess but playing with his ingenious construction, a new one which plays all the popular tunes and dance melodies ever composed since the creation of the world.

The illustrations, with their muted colours and fuzzy contours setting the scenes slightly apart from reality, combine a romantic approach with a touch of caricature. Perhaps it is the latter—the spindly legs and funny faces—which will give children coming to the stories for the first time, the most fun.

Susan Lambert

One of Faith Jaques's illustrations to The Red Fairy Book *by Andrew Lang. This new edition, edited by Brian Alderson, is published by Kestrel at £3.95 (7226 5129 5).*

Birds of a feather

TESSA HADDON :
A Magic Book of Birds
Illustrated by James Hutcheson
Edinburgh: Canongate. £2.95. (903937 20 4)

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN (Editor) :
The Hamish Hamilton Book of Other Worlds
Illustrated by Victor Ambrus
Hamish Hamilton. £4.50. (241 89274 4)

Tessa Haddon's *A Magic Book of Birds* is a collection of traditional fairystories from different countries, ranging from Japan to Germany. In each one, birds are the magic force, the instrument of magic powers. Some well-known stories are included, such as "The Wild Swans" and "The Bluebird", where the collection will probably be new to most people. Tessa Haddon has reworked them all, taking them (as she says in the preface) sometimes from translations, sometimes by tracing tales to source material through several versions. The result is delightful: all the stories are distinctive and filled with the imaginative vigour of powerful folklore. The book reminds us of the many similarities in the folk imagination of very different cultures, for the magic qualities imparted to birds—whether Korean, Russian, or Slavonian—centre around the mysterious freedom of being able to fly to distant and strange places where rational laws do not operate. The birds are often moral agents—a common theme is of human beings transformed into birds by evil magicians, to make them powerless in the world of human action, but the birds use their powers of flight and seeing to put things right in the end. In "The King of the Sparrows" and "The Bird of Truth" [illegible] proves a magnet for pride and infidelity.

Flight, and journeying to magic lands, is the theme of *The Hamish Hamilton Book of Other Worlds*. Roger Lancelyn Green has edited this latest in the Hamish Hamilton series, which includes the Books of Goblins, Witches, and several other titles.

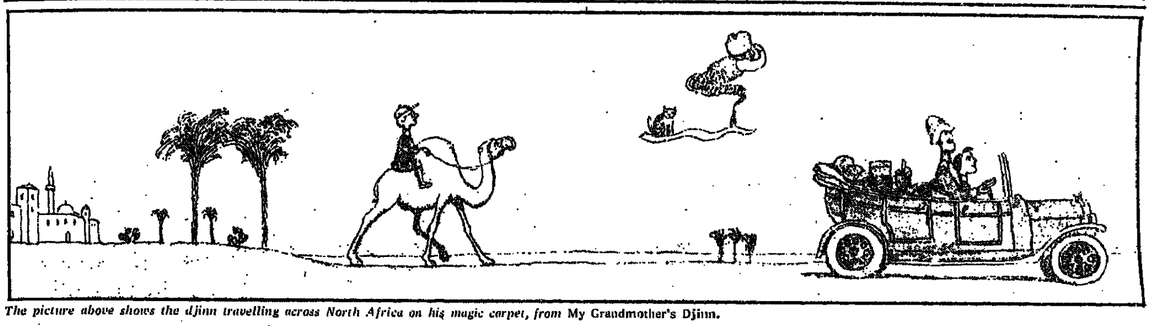
This collection of stories and fables ranges from Greek myths (Orpheus and Euridice) to moon travel—Mount Olympus to sci-fi, the fairyland. Included are stories by A. A. Milne, E. Nesbit, C. S. Lewis, the ballad of Childe Rowland retold, and the earliest English science fiction story—"The Adventures of Dominico Gonsales", written in 1638 by the Bishop of Hereford. There are also three short poems, including R. L. Stevenson's "Land of Nod".

It is certainly an adventurous collection. Roger Lancelyn Green writes a very informative introduction, giving some history of the pieces he has chosen, and some thoughts on his theme of "Other Worlds", and how the wish to travel to lands of the imagination can be found in the lore of all ages and races.

It is the dream of Paradise Regained. Or is it? Fairyland is the world of the little people, and not-all-good-men, sometimes stolen, sometimes willing guests, but never to leave, stray there through accident or curiosity. In "The Gold of Fairylice", the stolen boy finds magic water in fairyland, touching his eyes with it, all the glitter of the fairies' world disappears, and they are ugly and frightening. Adventures in the Other Worlds are sometimes alarming, often wonderful, always exciting. But whether these worlds are good places, or evil, remains unsure. Disappearing through the mysterious door, or peeping over the high wall, however, seems irresistible, as Andrew Lang's epilogue to the book tells:

Over the wall we've been wanting to look
Ever since looking began.
They'll have prettier pictures by far in the book
And a pleasanter kind of a man.

Jan Dalley



The picture above shows the djinn travelling across North Africa on his magic carpet, from My Grandmother's Djinn.

A delicate balance

Words on their own make images in the mind—"Slowly, silently now the moon/Walks the night in her silver shoon"—and pictures by themselves can call forth a flood of descriptive words from young children. Delight in words has long been recognized as the mainspring in a child's development so that few have doubted the value of nursery rhymes and poetry in the earliest years. When the wordless picture-book arrived, however, there were many who felt strongly that pictures on their own might be a useful frieze but could never properly constitute a book. Since Renate Meyer's *Vicky*, first of this genre, we have had countless stories told in pictures and have learnt that artists like Rodney Peppé can draw series of pictures which stimulate the child's own desire to tell stories and therefore have great value.

But the true picture-book is a divine marriage of text and illustration. The perfect balance of word and image, achieved by Edward Ardizzone with *Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain*, a seminal picture-book published in 1936, has been equalled by only a handful of books, among them Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are*, in the past forty years.

Of the new books, Brian Robb's *My Grandmother's Djinn* comes closest in concept and in the balance of text and pictures to Ardizzone's model—though the design is entirely different, the fantasy less earth-bound. It is a lovable, confidential book, the eccentricity and absurdity of which bring smiles to the reader's face rather than laughs to his belly. As head of the Royal College's illustration department, Brian Robb might be expected to produce, in his first picture-book, an elegant volume whose pages display a sense of design and style; but what comes as a welcome surprise, what we had no reason to expect from this distinguished draughtsman, is the high quality and appealing tone of his narrative prose, a prose that is so direct and encompassing that dialogue is dispensed with almost entirely.

"When I was a boy" (the author is shown in a picture as a bearded old man beginning to write these words), "my grandmother's medicine cupboard held row upon row of bottles with long names on their labels. But the third bottle on the top right was special. On the label it just said—THE DJINN. . . . Nobody had ever dared to open it for fear of what might happen. . . . But my little sister Ursula was by nature adventurous. It was on her eighth birthday that she borrowed a cork-screw from the kitchen and let the djinn out. I happened at the time to be passing on my way out to the garden, and I well remember the pop of the cork, followed by a loud bang, a smell of sulphur and the appearance of a strange figure that sailed off into vapour where we have legs."

An irresistible beginning to a story of an adventurous journey across Europe and North Africa in search of the djinn's bottled and corked wife, which leads to a happy reunion and to the release of a whole squadron of djinns on their flying carpets. The pictures show a rare combination of the zany with the utterly sober and are full of detail that yields a rich harvest to the discerning young eye. For the over sixes, an enchanting book in the true sense of the word.

Graham Oakley's Church Mice are now established favourites in the eight to ten age group where, along with Tin Tin and the Asterix and Captain Najork they have led a revolution in order to establish the respectability of full colour picture-books, with sophisticated texts, as reading matter for older children. *The Church Mice Adrift* rises triumphantly, as did its predecessors, over an old-fashioned layout that includes a two-column text and pictures of not very prettily assorted or finely balanced rectangles. But the fecund exuberance of Graham Oakley's witty words and the teeming details of his pictures need this rigid control which brings with it a feeling of compressed yet explosive rush, tumble and hurry that accentuates the fun. In this story mice, storms, rats, demolition, eviction and rivers in spate are enough to ruffle the fur, flatten the ears, test the wits and almost (but not quite) outflank the ingenuity of doughty old Samson, the marmalade Church Cat, who, as usual, brings the mice safely home to the vestry.

Author-artists have a better chance of producing a unified picture-book than an author and an artist; Ivor Cutler and Helen Oxenbury, however, have that rare instinctive sympathy for each other's talents that make their combined picture-stories special. *Meal Ona* and *Balooky Klutjppop* were off-beat and witty enough for children, psychologically diverting for adults. In *The Animal House* it is, once again, an unlikely circumstance—"One morning Simon woke up. He found the house gone"—that produces a highly original and diverting solution. Simon's dad is a zoo-keeper and he borrows the zoo animals to provide shelter for his family: "'Lie stiff!' ordered Mr Diamond, and laid the boa constrictors across the elephant and the rhinoceros." Naturally enough the animals get fed up with their stationary roles and move off. Unnaturally enough Simon's own house is found "floating on the sea, bumping gently against the rocks" and the family moves in again and adapts to a life without fresh water or electricity. What makes the Cutler-Oxenbury mix exceptional is the straightfaced acceptance of ludicrous situations.

A Winter Story by Max Bolliger is, in essence, a Christmas story though not *the* Christmas story. The text is bare, wooden and rhythmic and repetitive (in the manner of Chicken Licken); and Beatrix Schären's stark yet gentle pictures contrast the chill of snow and meanness, with the warmth of a stable and the birth of charity in the hearts of men. A shepherd boy is refused shelter by his master; he follows the bright star in the East, his dog follows him; sheep, donkey, cow and ox follow the dog. When the old man finds them all in the faraway stable, he also finds good will in his heart towards his shepherd boy. A peaceful picture-book.

Judith Kerr's *Mog's Christmas* is far from peaceful, but then this is the commercial side of Christmas and the book is fun, especially for households where cats rule the hearthrug. Mog is terrified by the upheaval Christmas brings—a tree that walks and talks (until dad gets it into the house), tinsel, wrapping paper, jolly uncles. She escapes on to the roof—and comes down the chimney to an especial welcome on Christmas morning. Judith Kerr's text is very simple and is set in short lines to help the beginning reader. Her pictures, as anyone who remembers *The Tiger who Came to Tea* might guess, are humorous, brightly coloured and clearly drawn.

With the possible exception of Aldous Huxley's *The Crows of Pearblossom* (the sad story of how Mr Snake is tricked into swallowing two connrete eggs when he thinks he is stealing Mrs Crow's progeny), a frolic that has been newly illustrated with modish flat colour cartoon style illustrations by Hans Schabracq, the rest of the season's picture-books lack a happy balance of word and image.

Fiona French's *Matteo* for instance is probably, from a purely aesthetic standpoint, her most brilliant piece of work so far. The spirit of the Florentine Renaissance, its sculpture, paintings, palaces and mosaic patios, rises from the pages with a more startling impact than is created by many a poor postcard reproduction of an old master. The meagre text, however, is planned to fit in to a patch of sky here, a white ribbon on an inlaid marble pillar there. As a piece of writing *Matteo* is flat and uninteresting; yet as an example of ingenious book design it outshines the rest.

Again, in the Bilibin edition of Pushkin's *The Golden Cockerel* it is the illustrations with their wealth of detail—embroidered gowns, tiled floors, decorated wooden coaches, elaborate armour—that hold the eye, while the text, translated rather tonelessly by James Reeves, is a mere camp-follower. Not a word of Russian here, except on the cover, whereas Jonathan Coudrille's *Farmer Fisher's Russian Christmas* with its lively pictures of the farmer, his animals and his tractor helping "Old Grandpa Frost" deliver the presents, demands an agile Russophilic tongue—and not only for the chorus "Ech S Razhdyestvom Khrustovom"—A Merry Christmas.

Elisa Trimby's *Mr Plum's Paradise* with its clear, high focus illustrations of garden flowers and shrubs and tools (often in "herbaceous" borders) has the feel of an old sampler. It is the story of Mr Plum whose dream of having a garden in his own dingy backyard realized itself; then the garden grew to overrun all the other backyards in the row and to become Mr Plum's Paradise, a beauty spot for Londoners. Elisa Trimby's first picture-book is as neat and clean as a brand new National Trust tea towel; but there are welcome signs in her treatment of the people in the pictures that, like Mr Plum's garden, she will blossom and overspill her self-imposed, rather unnatural boundaries.

And finally, Maurice Sendak and Matthew Margolis's *Some Swell Pup*, an American psychoanalytical comic-strip about the trials and tribulations, joys and sorrows of pet keeping. The characters' emotions and reactions about the sex of the pup, its puddles and messes, its misdemeanours, are rather too complex. The pictures are entertaining, of course, and as a manual of doggerel it has its laughs. But Sendak? How disappointing! As the little girl says when the pup messes up the carpet, "Nobody's perfect, I guess".

Elaine Moss

One of Graham Oakley's illustrations for The Church Mice Adrift.

BRIAN ROBB: *My Grandmother's Djinn*; Deutsch, £2.50. (233 96779 6)

GRAHAM OAKLEY: *The Church Mice Adrift*. Macmillan. £2.50. (333 19760 7)

IVOR CUTLER: *The Animal House*. Illustrated by Helen Oxenbury. Heinemann, £2.50. (434 93353 8)

MAX BOLLIGER: *A Winter Story*. Illustrated by Beatrix Schären. Translated by Anthea Bell. Kestrel: £2.95. (7226 5295 X)

JUDITH KERR: *Mog's Christmas*. Collins. £1.95. (00 183726 5)

FIONA FRENCH: *Matteo*. Oxford. £3.25. (19 279113 1)

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN: *The Tale of the Golden Cockerel*. Illustrated by I. Bilibin. English version by James Reeves. Dent. £2.95. (460 06977 X)

JONATHAN COUDRILLE: *Farmer Fisher's Russian Christmas*. G. Whizzard/André Deutsch. £2.25. (233 96774 5)

ELISA TRIMBY: *Mr Plum's Paradise*. Faber. £2.35. (571 10646 3)

MAURICE SENDAK and MATTHEW MARGOLIS: *Some Swell Pup or Are You Sure You Want a Dog*. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak. Bodley Head. £2.25. (370 01807 9)

Victorian melodrama

NOEL STREATFEILD :
Far To Go
Illustrated by Charles Mozley
Collins. £2.95. (00 184246 3)

HARRIET GRAHAM :
Shiva's Pearls
Hamish Hamilton. £3.25.
(241 89423 9)

MARGARET DUNNETT :
Ladies and Gentlemen
Illustrated by Jill Gardiner
Deutsch. £2.95. (233 96232 8)

The Victorian orphan, a potent symbol in its own time, is also popular in today's children's stories. Female orphans especially are ubiquitous. In the lurid sagas of certain contemporary comics, for instance, they are starved, beaten, accused of witchcraft and flung into coalmines. More sensitively, three recently published books explore the vulnerability—and resilience—of some girl orphans at the turn of the century.

Far To Go takes up the adventures of foundling Margaret Thursday from the point at which *Thursday's Child* ended, with Margaret's independence finding expression in an acting career. Noel Streatfeild skilfully conveys the stringent professionalism of the serious theatrical child : she communicates the total involvement behind the scenes and on stage that can transform even the performances of a tawdry, seedy, bad actor's "into something which compels belief. She is slightly less successful, however, in sustaining a sense of period atmosphere, despite her colourful evocations of fog-swathed streets and horse-drawn cabs.

The story is slight but well structured, and lively enough to ensure a wide appeal. Its brisk pace quickens to the excitement of chase and melodrama when Margaret is abducted by the now insane ex-matron of her old orphanage. She forces Margaret to "slave" for her in a filthy, rat-ridden hovel. Satisfyingly Margaret displays more fighting spirit than many authentic Victorian story-book heroines might have done in similar circumstances. Throughout *Far To Go* the robustness of Margaret Thursday has a modern rather than a Victorian flavour.

Shiva's Pearls also has a late nineteenth-century setting and similar ingredients to some of those used by Noel Streatfeild ; but Harriet Graham dexterously manipulates these to achieve a very different mood. There is once again an orphan heroine, a kidnapping and a theatre scene which is integral to the plot. In, *Shiva's Pearls* however every effect is harnessed to produce a near gothic build-up of suspense.

The thinking aloud, first person narrative underlines the vulnerability of childhood. Otralie Temple is orphaned at the age of eleven. After being the pampered darling of her father she finds herself destitute, and then incarcerated in a particularly repressive convent orphanage. Only a kind of dazed patience prevents her from losing all sense of individuality. Later, when she is removed from the orphanage, the story touches the edge of horror as she realizes that she has been kidnapped. There are some stimulating twists to the plot before its eventual happy ending.

Margaret Dunnett's *Ladies and Gentlemen* has no gothic overtones. It is a low key family story which describes with precision many of the frustrations, pleasures and aspirations of small girls at the beginning of the twentieth century. The structure of the book is appropriate for its content : each chapter is a separate vignette, although there is a slim, linking plot. Caroline, Kate and Sue are orphaned sisters but their world is basically secure. They are looked after by their grandmother, an aunt and "Nanna". At the beginning of the book the well-ordered, rather monotonous atmosphere of this exclusively feminine household is established by its contrast with the children's excited anticipation of a special outing. "They counted the hours, the meals, the minutes . . . but . . . there was always the dreadful fear that it might not happen at all."

The even tenor of the girls' lives is disturbed rather than disrupted by their grandmother's death, and by the marriage of their aunt to a widower who has two sons. Margaret Dunnett clearly defines her characters and makes them sympathetic. The boys are well-intentioned but awkward and unruly. The two younger sisters are sent to school but still hanker for the cosiness of the nursery. Ten-year-old Caroline is determined to take advantage of the increasingly liberal attitudes towards girls' education. She intends to become a doctor and is already a keen amateur herbalist.

Effective but controlled use is made throughout of highly evocative images ; gaslamps in heavily curtained rooms, pierrots on the pier, "Nanna" surrounded by the trinkets and souvenirs made by her charges. It is perhaps a measure of Margaret Dunnett's skill in recreating the late-Victorian mood that *Ladies and Gentlemen* frequently reminds the reader of scenes from some of Mrs Molesworth's stories.

Mary Cadogan

One of Charles Mozley's illustrations for Far to Go.

Done to death

IRMELIN SANDMAN LILIUS :
Gold Crown Lane
Illustrated by Ionicus
Translated by Marianne Helweg
Oxford. £2.95. (19 271383 3)

Irmelin Sandman Lilius is a Finnish author writing (like her famous compatriot Tove Jansson) in Swedish and much admired in Scandinavia. *Gold Crown Lane*, which she makes her English debut, is set in the nineteenth century in the imaginary port of Tulavall, which she has chronicled in other books. This particular story, a gritty tale of smuggling and murder, centres on the Halter family—simple-minded Pappa, silent and exhausted Mamma, the girls Sanna, Silja and Sissela, and brother Stefan. The grinding struggle of their daily life is interrupted when the town is shaken by the murder of a customs officer, Andmar.

The chief suspect, Krulle, has a motive: his brother-in-law and cousin were caught smuggling by Andmar and drowned while escaping, and the contraband goods were stolen from their capsized boat. Silja and Sissela become involved with Krulle's son, Krullasse, and help him arrange his father's escape. The true nature of both events is revealed in a curiously incomplete and casual way, presumably as children would experience it.

The book has a haunting mood of mystery and lurking evil, which highlights the cheerful resilience of the young people of the town. The fantastic tale is tells is firmly rooted in the grim reality of life in Tulavall. Irmelin Sandman Lilius is obviously a gifted author, though the stilted translation makes her sometimes sound more outlandish than exotic.

Kerstl French

Helen's baby

GRACE HOGARTH :
A Sister for Helen
Illustrated by Pat Marriott
Deutsch. £2.60. (233 96817 2)

DORRIS HEFFRON :
Crusty Crossed
Macmillan. £2.95. (333 19735 6)

Any child who enjoyed Grace Hogarth's *The Funny Guy*, or any parent who had the luck to read it aloud to one, will be glad to hear that there's now a sequel, *A Sister for Helen*. There was something peculiarly satisfying about *The Funny Guy*. A book somehow on exactly the right scale, it paid proper attention to the kind of detail a child can find so absorbing : exactly how a new dress was trimmed, and how a new friendship started and an old one declined, all set against a background of the mild events of small town life in 1911 New England.

A Sister for Helen doesn't quite achieve this sureness of touch. Much more actually happens, for one thing, and these events—new members for Helen's family, new neighbours, a fire—somehow get in the way of the book's truth of tone. The detail isn't quite as fresh and convincing and the writing is a little careless: It is, for example, hard to believe that the following expressions were current before 1914 : "movie queen", "acted up", "I wasn't born yesterday", or that little girls then wore pyjamas. All the same, it's a very likable book and anyone who loved its predecessor will be glad to have it and to find that Helen hasn't changed much, being still passionately happy and desperately miserable by turns, a tremendous worrier, fond of clothes and cats and still best friends with nice Betty Higgins instead of that bossy Barbara Buckingham...

Dorris Heffron's *Crusty Crossed* has one of those exhaustingly bright, flip first-person narratives and anyone who finds accounts of self-consciously eccentric donnish families hard to take had better skip the first couple of chapters. The rest is fine, though, and the material—the lives of three snooty English girls, daughters of an Oxford don, evacuated to a small town in Nova Scotia during the war—is new and interesting. The book moves along with great energy and the love affair of Tania, 5ft 7in at fifteen, and Jay, two whole inches shorter (how vital those statistics when you're young), is touching.

Rosamund Faith

Down to earth

HENRI BOSCO :
The Adventures of Pascalet
Illustrated by John Ward
Translated by Gerard Hopkins
Oxford. £3.50. (19 271397 3)

Henri Bosco is a name which is relatively unfamiliar in this country, although his published works span the period from 1924 until his death earlier this year. All his writing—whether for adults or children, his autobiography, his poems—stems from a coherent and personal universe where the feelings and perceptions of childhood, of closeness to nature, of a deep and experienced love of the Provençal countryside, and of a world where dream and reality, mystery and simplicity, fear and peace coinhere.

The two stories contained in this book, "The Fox in the Island" and "Barboche", were first published in French in 1956 and 1957 respectively. The first is explicitly a sequel to *The Boy and the River* and both develop the same themes as *L'Ane Culotte* which is to be published in this country next year.

Although *The Adventures of Pascalet* are told in the first person by a ten-year-old boy, and have been shown on French children's television, it is difficult to assign their audience. Leadership in "The Fox in the Island" has a disturbing element of terror and magic : a band of gypsies who have kidnapped an orphan girl and stolen away her soul are persecuted by a white fox whose spirit wants to take over the girl's body. Gaston Pascalet's gypsy friend Whom he rescued from a similar fate, take the destruction of the fox as his mission. But this apparently simple tale is interwoven with an everyday background of rural, peaceful life—the harvest on stones, maturing peaches and a closeness to the earth with its ancient atmosphere of ripeness and gentle relish, for the right reader, would be haunting and enriching.

In "Barboche" Pascalet and his old Aunt Marthe travel back to your her home village in the hills. Blithely followed by the dog Barbe who defends them against mistrust and supernatural dangers—Gypsies, the magician in a moonlit coach with his intelligent and melancholy eyes, the donkey who carries children away. And yet the main thread of the story is the deep love between Pascalet and his aunt, who lives as much in dreams as in reality, quoting rhyming proverbs and prayers to local saints. She sends him to see the village fay for her, and when he finds it in ruins he returns and describes it to her as she remembers it. Reassured, she goes there in the moonlight and he follows her. But this knowledge is not explicitly shared, and it is the lies and the love that prompt it which become the real truth, so that the remembered village blots out the painful present.

Both these stories have an atmosphere of poetry, beauty and mystery which is conveyed by the language as much as by the plot. The translation is obtrusive—many sentences are awkward : "is not what the water reflects what within ourselves our thoughts reflect?" and sometimes the tone sounds sentimental where the original is not. But this does not obviate the great value of bringing these remarkable stories to a wider audience.

Jennifer Cang

The Ring of kings

LYNNE REID BANKS :
The Farthest-Away Mountain
Illustrated by Victor Ambrus
Abelard-Schuman. £1.95.
(200 72461 4)

MILDRED DAVIDSON :
Dragons and More
Illustrated by John Lawrence
Chatto and Windus. £2.75.
(7011 5101 3)

The Farthest-Away Mountain is the story of a little girl called Dakin who is mysteriously summoned by a nod from the mountain she can see from her bedroom window. The journey to reach the mountain is fraught with danger : Dakin must wade through the Sea of Spikes, encounter the Gargoyles who guard the craggy ledges and cross the treacherous coloured snow daubed by the Snow Witch who is terrified of white. Her destination is the cave of the ogre Dracamag inside the mountain summit ; her mission to break the evil spell which has bound the mountain for 200 years, free the Gargoyles and recover the Ring of Kings without which young Prince Rally cannot marry. Dakin's motivation is not entirely altruistic, for she has always fancied marrying a prince and considers that to find the Ring will afford her a good chance excuse for meeting one. None the less, she becomes deeply entangled in the fate of the Gargoyles and particularly of Old Croak, a hapless frog, who befriends her on her way.

The combination of ghastly monsters, bottomless pools, secret tunnels, putrescent smells, magic beads, green snow which turns to slimy caterpillars and the solid good sense with which Dakin tackles each adversary makes for an adventure which will chill and entrance the reader without tumbling into excesses. When she eventually meets her prince Dakin finds he is insensitive and dreary, but luckily Old Croak, the bewitched frog, manages to turn into a young man in time for the end of the story. Lynne Reid Banks negotiates the perilous path of fairy-tale with wit and spontaneity ; she balances vivid fantasy with a narrative which is curiously credible.

The same, sadly, cannot be said for Mildred Davidson's treatment of fantasy in her book of stories *Dragons and More*. For instead of finding a style of her own which will speak directly to her readers, Mildred Davidson adopts the atmosphere, language and symbols of whichever tradition corresponds most nearly to the story she is relating. The effect of this is all the more confused because the stories derive from a profusion of sources and at the end one is left with a head stuffed full of images from a plethora of fairy-tale worlds.

Thus "The Brothers of the Golden Harvest" hails from the school of the Brothers Grimm, while "The Magic Pool" echoes Aesop and "The Desert of the Night", the Arabian Nights. This would not be so bad if one could believe in the language in which they are written, but alas these kings "make all speed", the Caliph is "sorely pressed" and a dragon "surrenders to his wounds". It is unnecessary, as Lynne Reid Banks has demonstrated above, to wheel out the archaic language just because you are writing a fairy story, and my overwhelming reaction to the book was that I would rather read traditional tales than these plagiarized ones. Some of the subjects are slight to begin with, while others, potentially strong, crumble for lack of climax or conclusion. We never discover what becomes of the Adventurous Seagull, or whether the Dragon-in-love wins his lady. On the other hand, "The Desert of the Night" has a spellbinding quality which suggests the writer's narrative powers can be superior to those she demonstrates elsewhere in the book.

Ros Franey

Transports of delight

LAWRENCE YEP :
Sweetwater
Faber. £3.20.
(571 10863 6)

NICHOLAS FISK :
Time Trap
Gollancz. £2.95.
(575 02195 0)

ROBIN CHAMBERS :
The Ice Warrior and other stories
Illustrated by David Frankland
Kestrel. £2.60.
(7226 5187 2)

In 1961 Mark Clifton wrote an adult science fiction satire, *When They Come From Space*. The clean-cut, white-uniformed aliens descend from their golden spaceship in front of the White House and greet the President with the words : "Shucks, Mr President . . . wasn't nuthin' really . . . we was just lucky, I guess." Lawrence Yep's *Sweetwater* employs the same kind of folksy, homespun dialogue to make a moral tale, though in this case the author is quite serious.

On the planet of Harmony there are two groups of humans and an indigenous spider-like race. The Mainlanders live among capitalist technologies, while the Silkies eke out a stern, kindly frontier-like existence among flooded streets and shoals of fish. An old rivalry keeps them apart and neither pays attention to the eight-legged Argans.

Tyree, son of the Silkie Captain, becomes friendly with Amadeus, the Ultimate Uncle of the Argans, and music is the bond. Other Argans have names like Handel and Sebastian.

The names, the situations, the plot and the story are soft and self-indulgent. Behaviour is always predictable and there is a strong emphasis on the comforts of low-technology simplicity, a laudable object if it does not lead to simple-mindedness.

Time Trap is of another order. Short and ingenious, it proposes a form of time travel, from the wastelands of 2079 to the Second World War and back again with a subsequent excursion to the future.

Dano finds life in 2079 dull and meaningless. His friend Uncle Lipton is 130, due to a secret drug. By slipping Dano a small supply, he takes them both back to the 1940s.

Nicholas Fisk constantly asks questions which the reader must answer. Unlike Lawrence Yep, he leaves others to make the necessary judgments, and the result can be provocative and disturbing. The time travel seems more of a device to ensure understanding of Dano's plight than a piece of true science fiction, but it works very well. The language is fast and decisive, and some odd words and combinations of words make the reader understand that there is more than a story here.

The Ice Warrior is a collection of four short stories, splendidly illustrated by David Frankland in an early Heath Robinsonish style. In fact, I'm not at all sure that the illustrations aren't better than the stories. This may be a little unfair, for each story displays considerable imagination and some ingenious plotting, while at the same time leaving the reader vaguely unsatisfied. I was disturbed by the slightly patronizing tone, which is possibly due to very careful writing.

The stories are the result of Robin Chambers's work with pupils at Bible school, and one feels that apart from "Breath Into the Wind" : a very believable ghost story, they are so carefully directed to the interests of average or below-average pupils that anyone else might find them lacking in meat. However, there is little enough of this type and level of fiction available, especially in short story form, and I would hope that a paperback edition might be considered, as it would be ideal for class use.

Brian Hall


One of David Frankland's illustrations to The Ice Warrior *by Robin Chambers.*

Startrekking

NICHOLAS FISK :
Wheelie in the Stars
Heinemann. £2.40. (343 93857 2)

PETER DUBINA :
Decision in Space
Translated by Patricia Crampton
Abelard-Schuman. £2.50.
(200 72334 0)

Nicholas Fisks' recent book, *Grinny*, was masterly—both in imaginative conception and sinister content. *Wheelie in the Stars* is not in the same league—original and inventive, yet ; brisk narration and excitement, yes, but one is left with a sense of disappointment, a feeling that it might have been written to order. Even so, it is streets ahead of most else in the genre.

The story is about two space cadets, Noll and Niven, who smuggle a particularly splendid motorbike from earth to a planet called Terraphere 3—strictly against the rules, and who eventually save all concerned from extinction by a magnificent dash from one end of this dead planet to the other. Using petrol made illegally, and with the connivance of Banna, the personnel controller, they succeed in making "Wheelie" (the motorbike) — which, incidentally, is a Vincent HRD twin-cylinder 1,000cc high camshaft, known as the Vincent Black Shadow—the means of saving everyone from extinction. Characterisation is shallow, and the space jargon such as "voomy" and "splatty" tends to be irritating.

Decision in Space by Peter Dubina (a translation from the Czech), is on a much more straightforward level. Those familiar with television science fiction programmes should feel at home with "Dr Who" type warriors, and the peace-seeking "Guardians of the Universe". The destruction of earth is a well used theme and the story starts firmly in the twentieth century with an atomic explosion—and ends on a moral note, relating to the misuse of power by the unscrupulous. Characters are secondary to the action—although the forces of good and evil are demonstrated by Jake and Jim, the scientists, versus Dan Quade, the navy pilot, who is corrupted by a lust for power.

Brian Baumfield

Gang warfare

RODIE SUDBERY :
The Silk and the Skin
Deutsch. £2.60. (233 96816 4)

JOHN D. FITZGERALD :
The Great Brain Does It Again
Illustrated by Mercer Mayer
Dent. £2.75. (460 06779 6)

Rodie Sudbery, to my mind a rather under-rated writer, is obviously fascinated by gangs. *The Pigsieg* and *A Curious Place*, in their very different settings (Cambridge and Glasgow), came face to face with their dangers and challenges. Now in her new book, *The Silk and the Skin*, she writes confidently and chillingly about another gang, determined this time on nothing less than black magic.

Guy, the central character, is a boy burdened by the fact that his mother died at the birth of his younger brother. Simon, slow and strange, is now seven and starting school at last. Simon seems to Guy a real liability, but in the end it is Simon who makes Guy acceptable to the gang. It is Simon who is the only one brave (or foolish) enough to put a hand in the urn on Tristram Bendelow's grave and draw out his familiar, a bat—a thing composed of a piece of silk and the skin of a freshly killed animal.

The treatment of the supernatural in some ways recalls *The Ghost of Thomas Kempe*, but there is nothing charming or amusing about *The Silk and the Skin*. The bat is evil and carries out only too well the gang's instructions to harm their "enemies": the vicar, the woman in the sweetshop, and so on. Their attempts to get rid of the thing they have created are full of horror. And all the time the bat is in Simon's control; "the bat is making him wicked. Like Tristram Bendelow." The resolution is convincing and a real relief. This is not a book I would put into the hands of a child not already interested in the supernatural. But there seems to be a great hunger in some children to frighten themselves, and I would certainly prefer them to be chilled by this intelligent, well-written story than by some of the nonsense contained between the covers of collections of stories of the occult.

The Great Brain Does It Again is a good antidote to the previous book. It is the fourth in the series set in a small town in Utah at the end of the last century. The back flap suggests the stories are based on John D. Fitzgerald's own childhood experiences under the shadow of his clever, conniving brother Tom—but it is hard to believe that the author is in his late eighties.

In this new book the Great Brain is in great form—full of schemes to outwit not only his brother John D. but also all the kids in the neighbourhood, and to make a mint of money in the process. Tom is a braggart (though he hates others bragging) and a capitalist, but you cannot help liking him. His swindles and exploits are ingenious and entertaining, and he is not always so self-seeking and materialistic as he would have us think. Indeed, in the case of the Paiute Indians it is not Tom who does the swindling. He uses his Great Brain (and a letter to the president himself) to solve the mystery of the disappearing rations. John D. Fitzgerald always provides enough background information to make everything make sense even to a young English reader, and the recurring chores and parental discipline keep Tom on the rails and add a realistic framework to these funny stories.

Ann Thwaite

Heroes and heroines: from Ring of Gold; The Great Brain Does it Again; The Snake Crook.

The myth is the message

LYNN REID BANKS :
The Adventures of King Midas
Illustrated by George Him
Dent. £2.75. (460 06752 4)

ANNE SYFRET :
Mot, Ybbat, and Little Pharaoh
Macmillan. £2.50. (333 19372 5)

There is a theory that each age needs to re-tell the myths of its tribe for its own generation. Our own is certainly paying more than lip-service to this idea, judging by the amount it continues to produce—and not only those of our own tribe, but from all corners and cultures.

"Myths", says Robert Graves, "are seldom simple and never irresponsible." Which is not to say that we may not "simplify"; indeed it could be stated as a prime aim of any re-telling to construct a clear and straightforward narrative from what may be a confused and scattered collection of fragments overlaid with the accretions of ages. This is a technical matter, and depends for its success on the skill of the writer. What he may not do is render simplistic or falsify profound mythic truths and meanings symbolically expressed in the original. There is as strong a responsibility for the writer in this context as in any other.

The good re-telling seeks, I imagine, through its medium, to make more accessible to a new readership a story that may exist only in some archaic and remote form. The imaginative reconstruction of events, the development of personalities, the expansion of historical context, the clarification of meaning, and the tying of all this into a strong narrative are essential no matter how simple the version, nor how young the child we are writing for. A version may expand the original far beyond its original length, or reduce it to the bare bones. There are any number of creative ways of approaching this business of re-telling, a more demanding task than is sometimes imagined, if the writer remains faithful—and responsible to the sources.

Why does it seem necessary to talk at such length on the subject? All story-telling is aimed to entertain, amuse, excite, instruct, inform, or whatever, in relation to the writer's intent. But myth, as I hinted earlier, aims at far more than this. Even in the simplest telling, myth speaks to the child at all levels of consciousness and beyond. It speaks as myth always has, in symbolic terms, to universal questionings and unspoken needs common at all levels of human experience and in all ages. As such it aids the awakening of an individual to the experiencing of himself. And it is for this reason that those with the courage to tangle with myth bear a responsibility heavier than that of sheer literary skill.

As story-telling *The Adventures of King Midas* by Lynn Reid Banks is in a tradition best forgotten: as myth it is a travesty. Tricked out with a hotch-potch of irrelevant incident, spurious characters—"Biffpot", "Mumbo", "Old Gollop"—to name only a few—facetious jokes, and slangy dialogue, the [illegible] and beneath wordy and powerful story. Like Midas himself in this version, the myth loses dignity, and both are truly demeaned. Nothing of value has been substituted and it is hard to see what the author's intention was. If to provide children with a jolly book, then the children too are demeaned.

It is hard to like this book even with its addition of George Him's pictures, which themselves lose in stature by association with such remorseless vulgarity and lack of feeling. If Lynn Reid Banks hopes to add children to her audience she will have to offer them something a good deal better than this.

Mot, Ybbat, and Little Pharaoh written and illustrated by Anne Syfret is something else altogether. A charming and amusing picture/story book, it tells an original story set in the time of Ancient Egypt. The story line is simple—two boys and one cat caught up in the exploits of a gang of tomb robbers. Not even particularly unusual, but a tale well told. Words and pictures combine perfectly and with great stylishness and vigour, moving the story swiftly and surely through its eventful course. The touch is light and jokey, but not facetious. This is a witty book with the best joke of all in the tail—the cat's of course.

Judith Vidal Hall

Country cousins

PEGGY APPIAH :
Ring of Gold
Illustrated by Laszlo Acs
Deutsch. £2.95. (233 97686 9)

Peggy Appiah has written a good, old-fashioned children's book—jolly, lucky children, dependable good sport adults—but set in rural Ashanti instead of rural England.

As town cousins Abena and Kwame settle in to stay with country cousins Adwoa and Kwabena, Peggy Appiah manages to get in a lot about country life in Ghana—flora, fauna, crops, village life, the quality of education, his[illegible] children want a [illegible] and by their own hard work and the good fortune that accompanies children in this sort of children's book, they more than achieve their goal, finding "one of the best collections of funeral sculpture ever found in West Africa" on the way. Lots for young readers to get their teeth into and it is a tribute to Peggy Appiah's clear and unpretentious prose that she carries it all off with such style.

Peggy Appiah is concerned to instruct ("Nee . . . is the French for born") but this only grates when the children talk about the slave trade. Yes, slavery did exist in Africa before the Europeans came, but only then did it turn into a gigantic trading system; this surely deserves less naive treatment than the notion that Africans were equally guilty of slavery.

Rosemary Stones

Steps to Heaven

JOHN ROWE TOWNSEND :
Top of the World
Illustrated by Nikki Jones
Oxford. £2.50. (19 271388 4)

RUTH TOMALIN :
The Snake Crook
Illustrated by Shirley Hughes
Faber. £2.40. (571 10824 5)

"I want to go to heaven", Donald said. "You can't go to heaven today", said Mum. "It's Tuesday. Tuesdays I don't go to heaven. I go shopping." It would be hard to resist the opening of John Rowe Townsend's new novel for younger readers, a warm-hearted story about a bored small boy's prank in the city centre. "Heaven" is the luxurious flat, complete with well-furnished garden, at the top of the multi-storey office block where Donald's father is caretaker. "If this is heaven, I wonder what we should call our own flat down in the basement", Dad has been heard to remark.

For Donald, seven, and his sister Kathy, ten, there is nowhere to go and nothing to do in the long, hot summer holidays. Small wonder that Donald revolts one day and takes a secret trip to heaven to splash naked in the fountain and catch goldfish with his hands. He might never have been caught if the elderly president of the company that owned the block had not made a surprise visit, and got quite a surprise himself. A wilful Donald takes flight across the rooftop, and it is left to Kathy, defying vertigo, to try to rescue him from the swaying walkway.

John Rowe Townsend nicely contrasts the characters of the patient, anxious older sister and her reckless young brother, and the ways in which their different types of courage show themselves. He has applied humour, sympathy and imagination to the problems facing city children, and his story is one more reminder that defying authority may be the only adventure left. The conversion of wasteland into playgrounds is one solution, at least, as his ending illustrates. The drawings are suitably mischievous, though the adults do, unfortunately, look several age-groups younger than they should.

The children in *The Snake Crook*—country-dwellers this time—also make their protest against bleaker aspects of the times when they come up against the industry that turns once-useful tools into costly collectors' items for the rich. "A place for everything and everything in its place", says Gable who, with his cousin Fern, sets out to recover his grandfather's treasured snake-crook from its wrongful place on the wall of the village inn. The children negotiate an angry bull and a secret passageway by moonlight to retrieve the crook in time for the old shepherd's return from hospital. They are able, as well, to buy back for their own proposed farm museum the other antique implements Gable's teenage sister sold off to finance a trip abroad. The country details are a delight—the forest full of snowdrops and catkins; the grass crisp with frost; the hot, herby smell of pasties in the oven—but the dramatic incidents in which inept and gullible grown-ups are bested too easily by the bright and clever children strain belief a little. Ruth Tomalin has written an inventive tale, anyway, with plenty in it to absorb and stimulate the reader and with illustrations which work at once on the imagination.

Juliet Page

Corridors of power

WOODROW WYATT :
The Exploits of Mr Saucy Squirrel
Illustrated by Gareth Floyd
Allen and Unwin. £2.95.
(04 823133 9)

Woodrow Wyatt came to write his first children's story (he is already on the way to completion of his second) because the little daughter of his fourth and happiest marriage would insist on invading his room at 7.15 am to demand, like some Sheherezade in reverse, that he tell her a story or else. His years in the political wilderness, from which his loud and articulate voice still cries out in the *Sunday Mirror*, have evidently much mellowed him.

Mr Wyatt has cunningly contrived to look no farther than himself for inspiration in creating his principal characters. He has chosen a rich source for seagreen incorruptible in public affairs, at home he can switch from Fanimal to Ochs and, even in late middle age, from Ochs to Octavian. So, like him, his hero Mr Saucy Squirrel "has an alert and enquiring mind" and a "belief that everybody is entitled to have a good time provided they don't hurt other people". As the Whig-fancying Lord David Cecil once winningly said, "If people cared more for pleasure and less for power and prestige, the world would be a much happier place." Mr Wyatt is that rare politician whose foundness for all three has never conflicted with the happiness he usually manages to spread about him even in dark hours.

Mr Saucy Squirrel's drey is in a beech tree on the land of one Mr Wilberforce Waffle, who "gets very excited about things and can be very obstinate . . . wonderful down to earth commonsense approach . . . genuinely kind feelings for others"—a thin disguise indeed for the author, who himself lives in an unusual and exquisite Queen Anne house (charmingly illustrated on the book's hardbound cover) called Conock Old Manor, on the edge of the great Gromboolian Plain where City tycoons huddle by their luminous swimming pools and golden pheasant shoots from Thursday eve to Monday morn. The contagious covetousness of such chaps causes Waffle to contemplate a spot of property development involving cutting down the stand of hornbeam, oak, larch, pine, chestnut and beech around the Squirrel pad to make way for some profitable houses for affluent humans. Squirrel, who has opened an account at a Devizes bank with the £5,000 or so Rothschilds have paid him for the 112 gold sovereigns he has found in an old barn (and has brought a fancy waistcoat at £45 and a handmade bicycle at £98.50), draws £100 us exponses to travel up to London where he puts up at the Hyde Park Hotel and, in an attempt to save his home and environment from vandalistic destruction, calls on an unnamed Minister of the Environment, whose cap should fit the saturnine swellhead of Mr Tony Crosland:

When he was very young he had been particularly good looking which had given him immense pleasure. But he tried not to think about that now he was thicker in the face and waist . . . . He did unusual and unexpected things like not dressing up for a party when everyone else did, or announcing that important things were unimportant and unimportant things were important. Some people were unkind enough to suggest that he did that in order to avoid taking sides when people were very angry with each other.

The minister dictates a marvellously flattering and sucking-up letter to Waffle begging him to think again.

Mr Wyatt uses delightfully Trollopian chapter-headings, to unfold his plot and subplots, but his method seems to owe something, too, to Beatrix Potter who, especially in *Squirrel Nutkin*, included a masterly economic and sociological analysis of capitalism and enterprise in her comparative critique of the methods of John Dormouse, Samuel Whiskers, Ginger and Pickles et al in the retail trade. So here will historians, as well as children and parents interested even marginally in the great issues of the day, get Mr Saucy Squirrel's Candide's-eye-view of the crazy way the country is run without a Woodrow Wyatt at the helm. There are sharp words for the "lazy people who are nasty about hard workers having more money than they have", and amazement at the lack of envy when someone gets a £300,000 windfall so long as it is from filling in a football coupon blindfolded.

Mr Squirrel, after many droll doings, buys his drey freehold from Wilberforce Waffle and doesn't have much left of his money. But he has scratched up something else to bank away next year when he and Waffle make their next eagerly awaited public appearance under the genial auspices of their talented and admirable creator.

Alastair Forbes

Mr Squirrel confronts Mr Waffle: one of Gareth Floyd's illustrations to Woodrow Wyatt's Exploits of Mr Saucy Squirrel.

High moral tones

The Boot of British Pluck
The Boy's Own Paper
Revisited by Philip Warner
Macdonald and Jane's. £5.95.
(354 04017 0)

As a prisoner of war slaving on the Bangkok-Moulmein "death railway", Philip Warner fortified himself by the thought that it was all like some strange adventure in the *Boy's Own Paper*, the heroes of which always lived to tell the tale. When he began to compile this nostalgic scrapbook, Mr Warner may not have realized what a peculiar paper it was. He rightly includes contributions from some arch humbugs who were drawn to the banner of manliness; but he can be amusing and affectionate at the same time.

The book consists of re-set articles, sometimes truncated; direct reproductions of title pages and dashing illustrations; and rather arbitrary excerpts from fiction. Here, for example, is Chapter 1 of W. H. G. Kingston's *From Powder Monkey to Admiral*; savour it, and then move on to Chapter 6 of Jules Verne's *The Clipper of the Clouds* (the BOP had first claim on Verne in Britain). This lucky dip method is not without its frustrations, but it gives the feel of the paper very well.

The BOP set demanding standards, both moral and practical. Mr Warner mentions, but does not reproduce, an article entitled "How to Skin, Stuff and Mount a Bird in Five Minutes" (the bird would probably have been snared in quick time, now illegal). Instead, we are given an article "How to Make Explosive Spiders", as used by manly boys to frighten "members of female humanity", or maidservants.

The admirable George Andrew Hutchison, who edited the paper from 1879 to 1912, was able to persuade almost every famous "name" to contribute. Only the need to placate parents can have induced him and his successors to admit those sententious, stilted, tag-ridden articles by clergymen, gliding at *pues lymphaticus*, recalling their own dreary school japes or retailing "swishing anecdotes". For thirty years G. A. Wade, "a professional old boy", wrote articles on every aspect of public schools, including their tuck shops, dining-halls, war memorials and "Coronation rights". The pretence that the BOP was not beamed at public school boys often grew thin.

We meet an alarming egotist in Dr Gordon Stables RN, a self-styled gentleman-gypsy who toured Britain in a heavy caravan, galloping downhill at dog-carts ("it is their risk") and stopping from time to time to write impassioned articles warning boys against "secret faults". Sinners in luxurious beds would end up "without nerve enough to look a tom-cat in the face" and risked eventual madness. Dr Stables must have terrified far more boys than Bonaparte.

Notoriously, the editors took a firm line with their correspondents. "Glandular scars will prevent you from being accepted by the Marines unless as an officer" was more helpful than many replies.

The jacket illustration to this delightful, if tantalizing, book strikes the wrong note. One would have expected, at least, a picture of a bold young war correspondent (qualifications: a good seat on a horse and the manners of a gentleman). Instead we have a charging billy-goat about to butt a schoolboy photographer into a scrumptious picnic feast, while his chums cackle. Although it was indeed a BOP cover, in 1923, it breathes the very spirit of Bunter's *Magnet*.

E. S. Turner

Jock of the Bushveld, Percy Fitz-Patrick's classic story of a brave and faithful bull-terrier, has just been reissued in a new abridged edition by Kestrel (£5.50. 7226 5239 0). In this edition the story starts with the birth of Jock—the ugly runt of the litter—and ends with his heroic death shot mistakenly but, fortunately, only after he had clearly done his duty. In between Jock and his master, a transport rider in the Transvaal, travel slowly through the African countryside which before and just after the turn of the century was a still unspoiled and unpopulated area. Most of the original illustrations have been included and, in addition, there are sixteen new colour plates.

Children's books in America

By Sydney Paulden

American authors think publication in Britain will make their names. British authors think publication in America will make their fortunes. With few exceptions, both will be sadly mistaken. Recent conversations with many New York publishers, and with writers and critics in other parts of the United States have revealed how often books which succeed on one side of the Atlantic fail to live up to expectations on the other.

Experts shrink at the thought of trying to fathom the reasons. "Anyone who proves he knows what children will really go for in one country or another can take over the studio", said Frank Paris, Walt Disney's chief story editor in Burbank. However, three points of difference seem clear.

First, and most obvious, different fashions prevail in "hot" themes. Second, the patterns of development in the children of the two countries are out of phase. Third, the channels of distribution differ to a marked degree.

At the moment there is a great fashion in the United States for books that claim to treat social themes with "honest realism". They deal with problems that are considered close to the heart of the modern American child. Jean Karl, editor of Atheneum Books for Children, pointed out "the increasing interest in stories based on divorce, slum areas, crime and the difficulties faced by minority ethnic groups". She went on to say that "books set in other countries or in history are not doing well. There is a much bigger appeal if they are set in the America of today". Lee Deadrick, children's book editor of Charles Scribner's Sons, underlines this when she says that publishers are looking for "something that can be communicated but where the style is not didactic. Ethnically conscious or anti-sexist literature is booming".

The Real Me by Betty Miles is a big success that combines more than one of these in-themes, telling the story of an eleven-year-old girl who rebels when she comes up against a barrier that prohibits girls from choosing tennis as a sport at school and from doing an evening paper round for pocket money. She also happens to be proud to be the friend of the only black girl in the school and to have a mother who writes against fashion shows as a feminine preoccupation. The book is brilliantly written, but the didactics show through and it is no surprise to find that the author is a teacher at a college of education.

Jackie Meek, a writer from Santa Barbara, related how it took five years to sell her publishers a fantasy, but that they jumped at a story she was writing on child molestation and are to bring it out before the fantasy.

Such works illustrate a major difference between British and American children's literature. British writers tend to use characters and themes to put a universal philosophy of life to the child reader, while the current American vogue is to use children as vehicles for points being made to the adult reader. Both types can be enjoyed at all levels, but as Lee Deadrick commented: "British editors focus more on the child, whilst here the message is sighted more on the educator."

Sue Hirschman, editor-in-chief of Greenwillow Books, was sure that "British editors have a firmer fix on the British child than the American editor has on the American child" and that there must be many child audiences in the United States that were not being considered. With a wide sweep of her arms, she asked: "Do we publish for Omaha or Nebraska? I don't know. I've never been there."

Partly because of the second difference, caused by varying patterns of child development, most American publishers seem to agree that the lengthy erudite fantasy cannot succeed for children in America as well as in Britain. Charlotte Zolotow, of Harper and Row, probably the doyenne of children's book editors in New York, commented: "American children take longer than their British counterparts to reach an advanced vocabulary, but the United States kids are not so protected within the family and so they grow up two or three years ahead of the British." Liz Gordon, one of her editors, suggested: "British children read earlier and then sustain their fantasies longer." The result is that by the time an American child is old enough to cope with reading, say, a Garner, a Tolkien, a Richard Adams or an Ursula Le Guin, the child has grown out of the taste for such fantasy.

True, some of those authors are phenomenally successful in the United States—but not as children's writers. Cathy Lobel, educational director of Avon Books' Camelot children's paperbacks, said that although *Watership Down* has probably sold two million copies in the United States, "it would be a disaster if we published it as a Camelot for kids. We find that the shorter the book, the more the kids like it". Ursula Le Guin's "Earthsea" fantasies are published as Avons for adults, not as Camelots. Tolkien is a cult among college students and is not read at primary or intermediate level.

Thus, at present, the immensely successful problem-oriented books of the United States find little response in Britain, while the intellectual fantasies that grip children in Britain are virtually unknown to the American schoolchild.

This generalization has to be qualified, however, in one very significant respect. British and American favourites can be equally acceptable on both sides of the Atlantic if they are thirty years old or more—that is, books that teachers, librarians and parents remember from their childhood. This relates to the third difference—the market distribution factor. The United States is much more starved of children's bookshops than Britain. In the United Kingdom there are rural areas where the nearest bookshop might be ten miles away. In the rural United States this would be the nearest anyone could hope for. There are stretches of hundreds of miles without bookshops and those that do exist rarely stock children's books.

George Nicholson, editorial director of Viking junior books (part of Penguin), stated that in the whole of the United States his company probably has no more than sixty trade accounts. These are wholesalers and jobbers and take no more than about 10 per cent of his book output. All children's hardback publishers rely on institutional buyers, on library and state education committees, for between 85 and 95 per cent of their sales. The result is an extremely strong educator influence on the type of books being produced, which may also explain why sociological problems are so popular.

In Pasadena, Dorothy McKinsey, a respected critic, complained bitterly of the cold hand of the institutional buyers and the lack of bookshops: "The people who make the decisions are uninformed about literature and devoted to anthologies, readers and primers with which they feel safe." She runs courses on children's literature at the California State University of Los Angeles and has just begun to distribute her own broadsheet, *Bibliophile*, giving reviews of books she recommends. She laments: "When I suggest books at conferences, the audience has no idea where or how to buy a book. I have to have copies airmailed to me so that people can see what is available." Whole regions of librarians have had to band together to fight for some children's book that their authority's committee has banned from their shelves.

One result is that the British author newly published in the United States is likely to have his dreams of wealth shattered when his royalty cheque arrives. The generally accepted print order for a novel in hardback is 7,500 and about 25,000 for a paperback. Publishers are happy to sell out after two years and leave it at that, unless the book has broken out of the system and been recommended to such an extent that it develops a vigorous re-order pattern. The print runs are also for Canada, not just the United States.

There are 35 million children in America aged from six to twelve and, considering only the figures provided by these New York publishers, many children's homes must be virtually bookless, especially as the bulk of the buyers were libraries and their purchases would not be owned by the readers.

But the true depth and potential of the market were revealed when I met Maurice Robinson, the eighty-one-year-old founder of the Scholastic school book clubs. Scholastic prints "a minimum of 100,000 copies per title and we are not averse to printing 700,000 or 800,000. If a book is offered in more than one of our five clubs, then it could easily top the million mark." Scholastic sells 60 million books a year, each priced between 40 and 65 cents, and occasionally up to $1.25. The club leaflets are mailed to 800,000 teachers a year, but it is the child who buys the book. The children cannot browse, but they do buy the books to take them to their homes in large numbers.

And, certainly, although schools distribute the books, here the "educator" influence is bypassed and here are the sales figures. British authors dream of. Michael Hudson, vice-president and publisher of the book clubs, sees them as the only opportunity that the majority of children ever get for choosing books for themselves. "We don't offer books we think the kids ought to like. Our obligation is to find books that they really do go for. Not always the most uplifting literature, perhaps, but something for everybody and of good quality." Here at least we can gauge the interests of American children left to their own devices. Looking through their *Arrow News*, for eight to ten-year-olds, one sees Souss, ghost stories, an earthquake adventure and novels about a blind horse and an embarrassing little sister.

Among the contributors to this issue

BRIAN BAGSHAW is through librarian and Curator of Brent.

HAROLD BLAKES is the editor of *Mark Twain: Life on the Mississippi*, 1962.

MARY CABOGAN and PATRICIA CRAIG are the authors of *You're A Brick, Angela!*.

PETER CONRAD is the author of *The Victorian Treatment*.

MARCUS CROUCH's books include *Nesbit Tradition*, 1972.

IAN DALLEY has just completed a translation of Pushkin's fairy stories.

[illegible] collections of Sean O'Faolain's stories.

T. J. W. GATES is Keeper of the Field Officer in Northumberland.

RICHARD HARRIS is Deputy Foreign Editor of *The Times*.

PETER HOLLINGDALE and [illegible] *Nonsense Verse*, published last year.

SUSAN LAMBERT is Assistant Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

DAVID REES is the author of *Quintin's Man* and *The Missing German*.

LANCE SALWAY is the editor of *A Peculiar Gift* which was published last month.

[illegible] is the author of *Boys Suitable for Gentlemen*.

[illegible] is the editor of [illegible] published earlier this year.

PETER PATON WALSH's recent books include *The Emperor's Winding Sheet*, 1974, and *Unfinished*, 1976.

DOUGLAS WALSH is the author of [illegible] post of [illegible] *Conservatism*.

[illegible] *The Progress of Child Fiction* [illegible] will be appointed [illegible] school next year.

Book news

This year, returning to a previous practice, the Whitbread Literary Awards include a category for children's books. At a presentation lunch in the City Cellars the Chairman of Whitbreads presented Penelope Lively with this year's award. Her most recent book, *A Stitch in Time*, was the unanimous choice of the judges, A. J. P. Taylor, Susan Hill and David Holloway—who regarded it as the outstanding children's book of the year. Penelope Lively has already been highly praised for her earlier books including *The Ghost of Thomas Kempe* which won the Carnegie Award in 1974.

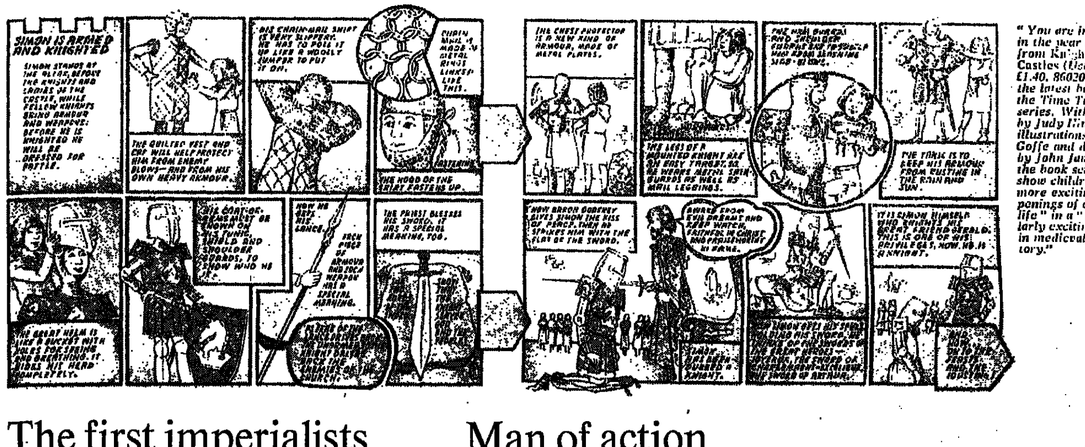
* * *

Earlier this week Collins launched a new award to add to the wide collection which already exists. The aim of this award is to encourage writers to produce children's books which reflect the experience of living in multi-ethnic Britain. Awards will be offered in two categories: for a full-length novel or work of non-fiction and for a collection of short stories. The judges' choices will be announced next summer and the winning books will be published simultaneously in Collins hardback and Lions paperback editions.

The competition is open to everyone and all entries, typed and written in English, should be sent to Collins Children's Books Department by June 1, 1977.

* * *

Books for Children-USSR, an exhibition of Soviet Children's books supplied by the State Committee for Publishing of the Soviet Union, closed at the National Book League earlier this week but, for those who missed it in London there will be a chance to see it in Liverpool at the International Library from December 15 to January 22, at the Central Library, Cambridge, from February 1 to 22, or at the Central Library, Birmingham, from March 3 to 19. The exhibition, the first to be held in Britain for many years, includes over 500 books for all age groups. Children's books are a flourishing industry in the USSR; there are over 100 publishing houses with children's books departments, of which twenty-seven are represented in this exhibition. All types of books are on display. The exhibition opens with pre-Revolutionary writing: the works of Tolstoy, Krylov and Pushkin, whose books have appeared in countless editions and have attracted numerous illustrations, and a great many different collections of folk-tales, portraying the history of the USSR. Many of these have been translated into the various languages of the Soviet Union, thus enabling all the ethnic groups of the population to learn about their own history in their native tongue. The bulk of the exhibition is devoted to books published since the Revolution. There are selections of both fiction and non-fiction, translations of books by foreign authors, and a collection of old favourites. This important exhibition is made especially appealing by the intrinsic charm of many of the books. The tone is perhaps best by the conclusion in one area of the official catalogue: "May Peace children all be happy!"



"You are in Europe in the year 1240": from Knights and Castles (Usborne, £1.40, 86020 067 1), the latest book in the Time Traveller series. With a text by Judy Hindley, illustrations by Toni Goffe and design by John Jameson, the book sets out to show children "the more exciting happenings of daily life" in a "particularly exciting period in medieval history."

The first imperialists

ANTHONY THWAITE:

Beyond the Inhabited World

Mirror of Britain Series

Deutsch. £3.25. (233 96790 7)

Anthony Thwaite's introduction to Roman Britain is primarily directed at a school-age audience and is well designed for its purpose with large, clear print and numerous well reproduced photographs. Of the illustrations only the map is defective, being inaccurate and misleading (two of only twenty-four "towns" shown are in fact forts, Malton is shown as Aldborough, and the road system is incomplete and idiosyncratic). The lucid text is punctuated by quotations from contemporary Roman authors (for example Seneca's account of bath-house life, and Augustine's description of a friend's reactions to a gladiator combat) and arranged in a pattern by now familiar in histories of the period. There are chapters on the military conquest and eventual loss of the province with intervening sections on towns and country life, leisure activities and religious customs.

In such a short work it is inevitable that there should be omissions; in this case there is, for example, no mention of the economic motives underlying the conquest (a desire to exploit Britain's minerals and rich corn lands), while air photographs of Roman Fenland field systems or settlements in the Thames valley would have been useful additions. More serious are the persistent, if reluctant, tendencies to minimize the traditional Celtic features of Roman Britain and to give a rather idealized view of the benefits of Roman civilization. For example we are told that the Romans succeeded "in bringing a sense of order and a sense of civilization to a large part of the western world" (the pre-Roman past is thus thought to have been chaotic and barbaric) and that the final collapse of the empire "is one of the greatest and saddest stories in human history". The Celtic tribes are said to have been "bewildered" and "uneasy" at having the complexities of Roman life thrust upon them by force, and the author is dismayed that recent excavations at the fort of Vindolanda revealed conditions of filth but supposed that the commander "who must have been a civilised man . . . grew careless and let his personal standards of cleanliness and order slip". The features of Roman Britain which receive most attention are those which are still with us today; town planning, impressive architecture, an organized army, roads and baths.

This can be attributed partly to the archaeologist's tendency to excavate the more obviously impressive monuments and to the propensity of the popular imagination to attach itself to the more familiar aspects of Roman life. Neither can the contemporary written evidence redress the balance since all the writers were themselves Romans (for us history begins with Caesar). It is a pity that virtually no attention is given to the many settlements where an essentially pre-Roman peasant existence continued unchanged into the Roman period (for instance in the Fenland, parts of Wessex and the Sussex downs, and not just in the remoter parts of the north and west as we are told). The recently excavated site at Owslebury, Hampshire could have provided some good illustrations of one of these settlements.

Nevertheless Anthony Thwaite has used some of the more accessible literature to provide a picture of Roman Britain which, if traditional, succeeds in being lively and imaginative, and is one which children will certainly find interesting reading.

T. J. W. Gates

Built to last

DAVID MACAULAY:

Pyramid

Collins. £2.95. (00 195660 4)

This is the third of David Macaulay's detailed accounts of the construction of the world's greatest architectural monuments. *Pyramid* opens with a concise description of life and death in Egypt at the time of the pharaohs. He explains the process and importance of mummification in a society where, as death was seen as the beginning of an eternal life, in a new world, the homes of the dead were built to last. After this introduction *Pyramid* tells the story of the construction of a tomb for an imaginary pharaoh in 2470 BC. First came the choosing of the site which, like all other details of the pyramid, was designed to reflect the prestige of the pharaoh while also showing due respect to his predecessors.

Once the site had been chosen, plans of the funeral complex and the pyramid itself were finalized and building began. Through illustrations and the brief explanatory text which accompanies each picture David Macaulay shows the craftsmen who were employed to do each job, their tools, the ingenious techniques which enable the pyramid to stay up, and the exquisite finish of the interiors with their highly decorated pillars and wall carvings. Finally he shows the mummification of the pharaoh, the placing of the body in the tomb and the final sealing up of the tomb.

The explanations of the many complex processes which such a massive undertaking involve are all clear and accurate but this book is much more than just a text-book on the building of a pyramid. It is also a vivid portrait of the social customs and technical expertise of a civilization.

Charles White

Knock, knock

JANET and ALLAN AHLBERG:

The Old Joke Book

Kestrel. £1.50, (7226 5237 2)

The presentation of a joke is, as every comedian knows, far more important than the joke itself and the best raconteur can raise a laugh from the worst material. *The Old Joke Book* is simply filled with jokes which one has heard before and would rather not have met again. Nevertheless, if they are to be suffered at maximum there could be no better way than through Janet and Allan Ahlberg's book which makes use of vivid and lively drawings to ensure a groan if not an actual chuckle from many old favourites. Some of the jokes are purely visual and put many newspaper cartoons to shame while others, of the knock, knock or waiter, waiter variety, gain immeasurably from the colourful caricatures and other irrelevancies which decorate many of the pages and are frequently funnier than the jokes themselves. For anyone who can face such a barrage of humour this collection certainly gives a freshness to jokes which in any other form would be unbearable. On no account let anyone read aloud selected snippets for your approval—readers should be locked away to chortle alone.

Christopher Williams

Man of action

PETER CARTER:

Mao

Oxford. £3.25. (19 273140 8)

Mao Tse-tung was a man of intense passion and of cautious cunning, a man of action and reflexion, a poet and a strategist, a leader of untiring energy refreshed by periods of apparent idleness. Even in his early years—on which Peter Carter's spirited biography wisely concentrates—he could retreat into what he called the second line, hesitating while he brought his misgivings to the point of resolution.

Such are the contrasts—the contradictions to use Mao's own formulation—which made up his personality and which often seem to mirror Chinese ways of thinking. Therefore, those who want to understand him must start with traditional China, it is the relation of China's modern revolution to its past that matters in a book of this kind. Mr Carter has realized this and begins with a few concentrated pages that offer an admirable summary of the state of mind in which the Chinese lived as their century of change began.

By this approach Mr Carter has also given to nationalism its proper place in Mao's motives. Long before Marxism captured his imagination his driving force had been China's lost glory and how it should be regained. And still the drama of the Chinese revolution is the drama of nationalism; not some sudden overthrow of power in 1949 that took China as a vast accretion into a world communist block, but the slowly maturing reaction of an ancient, untouched, still absolutely and consciously distinctive civilization, bullied and battered into awareness of a world outside its own so long-inhabited one.

Mr Carter tries to show us Mao through Chinese eyes and for most of the time he succeeds. He has dug up all he can on his home background, his struggle to get a worthwhile education, his launching into political journalism, his brave attempts to win others to the cause of China's regeneration and his discovery of Marxism.

Mao's years working on peasant problems in the Kuomintang are given their proper place. The complications of the Kiangsi soviet are skilfully handled. Of course a biography must bring in those events that are relevant from Sun Yat-sen through Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang to Japanese aggression and the war, without submerging the main theme. Mr Carter manages this smoothly not only in what he weaves into his narrative but in what he treats sketchily, such as the civil war of 1947 to 1949.

There are some spelling inaccuracies (Yenen throughout) and wayward geography—Yunnan and Kweichow provinces are not covered in tropical rain-forest, but such errors are trifling in a book that has all the landmarks so clearly posted.

Only the last five chapters cover China since 1949, touching briefly on the Sino-Soviet break and Mao's struggles with his party colleagues over the great leap and the cultural revolution. The end is riddles and enigmas, admitting Mao's faults and his obsessions, not disguising his ruthlessness, but claiming justly that his greatness rests on having removed from China the heavy burden of poverty, ignorance and disease.

Richard Harris

Models of virtue

By Harold Beaver

ANNI. SCOTT MACLEOD :
A Moral Tale
Children's fiction and American culture, 1820-1860
196pp. Archon. $10.

It is an old conundrum to distinguish what children actually read from what is expressly written for them. *Jaws* is passed round in tattered paperback copies today, no doubt as Cooper's *The Pilot* or *The Prairie* or *The Red Rover* were eagerly swapped in the 1820s. Such books, long remembered and quoted by a Richard Henry Dana or Herman Melville—both children of that decade—do not figure here. Nor do exciting new imports from England that imaginative American parents might have supplied: translations of German folk-tales by the brothers Grimm, or of fairy-tales by Hans Christian Anderson, or Edward Lear's *Book of Nonsense*, or Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*, or a whole range of fiction from Maria Edgeworth to Captain Marryat, R. M. Ballantyne and Thomas Hughes.

Not until after 1860 were Americans able to match such titles with the appearance of *Little Women* in 1868 and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* in 1876. But the careers of Louisa May Alcott and Mark Twain, too, fall outside the scope of this study. Anne Scott MacLeod announces, early on: "No child today reads even one of these pre-Civil War fictional storybooks. Except as a stage in the development of children's literature, they are largely forgotten". It was a clumsy literature, she stresses, "conceptually impoverished and insistently preachy".

The children's fiction market itself was confined, ranging from six, say, to twelve-year-olds. Adolescence (that middling status for the middle-class child), as de Tocqueville observed, had not yet been invented in antebellum America. But lack of range and quality can have its sociological compensations. This fiction, as expounded by Anne Scott MacLeod, proves a treasure trove of parental attitudes. The overriding mind in those rapidly changing decades—of Jacksonian democracy and war with Mexico—was one of personal moral responsibility. The aim was to achieve an early maturity, an early sense of purpose and self-control. In an expressly American context the ambition was to replace Maria Edgeworth, as it were, with home-grown products for domestic consumption.

The urge was didactic, therefore, indebted largely to the American Sunday School Union. Fiction as fiction was considered dangerous to the morals of children. "Books of light reading", warned one author, "are as numerous and injurious as the plagues of Egypt." Nevertheless even the American Sunday School Union published fiction of moral instruction to form the character. "For years it had shifted from right *knowledge* to right *feeling*. These nationalists were no longer moved by a Jeffersonian faith in education to guide a republic of yeoman farmers; theirs was an earnest moral mission to young and plastic minds."

For this was also the first age, in Washington Irving's phrase, of "the almighty dollar"; and the most pressing task must have seemed that of dividing the moral from the aggressive drives. Both instincts were needed. But they were now to be kept rigorously in tandem for the separate needs of business life and home life, of the public and the private sector; one the peculiar preserve of the male, the other of the female.

A woman's role, above all, meant the mother's role. The maternal stereotype as domestic saint was pursued with a baroque intensity. The indoctrination was relentlessly passionate:

> With eyes uplifted to a protecting Heaven, she must walk a narrow path of right—a precipice on either hand—never submitting, in her lowliness of soul, to the encroachments of the selfish, and eager, and clamorous crowd—never bowing her own native nobility to the dictation of those whom the world styles great. . . . Her children revere her as the earthly type of perfect love. They learn, even more from her example than her precept, that they are to live not to themselves, but to their fellow-creatures, and to God in them.

She must be both mystic and martyr, as women like Maria McIntosh and Catherine Maria Sedgwick and Lydia Maria Child tirelessly stressed. For it was mainly women authors who filled the breach, though Samuel Goodrich proved the most prolific and successful, beginning with his *Peter Parley's Tales of America* (1827). He was to be the Enid Blyton of the juvenile trade, eventually publishing some 170 volumes of which seven million had been sold by 1856. The greater part of this vast output was nonfiction — geographies, histories, botanies, readers—but even his *Peter Parley's Juvenile Tales* and *Peter Parley's Fables* were mainly compounded of factual information and moral exhortation (on the model of Hannah More's *Cheap Repository Tracts*). At the very time of the folk tale revival, he mockingly opposed the nonsense of *Mother Goose* as much as the fantasy and violence of such "old moustrosities" as *Little Red Riding Hood*. His was an instructional market. "Had it not been for the constant teaching of rectitude" he recorded in his *Recollections*, "by precept and example, in the conduct of my parents, I might, to say the least, have been seriously injured."

Was it true? That was the key question. Or if not true, as fiction by definition could not be, was it morally useful? The age of utilitarianism for American children inevitably meant a spate of adult propaganda. We can easily preen ourselves on our superiority to such sterile blueprints, yet our gain may also be our loss. Death, disease and despair were visible then as they have rarely been in children's books since. "They were not so much a mirror of their time", writes Anne Scott MacLeod, as a composed picture of what the writers believed children needed to know about the world in order to survive in it, to impose order upon it, to take moral responsibility, and to cope with whatever life brought them by way of success or failure. They were less a factual than an emotional portrait of an era.

Yet what a lot too was simply missing, an absolute void on this domestic map of American experience: hardly a pioneer or an immigrant in sight; seldom a foray into the wilderness even; no encounter with Indians, or bears; rarely even a backward glance to the heroic past of the Revolutionary War. Instead merely fables and more fables of "temptation resisted, anger restrained, disobedience punished, and forbearance learned". Not a sense of adventure, in a word, but idealism was to be fostered; not spontaneity or high spirits, but a pervasive and rational self-restraint. These were not literary experiences to be absorbed, but moral cameos for studious contemplation.

The minds of boys and girls were deliberately bent away from frivolity. Jefferson's yeomen were still the model of pastoral virtue, but imbued with a new moral self-awareness. They were to live in a pastoral utopia, it seems, undefiled by alcohol, by field work, or by muck. Earnestness went hand in hand with simplicity (in food and clothing) as two sides of the same moral coin. It is curious that no one questioned such superior examples, or wondered how or why they should unfailingly spur others to emulation. Was not that archetypal American, "first in the hearts of his countrymen", George Washington himself praised not for his military achievements or his presidential administrations but for his "noble character"? The influence of such superior excellence applied equally to the little fictional heroes and heroines. Not only would they influence fellow children but even adults. Dickens's Little Nell and Harriet Beecher Stowe's angelic Eva St. Clare are the commonplaces of children's fiction.

Their saintly qualities could most immediately be exercised on alcoholic fathers and selfish or indolent mothers. Fathers in particular might desert their families or take to drink or simply die. Huck's "Pap", last of a long line of vicious fathers, manages to combine all three roles. For these children were usually marooned inside their narrative frames, without grandpas or grannies, without uncles and aunts, often even without brothers and sisters. Large families are the exception: "In a typical story, there were one to three children at home, seldom more". Social institutions too were all but invisible. Yet within these airless echo-chambers the great themes of poverty, child mortality, widowhood, orphancy, again and again are sounded, from which modern children, for all their myths and adventures, are almost wholly protected.

For children had to learn to confront death with composure: "Home was not proof against sickness, death or poverty, and the greatest tragedies, like drunkenness and moral failure, were horrifying precisely because they invaded and destroyed family and home." All the more important then, in this unpredictable and unreliable universe, was the lesson to seek security not by wealth but a pair of skilled hands and an upright heart. The undoubted key to such a heart was the self-discipline of restraint. Spontaneity must always be curbed in the interest of careful moral calculation. Again and again these heirs of the puritan tradition preach the ingrained habits of self-scrutiny and self-denial. Above all, children owe a constant debt of reverence and gratitude to their parents. "The obligation on the side of children to their parents can never be acquitted", wrote the author of *Filial Duty Recommended and Enforced, by a Variety of Instructive and Amusing Narratives.*

The great betrayer of this family idyll was the disobedient or spoilt child. Good children can invariably be recognized by their docility and submissiveness:

> Expressions of anger, envy, pride, or any other ugly passion, were taken very seriously in children's fiction—not, certainly, because the authors expected an inborn perfection in children, but because such expressions were indications of wrong feelings which had to be corrected before they grew to unmanageable proportions.

Even when passion had been restrained, the moral inquisition must still be faced. "Let us examine our MOTIVES before we say we have DONE WELL", suggests one typical Mama.

Self-denial, then, is the ultimate lesson. Selfishness, whether in breadwinner, housekeeper or child, is the universal enemy. As if the go-getting ethos of the mid-century were at some lunar remove, these children are constantly warned against all foot-loose, restless, enterprising activity. The rabid search for El Dorado, that found contemporary expression in the Gold Rush of 1849, is nowhere reflected in children's fiction. True wealth was of the spirit, preached American mothers and ministers, not of this world. A servant with this clause made drudgery divine. Or rather, in this utilitarian context, virtue was likely to bring its own reward of a prosperous marriage or successful business.

If the realities of American society in that thrusting, belligerent, capitalist age are ignored, its republican ideals at any rate are celebrated. Merit, not money, rules supreme; industry, rather than talent, wins the race; snobbery has a fall. There sounds the true Jacksonian note of the period: "that any task whatever was within reach of one willing to work 'at it.'" Though enterprise was discouraged, enterprise paradoxically brought its own rewards. Lawyers, doctors, ministers—unlike their British counterparts—are nearly invisible; the ideal fathers are invariably merchants. Urban commerce was the source of income, even if pastoral landscapes were the source of morality. Enterprising boys rarely entered college, but built up their own business. For behind all the egalitarian talk of the work ethos a sense of "station" persisted. If deserving poor are everywhere patronized as grateful pets, though the class structure was far more fluid than in England, a condescending charity is the mark of the virtuous.

Yet this was hardly surprising in an immigrant society facing tide after ragged tide of new arrivals. It was the poverty of the Irish that most shocked the sensibility of established families. It was the Irish, those illiterate and papist newcomers, who formed the first great proletariat of North America. But children's authors were uniformly sympathetic. Their most frequent epithet for the Irish is "warm-hearted". For it was not Irish servants or labourers who destroyed their families and homes. It was that iniquitous trinity: war, drunkenness and slavery. The reply from New England was the counter-trinity of Pacifism, Temperance and Abolitionism, not explored in their political context but in the cause of Christian progress. The horror stories of war or rum could be treated as openly as the cause of slaves. Abstinence, above all, seemed a perennially suitable theme. Anti-slavery after 1830 was gradually dropped as socially too divisive.

After 1850 more humour and melodrama began to creep in. Serene mothers are choked in tears; ineffectual fathers rebuke their unruly offspring. Moral fantasy and daily reality were clearly splitting apart. But only now, too, did those submissive children become sentimentally smudged and blurred. No wonder *Huckleberry Finn* was banned from the Concord library! It offended not only the new gentility—and Transcendental optimism—of the middle-aged but the patient didactism of the older generation. Laced with Freudian certainties, that didactic urge to this day pervades American homes: the search for right motives and right feeling, that national powerhouse to drive a responsible society. So many American toys remain obsessionally educational, extending knowledge and "know how" at the expense of play. Even imaginative children's literature too often comes purpose built as a didactic resource for training creative responses (twentieth-century style) as once for eliciting purely moral responses (mid-nineteenth-century style).

The books Anne Scott MacLeod discusses may be unreadable, but the issues she raises are still valid. After all, a society which conceives its own social life, its politics, its foreign relations as a complex struggle of good and evil, where every citizen is both ringside spectator and actor, is likely to retain a concern for children's literature as a stage for didactic moralities. Who can claim that right feelings, however changed the circumstances, are no longer the controlling factor in children's fiction to chic day? Or that professional children's authors are no longer concerned with bringing their young readers to the "correct view"?

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Under Western eyes

By Edward W. Said

M. M. BADAWI :
A Critical Introduction to Modern Arabic Poetry
289pp. Cambridge University Press. £9 (paperback, £4).

The difficulties of writing in English about modern Arabic poetry are truly formidable. This is a realistic assessment, not the usual piety about poetry being finally unintelligible except in its original language. To write for an Anglo-American audience on poets like Khalil Mutran, Buland Haidari, and Adonis is first of all to mention more or less totally unfamiliar names; then it is to make no assumptions whatever about Arabic literature generally (and least of all modern Arabic literature), and therefore to be unable to depend on any shared experience of style, idiom, form with one's audience; worst of all, it is constantly to have to supply one's imagined reader with material of a fairly rudimentary sort (short biographies, explanations of words, identification of traditions and conventions) at the expense of more interesting things like prosodic analysis, elucidation of difficult passages, and informed commentary. Even the use of quotation can turn into a dispiritingly tedious business. In other words, almost by definition the English-writing critic of Arabic poetry is off to a very disadvantaged start and kept to a relatively underdeveloped sort of discourse.

Yet even within such limits—and they are truly severe ones—one need not write an uninteresting, or unsophisticated, book of criticism. The virtues of supplying genuinely "thick" information in such an instance are evident. Many categories, conceptual schemes, and metaphors, which most critics of Western literature assume have a universal validity, can be tested on Arabic literature; new, or at least novel, types of aesthetic experience will be illuminated in the process, and new critical formulations will have to be found accordingly. Most important, I think, the vital dialectic between poet, language, and society—out of which, finally, all poetry arises—will be elucidated and made newly manifest in significant ways. Our regular ideas about such matters as originality, convention, literary periods, the author-function, aesthetic structure, influence, and so forth, will probably get a good shaking-up, some of them will be scrapped, others fortified: all, in any event, will acquire dimensions previously unthought of. Certainly the very notion of a *modern* Arabic poetic discourse ought to get itself sharpened, if not authoritatively defined, in the process. But that can happen only if the critic tries consciously to free himself of the hobbles put on him by his subject.

M. M. Badawi's *Critical Introduction to Modern Arabic Poetry* is solidly packed with a great deal of information about recent poetry in Arabic. However, Dr Badawi does not seriously engage the issue of whether or not there is an Arabic poetry, as opposed to modern Egyptian, Syrian, Iraqi, or Palestinian poetic traditions. He begins with Mahmud Sami al-Barudi (1839-1904) and concludes with Adonis, Darwish, Sayyab, Khal and the other prominent contemporary poets. Yet how much Dr Badawi's conscientious study is an introduction and how much it is a critical achievement of its own (of the sort described above) will become evident if we briefly summarize its contents and its method. After a few pages of general cultural introduction, Dr Badawi's narrative (for his method is a remorselessly serial one) begins with the group of poets he calls neo-classicist: Barudi, Shauqi, Hafiz, Ibrahim, Zahawi, Rusafi, Jawahiri. Under each of the rubrics that he uses to group together a number of related poets (pre-romantic, romantic, émigrant) Dr Badawi schedules a discussion of each poet preceded by a short biographical sketch; that is followed by a thematic description of both the poetry and the poet's general development. For these things Dr Badawi relies upon his own impressive knowledge of the poetry, and upon comments made by the poet about his own poetic practice. Intermittently, Dr Badawi's habit is to pass judgment on the poet's worth, achievement, influence; as a sensitive reader of poetry his own feelings about what poetry can be and do, about what kind of poetry is the best (or better) sort, emerge necessarily. On the whole these feelings, as well as the ideas that infrequently rationalize them, are not quite as impressive: I shall return to them a little later.

According to Dr Badawi, the late nineteenth-century poets — Barudi particularly—move towards modernity by rejecting the Abbasid convention of formal and set poetry-by-rule and/or command. Whereas the traditionalists and neoclassicists consciously "return to the classicism of the past literary heritage of the Arabs", the pre-romantics, among them Khalil Mutran, Mazini, and 'Aqqad, are concerned about "sincerity, spontaneity and the engagement of the whole of the poet's personality in the creative process". (These last three items are described by Dr Badawi as "essential modernity".) While we are not given clear chronological, or generational, lines of demarcation between the groups of poets, Dr Badawi leads us to believe that modern Arabic poetry is an inter-war phenomenon, and the Egyptian poet Abu-Shadi its major exponent. Most of the romantics were influenced by Khalil Mutran: their motifs were love, nature and life, and their themes "complete self-absorption, nostalgia, the spiritual appeal of nature, idealized unattainable love, together with the poet's power of sympathy evinced in . . . detailed and loving description". Along with this went a certain amount of formal experiment, although the hold of the *qasida* on poetic production never really slackened.

Contemporary with romantic poetry was the poetry written by Arab expatriates in the Americas; the most famous figure of course is Jibran, but Nu'aima, Abu Madi and Arida were only slightly less famous. Dr Badawi has some shrewd observations on the genre of expatriate or *Mahjar* poetry, with its exaggerated sense of isolation, its often maudlin idealization of so-called "eastern" spirituality, and its yearning for natural simplicity. Yet when he returns to the Middle East to discuss post-war developments in Arabic poetry, Dr Badawi is much less engaging. He hasn't much sympathy either for the "committed" poetry produced by such major figures as Bayyati and Sayyab, or for the experimental frenzy (or so it seems to him) of poets like Adonis, Yusif al-Khal, Khalil Hawi, Tawfik Sayegh and Jabra Jabra. The poets of "resistance"—by which Dr Badawi quite properly identifies the latest generation of Palestinian poets whose work was written inside Israeli prisons, where most of them were political prisoners, or outside the occupied territories in the Palestinian diaspora—draw forth no approbation from him; he is worried by the indiscriminate size of their oeuvre. Thus even though in his epilogue Dr Badawi expresses the mildest possible enthusiasm for intra-modern Arabic poetry, his heart is not really on its side:

> I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that at its best the New Arabic Poetry has its own original character, which distinguishes it from the rest of modern poetry. Its contribution lies in the fact that, while it expresses the anxiety and bewilderment of modern man in the face of ultimate questions, it is deeply concerned about the identity and future of Arab culture in a tragic age. It is both metaphysical and national at one and the same time.

Its ablest practitioner is Adonis, whose enormous influence, Dr Badawi says ungenerously, "for the sake of the future of Arabic poetry, one can only hope will not be long lasting". We gather that what is more proper "to the genius of the Arabic language" is something resembling the poetry of Mutran, a great Wordsworthian-style poet whose best work, however, was done by about the early 1930s. The line of Dr Badawi's argument throughout confirms the sections and selections of his *Anthology of Modern Arabic Verse* (Beirut, 1969).

This then is a very rough précis of Dr Badawi's book, a book unique in English for having charted in broad and comprehensive fashion the alien territory of modern Arabic poetry. As an act of faithful narrative reconstruction it is an important piece of work. For too long now there has been an unfortunate vacancy in Western knowledge about non-political matters in the Arab world: this vacancy will surely be filled to a great extent by Dr Badawi's work, which puts a major segment of contemporary Arab culture securely before the Western reader. Dr Badawi's range is catholic for the most part, so that when omissions occur (e.g. scarcely a mention of the Lebanese poet Said Aql) they are surprising.

Yet as I suggested earlier, the major critical accomplishment of Dr Badawi's book may be not so much in what it says about the subject, but rather in the kinds of questions it raises implicitly, almost by its avoidance of issues, its commensurate skirting of them. For Dr Badawi is a scholar who allows his reader to feel the great constraints on the English-speaking critic of Arabic poetry, without at the same time affording the reader a glimpse of what in that poetry is inherently resistant to a certain kind of Western criticism.

Moreover Dr Badawi is a scholar whose optic—to use a usefully up-to-date term—is not critical (or is critical only in a very limited sense), but aesthetic; for him modern poetry is a record of birds and deeds, themes, images, a list of adjectives, general terms like "spontaneity", "sincerity" and "natural", all of which are contained in envelopes like this:

> Another poem is entitled "The Mirage of Friendship." This sentiment is expressed in countless other poems. In "The Futility of Life" he writes, "If man were to know the full extent of his misery in life he would not have wished to be born." In "Boredom with Life" boredom sets in as a result of the poet being suddenly assailed by the disease of doubt when he was in the midst of his enjoyment of a comfortable and easy life. Shukri composed poems on the duality of passion, love/hate relationships, repentance and crime which reveal his fascination with unusual states of mind. Despite the low opinion of human nature which he held Shukri was not a cynic; on the contrary, his poetry is imbued with a strong feeling of pity, as is clear in, for instance, his poem "The Murderer" a dramatic monologue in which the poet evinces a deep-rooted sense of sin, together with great compassion for human suffering reminiscent in some ways of Shakespeare's portrayal of Macbeth, by which it may very well have been inspired.

If there is an excessive *va-et-vient* to Dr Badawi's thematic and rather anti-formal poetic glosses, it is because he is trying discordantly to do several things at the same time. Too often he sounds more like a harassed cataloguer than a literary critic; this is nowhere more painfully evident than in his account of contemporary poetry. One senses that the poetry's often desperate ingenuity offends Dr Badawi's tasts on the one hand, and on the other, that it whips him furiously into efforts to describe it. All at once and uneasily, his prose is forced to service the scholar's devotion to duty, the cultivated man's offended taste, the cicerone's zeal to be thoroughly helpful, and the English critic's attempt somehow to deal with a particularly unpleasant avant-garde writing.

I use the adjective English advisedly, even though Dr Badawi is an Egyptian scholar now teaching at Oxford. For Dr Badawi's critical ideas reflect no awareness of or

The Return

The heat of that town,
desecrated sidings, sour platforms
of conversation,
and a sign askew.
When the train pulled out,
I too was a passenger.
Mother had a year to live,
Father a few
and a second wife in the bargain,
a medical woman
whose hospital is full of strangers.
All that ahead,
the first outbreak of killing
still unreported, the first
girl I would swear to die for
a child in England.

Back to school, back to a safe
dorm with a view,
leaving the bridge at Howrah
its barrage balloons deflated,
its girders intact, and under it
the river.
Back to a room with a view,
evening chapel—praying dear God
let it end soon—
the quadrangle where we assembled
to watch a flogging,
yo-yo competitions, rhino beetles.
Back to all of that,
station after station sliding
into the past.

And to return and know
what one has lost,
and know the disaffections
that slice through house and flesh
as if the simplest love
is nowhere to be found, as if
the family's broken for good.
The last junction
on the way north
arrives at three in the morning.
And down in the plains
Mother waiting to be buried
and Father waiting;
and the earth,
of unknown affiliation,
being carved into maps,
shaded, totemic.

Kaleem Omar

interest in what has gone on, for at least a generation, in Continental and American criticism, especially in such areas as romanticism, the theory of interpretation, formalism, and psychoanalytic criticism. Naturally there is no discernible Marxist strain in Dr Badawi's work.

His critical enterprise is anchored so to speak in the ambience of English academic criticism of the early twentieth century, and thus he is not affected by critics like William Empson, or Frank Kermode, or Raymond Williams. His ideas about modernity—which is of course the central issue raised by his book—have nothing to do either with modernism or with form (apart from some rather marginal observations on the differences between classical and modern metres). The very idea of an avant-garde repels him, and certainly such matters as experimental adventures, or the varieties of transgression with which avant-garde modernism has always been associated, seem to anger him. Even the need for difficulty, or the philosophy of difficulty, so far as modern poetry has been concerned, strikes no chord of sympathy in him; his affinities are for poets whose work is immediately available without distracting complexities.

I hope I am making it clear that what bothers me about Dr Badawi's work is not so much his values, which I am perfectly prepared to respect, but his unwillingness either to defend or explain them. When, for example, he refers to the originality of a given poet, he gives us no idea of what originality in a poet is, except to send us frequently to G. von Grunebaum's lamentable essay on the notion that Arabic literature could not have been "original" because plagiarism was an accepted practice among the Arabs.

This extremely tendentious thesis happened also to suit von Grunebaum's ideological predilections, which were to reduce Islam to the status of an eternally inferior, and ultimately "unoriginal", culture. But apart from completely misinterpreting the idea of originality, neither Dr Badawi nor von Grunebaum seems to have the slightest inkling that it is possible to be perfectly "original" and "repetitious" or even plagiaristic at the same time, nor that "originality" cannot be a kind of Platonic mustard smeared on poetry in order to make it more palatable to the Western reader. In any case, why, apart from a type of *idée reçue* rationale, should poetry be "original" — unless of course poetry is defined tautologically as that which is original?

Part of the problem is due to Dr Badawi's view of Arabic literature as something to be judged principally by Western literature, or by ideas about Western literature that were current a century ago. For him the major occurrence in contemporary Arab life is still that overestimated "encounter" with a West that is supposed to be "original" and of which Arab culture is a degraded copy. For the adherents of this now superseded doctrine, nothing of importance goes on in Arab culture except as it is mediated, valorized, and then delimited by the West. Now it would be shallow folly to deny that the Arab-Western dynamic is crucial, but is it the only one of importance?

Take the relationship between Arabic poetry and Arabic criticism: does not this have a pattern of its own, one whose imprint is of a particularly urgent intimacy for any writer or reader of Arabic poetry? About this Dr Badawi has nothing to say, although it is interesting to note that the categories of modern Arabic poetry that he discusses are not dissimilar from the ones used by traditional critics writing in Arabic. Like Dr Badawi's senior contemporary, Anis Khuri al-Maliqi, Dr Badawi, the great influences on Arabic poetry are Western, outside influences, and he does not analyse the fascinating question of what operates outside and what inside Arabic literature so far as his pieces are concerned. When he cites Mahmoud Darwish's declaration that he was influenced by Lorca and Neruda, or Adonis's that he was influenced by René Char, we are being led to believe that those are the influences that counted. The fact is, as any reader of Adonis knows, that there are powerful Islamic or Arabic influences that may seem more important (e.g. Noffari and al-Sayuti). And surely Darwish was influenced by Fadwa Tuqan and Jabra and Sayyab as much as he was by Lorca and Neruda.

There is a further matter. Dr Badawi's citation of his poets' views on their art is always interesting and valuable. But he is uncommonly willing to take what they say about themselves as a sure guide to what in fact they do and are as poets (e.g. in the passage quoted above about Abd el-Rahman Shukri). Is it not true that like Shukri, the statements made in a poem, the poet's statements about his art need to be treated less as ordinary language expressions than as aspects of poetic intentionality, which require a more complex decoding than the simple face value assurances that Dr Badawi finds in them? Besides, why cite Adonis's views on poetry without also taking into account his massive 1974 dissertation (published in Beirut), *Al Thabit wal mutahaul*, on the tradition of Arabic poetry? What are the criteria by which some statements made by a poet are considered to be useful and others not? These are problematics that no one writing about modern French poetry say, or modern American poetry, can afford to ignore: why should we assume that they are any less relevant to a study of modern Arabic poetry?

For, as I said earlier, there is a whole critical literature, both Western and Arabic, that Dr Badawi slights by ignoring it, as if perhaps to suggest that Arabic poetry is a relatively simple matter and has no need of the kind of complexity normally accorded poetry by Westerners. The Beirut journal *Mawaqif*, to say nothing of *Shi'r* and *al-Adab*, the criticism of Khalida Said (whom Dr Badawi mentions far too allusively), Ghali Shukri, Kamal Abu Dib, Samir Sayegh, and a whole group of intelligent and sophisticated contemporary critics — all these deal amply with influence (and its anxieties), tradition, originality, structure, poetry and society, metre, unity, in a way that complicates similar discussions of similar matters in Western journals and by advanced Western critics. For Dr Badawi unaccountably swerves from them, and his book is, I think, the poorer for it.

In fairness to Dr Badawi, we must grant that a discussion of prosodic experiment in Bayyati or Jabra is likely to be too clumsy to produce for an English audience, which cannot be expected to get the meaning of a single Arabic syllable. But why must the alternative be the sort of *literalism*—the summary of a poem's contents, as if a poem and a suitcase required the same degree of subtlety in "unpack" them—that Dr Badawi produces?

I suppose I am saying too that there is an absence of drama, and no feel for the intensity of poetic as well as historical reality, in what Dr Badawi writes. For him Adonis's great poem "Akiki" (whose title Dr Badawi mistakenly translates as "Friend", whereas it should be "My Brother") and Hawi's "Lazarus 1962" are poems of disillusion, and yet what of the enormously varying degree of worldliness in each, the fact that one poem was written in the inter-war period, the other after two decades of Arab independence? There is such a thing as a specifically Arab history to which Arab poets have responded, and which they themselves have had a share in making. On this peculiarly lived and felt history, with its eccentric dates, periods, waves and currents, Dr Badawi is strangely silent. For him it seems that there is a rough equivalence between one historical period and another; each, equally, gets into poetry, just as he assumes too that the relationship between a poet and his historical moment is an undeviating relationship between a reality and its literal transcriber.

As a scheme for Arab literary history, Dr Badawi's book will not do. One cannot know from it that such dates as 1948, 1956, 1967, 1970, 1973 have a significance for the Arab poet that far exceed the importance for him of the two world wars. Neither can one learn from Dr Badawi how the poets, among themselves, used and evaluated each other; for modern Arabic poetry, like all poetry, is a language and a community of readers and writers. Of this relation Dr Badawi is innocent. What we miss in his writing is a genuine comparatism, one of whose functions is to illustrate the different durations, temporalities, figures, configurations to be found in the various literary histories available to us and to him. Lurking behind Dr Badawi's prose is the sense that T. S. Eliot, *The Dial*, and I. A. Richards matter far more than such groupings as the *Shi'r* group, or Lewis Awad, and the writers influenced by him, or the Resistance poets: and this preference finally distorts—indeed makes it impossible for Dr Badawi finally to render the continuities and discontinuities of modern Arabic poetry. Why? Because in the main that poetry has expressed the uneven development of modern Arab society, as well as its revolutionary thrust, and it has expressed that development in modes *fundamentally sympathetic with it*.

Dr Badawi, on the other hand, stands back from the whole business, denying it its internal and native coherence, unwilling (or perhaps unable) to grant that modern Arabic poetry has achieved the independent stature given it by its time, place, and society. Why this lapse should occur in the work of a scholar otherwise so perceptive about such issues (see, for example, the concluding paragraphs of Badawi's critique of J. E. Bencheikh's *Poétique arabe*—*TLS*, April 30, 1976) is a vexing mystery.

The American sociologist Robert Merton some years ago wrote an essay called "Insiders and Outsiders", whose very suggestive theme is the dilemma affecting such fields as black studies and women's studies: need an "insider" (a black, a woman) always be considered the final authority in such fields, he asked, or is there some forceful insight that only an "outsider" can bring to bear, by virtue of his outsider-status? Merton's exploration of the dilemma is too complex and rich to summarize here, but even in having articulated the issues he makes us aware of their considerable relevance to other sorts of "area studies", as they have been called.

When a scholar is as fortunate as Dr Badawi in being so authentically learned in two traditions, in being a part of two worlds, we realize that being an insider or an outsider is for him largely a matter of choice. Yet it is precisely in his choices that Dr Badawi has, I believe, miscalculated: he has chosen to be an outsider [illegible] the insider's existential [illegible] would have been truly useful. His reading of modern Arabic poetry [illegible] too cold a light on places [illegible] for an audience of outsiders. Moreover, identification with his subject-matter would have been more warmly illuminating. Conversely, the outsider method he picks is historically and intellectually maladjusted to the poetry he applies it to. *A Critical Introduction to Modern Arabic Poetry* is a useful and respectable book, yet a sadly reticent and passionless one.

To the Editor

'Destination Disaster'

Sir,—I was one of hundreds who filled the American Church in North Audley Street for the memorial service a few days after the crash of the DC-10 into the Forest of Ermenonville on March 3, 1974. But my share of the grief that filled that congregation was not the only emotion that I have felt about that disaster. The rest is anger. The tragedy was man-made, foreseeable, avoidable and inexcusable. It was made possible by that cynical indifference on the part of persons charged with public responsibilities which is the cruellest form of the corruption generated by the connection between competitive business and modern politics.

Now Oliver Stewart, reviewing *Destination Disaster* (November 26), suggests that apportioning the blame might be "a sterile exercise". One can agree, as he observes, that "the blame should be spread over many people and most of all, perhaps, upon the officers of those government organizations which have the power to inspect and to reject". But he concludes merely that "The Ermenonville disaster has been thoroughly investigated and we must hope that its warnings are heeded".

Is that to be all? Dare we hope so much? And beyond this hope, what security have we for the future? Not one of the people responsible has been charged with criminal negligence; not one, so far as I know, has been removed from office or recalled from an overseas embassy as being unfit for public service. When I have raised this topic in conversation in the United States the attitude I have encountered has been one that encompassed a somewhat distant expression of regret at the personal losses in a phlegmatic indifference to the moral corruption that brought them to pass. It is a high price to pay for the comfortable connections between corporate profits and political jobs.

I, for one, agree with the authors' demand for a congressional inquiry as I do not believe that the passage of time should be allowed to have the effect of trivializing one's initial feelings. Less than three years later, after all, the children would not yet have been grown-ups.

J. R. POLE.
Churchill College, Cambridge
CB3 0DS.

'Scoundrel Time'

Sir,—Despite the remarks of Alan Maclean and Diana Trilling (Letters, December 10), I stand by my review. To be criticized from either side, as it were, may at least suggest that it was impartial.

Pace Mrs Trilling, I had of course read—and admired—her late husband's introduction to the new edition of *The Middle of the Journey*. It was for this reason, *pace* Mr Maclean, that I was not concerned to "revise" Lionel Trilling's assessment of Whittaker Chambers as "a man of honour", but to read it less literally and in the context that limits and qualifies it. Without that context, the phrase is misleading, as Mrs Trilling herself implies in explaining "the [illegible] that of 526 accounts which it was used [illegible] pilgrimage none [illegible] pilgrimage and a portion of the pilgrimage of life, was conceived as a one-way journey." Yet Margery Kemp's account is scarcely so apocalyptic: she not only narrates her return from Jerusalem, but tells us of the "anticlimax" of subsequent pilgrimages by lesser places. Again, R. J. Mitchell's *The Spring Voyage* (1964) shows fifteenth-century pilgrims who described their return. It seems that some pilgrims, at least, knew where they were going and were not as one-way as Professor Fowler suggests. And surely many of those 526 pilgrimage accounts work like modern itineraries that print stopping places in one direction only: that is, they take for granted that you will return exactly the way you came.

ANGUS EASSON.
Royal Holloway College, Egham, Surrey.

Evangelists and Evangelicals

Sir,—I hope it is not too unfair to use Bernard Bergonzi as an occasion for making a (regrettably) too generally applicable point. What, I wonder, is "evangelical" supposed to mean in his statement (November 26) that "Many of us . . . believe that Leavis's evangelical emphasis distorts the teaching of literature as a humane discipline"? I suspect that in fact it means evangelistic (the "urgent voice . . . goes on demanding 'Are you saved?'"). The confusion is getting common.

An evangelical is a person holding certain theologically rather conservative, characteristically Pauline beliefs; beliefs that marked out, say, Wesley and Whitefield and the Clapham Sect. Evangelical, the adjective, describes that sort of belief or people: as in G. R. Balleine's *A History of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England* (1908) or Ian Bradley's recent *The Call to Seriousness: The Evangelical Impact on the Victorians*. An evangelical is a rather specific kind of Christian. Leavis is not, then, accurately to be described as evangelical. He is not even, clearly, any kind of Christian at all. He cannot, either, be said to have an "evangelical emphasis", for evangelical, denoting as it does something untransferably fixed and specific cannot, I think, helpfully be used metaphorically. "Play Evangelical Piano"—an advertisement I have seen in American evangelical papers—literally invites you to learn the peculiar style found in lots of evangelical assemblies. It is not a metaphorical use.

Evangelical gives Evangelicalism as the umbrella name for the body of evangelical doctrines and the sect of believers in them (not, as some people rather carelessly call it, reviving an extinct term, Evangelism). Evangelism is rather the activity of the evangelist (in the sense of "Gospel preacher"). What he does by way of persuading to faith in the Christian Gospel is evangelistic. Since such persuasive efforts are metaphorically transferable to any persuader, so also is the description evangelistic. Evangelism is not an evangelical but his fictions can be said to be evangelistic: they invite you to repent and be converted to his religion of the blood or the supremacy or whatever—i.e. to "get saved". Leavis too is—as Bergonzi means but does not say—evangelistic.

It would make a great deal for clarity if critics—who are fond of borrowing Christian terminology, and of generalizing about the religious status of people in novels—would get these terms straighter. It would also be fairer if Bergonzi, while legitimately engaged in putting Leavis to us as an evangelist, did not also let in under the skirts of the metaphor a gratuitous bit of the old stereotype of the evangelical and/or evangelistic preacher—"the harsh urgent voice". In reality Leavis's voice is not at all harsh, and I even have my doubts about how urgent it is.

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM.
Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Return Pilgrims

Sir,—Alastair Fowler's review (November 12) of Donald R. Howard's *The Idea of the Canterbury Tales* reports that "Professor Howard is [illegible]".

I naturally accept what she says about not recognizing any need to defend her husband's opinions, and look forward to reading her own in the book that Little, Brown selected. I agree, too, that [illegible] the same universe. Granted, however, I am long disturbed by Dashiell Hammett's and Lillian Hellman's naive views on stalinism than by the newly fashionable "revisionism" that falsifies professional history.

This, perhaps, will explain to Mr Maclean the deliberate paradox he seems to have missed in picking up my phrase about "hares and hounds". Some defaulting "liberals" with the McCarthyite hounds as well as away from them. I hold no more brief for them than for any hares now hunting with the revisionist pack.

RICHARD MAYNE.

'In Defence of Dr Hoeppli'

Sir,—Hugh Trevor-Roper's letter of December 3 must be taken as a reaffirmation of his statements in *A Hidden Life* that Dr Reinhard Hoeppli was "perhaps somewhat naive", that he was "taken in", that he considered Sir Edmund Backhouse "a reliable authority" and, regarding Backhouse's memoir, that he "had no doubts of its truth". Since my article (Commentary, November 26) presented in direct quotation a multitude of doubts on Hoeppli's part of the memoir's truth and of Backhouse's reliability, and since Professor Trevor-Roper doesn't question the accuracy of my quotations, or offer any statement by Hoeppli saying that he considered Backhouse reliable or his memoir true, a reply from me is scarcely necessary.

But Professor Trevor-Roper's letter unfortunately misunderstands other statements in the same way as he has misunderstood Dr Hoeppli's. It says of me: "He suggests that, in the absence of 'positive' evidence" to the contrary, we are free to believe Backhouse's stories of his love affairs with Lord Rosebery and the Empress Dowager. . . . The basis of this sentence is the following passage in my article:

> *A Hidden Life* scouts as inventions Backhouse's claims of having had love affairs with Paul Verlaine, Lord Rosebery, and the Empress Dowager Tzu-hsi. They may not be so, though no positive evidence has been found to dismiss the last two. But with Verlaine, Professor Trevor-Roper has been able to establish that Verlaine was not teaching Backhouse at Ascot when Backhouse says he was, and on this basis concludes that the other love affairs were equally fictitious. He is probably right, but the naive Dr Hoeppli had already suggested this line of investigation. Hoeppli's postscript does say explicitly, "It should be possible to verify whether Verlaine was actually for a brief period teacher in St George's School in Ascot". If this is naive, a historian has profited by it.

There is no statement here that we are free to believe anything, except that Professor Trevor-Roper has faithfully followed Dr Hoeppli's tip about Verlaine, a point which he does not deny.

Professor Trevor-Roper offers me two elementary lessons, one in vocabulary and the other in methodology. The informs me that a typescript is not a manuscript. It is. The second lesson is that, if a work is based fundamentally on fantasy, not one of its statements "has any evidential value whatsoever". This seems a good rule, though at variance with what Professor Trevor-Roper maintains on page 281 of *A Hidden Life*, "the mere fact that Backhouse said something does not make it untrue. Indeed, his fantasies are always interwoven with truth, which is what makes them so tantalizing: the difficulty is to trace the dividing frontier between truth and fiction." By his own methodology, no such effort is warranted. Dr Hoeppli agrees with the position espoused in *A Hidden Life*, and he speaks in this sense, in the sentence to which Professor Trevor-Roper now attaches such importance when he says that the memoirs "are not purely imaginary but are fundamentally based on facts".

Fortunately, Dr Hoeppli did not regard himself as a prosecuting attorney, but as a friendly editor. He indicates what can be said of the memoirist, that Backhouse had an exceptional memory, and an even more exceptional imagination. He also indicates that, since it was already known that Backhouse had used a forged diary in one of his earlier published "histories", the whole of the two late memoirs might turn out to be "entirely products of an extraordinary, rather morbid imagination". What he found finally defensible in them was not their truth, for he had already pushed Backhouse into conceding that parts of them were untrue, but their verve as fictions.

If Professor Trevor-Roper continues to hold that Dr Hoeppli was indeed Backhouse's "victim", the best and only evidence is the unpublished postscript. Through his connections with Hoeppli's literary executors, to whom he again refers, perhaps he could obtain consent for the publication of Hoeppli's postscript. In that case readers could judge for themselves whether or not this generous and astute editor has been fairly represented.

RICHARD ELLMANN.
New College, Oxford.

'Unity Mitford'

Sir,—Your reviewer Alastair Forbes on November 26 accused me of trying to suppress and Robert Skidelsky of omitting a matter which he considered important. The facts had already been published in three contemporary newspapers and four postwar books. So there was no point in suppressing nor object in omitting a repetition, if correct.

Mr Forbes accepted the version of the author under review who stated that I thanked Streicher for his "advice". The newspapers and four books now available state that I thanked him for his "message", a stock reply at that time to messages coming from all over the world. There is a considerable difference between thanking for congratulations and taking of advice, which may moderate the strictures if not the prejudice of Mr Forbes.

OSWALD MOSLEY.
1 Rue des Lacs, Orsay 91, France.

Sir,—The alleged "flagrant untruths" which Stephen Spender (Letters, December 3) has chosen to pick on in my review of David Pryce-Jones's book are taken from a passage where I sought to show how the Germany of 1934-35 most problem-ridden year of well-brought-up English girls of that date", not how it appeared to a schoolboy like myself. Mr Pryce-Jones set the tone when he quoted one finishing-schoolgirl as saying "One heard that Hitler had gone into Bochum room and said 'Schuft, du bist verhaftet'" and this version of the SA chief's sexual predilections, arrest and execution was certainly widely believed by Nazis and anti-Nazis, Germans and non-Germans at that time. I am not clear what point Mr Spender seeks to make here.

It is common knowledge that the *Sturm Abteilungen* leaders had become sufficiently critical of the direction of Hitler's policies for them to be dubbed "traitors" to National-Socialist faith and dogma, and it was because the army was made to believe that Roehm and the others were "traitors" that it took part in the night of the long knives. Further, had I happened to be a schoolgirl at the time", as Mr Spender whimsically suggests, I could hardly fail to have noted that, although in April 1932 Hindenburg was elected President by 19,360,000 votes to Hitler's 13,418,000, nevertheless on January 30, 1933, he sent for Hitler as Chancellor and that the latter absorbed the Presidency with his "Führer and Reichskanzler" Headship of State on Hindenburg's death in August 1934. Such legalities would pass for democratic in the circles Pryce-Jones's book and my review of it were describing.

ALASTAIR FORBES.

'Love Letters'

Sir,—It is very sad to see in your review of Antonia Fraser's *Love Letters: an Anthology* (November 12) a quotation from a letter stated to have been written by Chopin to Delphine Potocka, "printed here unexpurgated for the first time, in which he plays at length on the conceit that in the act of love an artist wastes his creativity".

The letter in question is quoted in an even more unexpurgated version in the appendix to *Chopin's Letters* (Heinemann, 1962), by Arthur Hedley, the long-acknowledged authority on Chopin. This letter, together with *all* the letters purporting to have been written by Chopin to Delphine Potocka in the possession of the psychopathic Mme Czernicka, who never produced the originals and who committed suicide in 1949 on the day of the hundredth anniversary of Chopin's death, was pronounced spurious by the Chopin Institute of Warsaw after an exhaustive investigation of the whole distasteful affair.

KETH LAYCOCK.
Springfield Mount, Addingham, Yorkshire.

'The Silbury Treasure'

Sir,—The charge of tampering with quotations (Letters, November 26) is not one which any reviewer in your pages would make lightly. The following extracts (which can easily be multiplied) will allow your readers to judge whether Michael Dames has quoted his sources accurately.

"The workmen dug up the body of a great king there buried in the centre, very little below the surface. The bones extremely rotten, so that they crumbled them in pieces with their fingers. The soil was altogether chalk, dug from the side of the hill below, of which the whole barrow is made. Six weeks after, I came luckily to rescue a great curiosity which they took up there . . ." (W. Stukeley, *Abury*, 1743, pages 41-42).

"The workmen dug up the body of a great king there buried in the centre, very little below the surface, the bones were extremely rotten so that they crumbled to pieces with the fingers. Six weeks after I came luckily to rescue a great curiosity which they took up there . . ." (Michael Dames, *The Silbury Treasure*, 1976, page 14).

"*Silbury*. I consists of a central conical mound . . . . Above this are four layers of mixed gravel, chalk and soil, each about 0.5m (20in) in thickness and each of horizontally banded construction, the result of tipping individual basket-loads of materials in a controlled manner. This complex primary mound stands on an almost level terrace, of natural origin, on the slope of the spur covered by the main mound. There is no surrounding quarry-ditch, and all the constituent materials seem to have been derived from valley-bottom deposits, at a distance of several hundred metres to the north and east." (R. J. C. Atkinson, *Antiquity*, XLII, 1968, page 299.)

"Silbury I stands on an almost level natural terrace. There is no surrounding quarry ditch. All the materials seem to have been derived from the valley bottom deposits collected at a distance of several hundred meters to the North or East." "The four conical layers were of mixed chalk, gravel and soil, each about 20 inches thick, and each of horizontally banded structure, the result of tipping individual basket loads in a controlled manner." (ALESSANDRA NIBBI, *The Silbury Treasure*, page 41.)

One may well ask whether Mr Dames understands the distinction between quotation and paraphrase.

My views on the reliability of inferences about prehistoric religion are not quite as eccentric as Mr Dames asserts. If he had read more widely he would know that they coincide with those of Professor C. P. C. Hawkes (*American Anthropologist* LVI, 1954, pages 155-168) and of Professor Stuart Piggott (*Approach to Archaeology*, London: Black, 1959, pages 11-12). I am unrepentantly guilty of the opportunity of saying once again that for the interpretation of archaeological evidence mere imagination is not enough. It needs disciplined thought as well. When this is lacking, nonsense ensues.

R. J. C. ATKINSON.
University College, Cardiff.

'The Sea Peoples and Egypt'

Sir,—Having only in the last few days returned from Egypt and seen Kenneth Kitchen's review of my book, *The Sea Peoples and Egypt* (September 3), I believe the interests of ancient history, as well as my own, require an answer.

It is a pity when a scholar of Kenneth Kitchen's calibre speaks of "facts and properly weighed evidence" and then proceeds to list his own assumptions totally unsupported by any evidence and bringing in material extraneous to the discussion in my book. He speaks of "the clear evidence of texts, scenes and monuments" which prove me mistaken on "almost every point". Let him produce some of them, at least! The says of the Sea Peoples that "none are Semitic, or originally from Canaan, much less the Delta". Why, then, do the texts repeatedly call these enemies *camw*, the common term for Western Asiatics, shown also on the tombs from Beni Hassan (Newberry, Volume I, plate XXXI) to be very Semitic-looking indeed? Why are they clearly stated in the texts to be worshippers of Baal and to be circumcised? Why do the texts have them using the word *shalom* which is not otherwise used in the Egyptian language of this period?

My reviewer says that "the entire Delta was overwhelmingly Egyptian in population, religion, language, culture, etc" *from* the middle of the third millennium onwards. He gives no sources at all for these statements.

The discussion centring on "Great Green" is a very crucial one because a great deal follows from the way it is understood. My examination of its use indicates that it *never* means "sea". In addition to this, one can find no pictorial evidence of the sea in the Egyptian paintings and reliefs. Nor can we find any god for seafarers in the Egyptian pantheon, a fact that should make us all think very hard. If I am right in saying that "Great Green" never means "sea" it follows that the ancient Egyptians did not have a word for sea until they adopted the Semitic word *yam* from the Eighteenth Dynasty onwards. But even this word seems very rarely to mean sea in the literature.

ALEXANDER ROBERTS.
13 Lovelace Road, Oxford.

Stanbrook Abbey

Sir,—It may be a little churlish to express anything but appreciation for the kindly report of our current exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum in the *TLS* Commentary of November 19. But it seems that some of the "bubbling joy" behind the "spoof history" which gave your reporter pleasure, has communicated itself and travelled down to the tip of his pen—or to the keys of his typewriter. For the benefit of those readers who seek sober truth rather than whimsy from the columns of the *TLS*, may I clarify a few points?

Cancelleresca Bastarda was designed by Jan van Krimpen in the 1930s as part of a scheme for a fully comprehensive family of types covering the period between Aldus and Stanley Morison. The war cut short the completion of the project but today, under the name of Romulus, some of these related faces are available on Monotype while the script type, of the series has been cut by Joh. Enschedé en Zonen of Haarlem for setting by hand. Alas, we cannot claim the distinction of having had Cancelleresca Bastarda produced for the Stanbrook Abbey Press, but it was the first van Krimpen face installed here and was later followed by Romanée, Spectrum and Lutetia.

Max Eschmann wrote the famous *Desiderata*, in 1927, and after his death it was published with other of his poems in 1948 by the Bruce Humphries Publishing Co of Boston, Mass. The attribution "Found in old St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, dated 1692" probably stems from a reproduction in a church publication of old St Paul's which somehow omitted its correct provenance. Other explanations may be forthcoming which were not available when we printed the edition for Heal's, now on show, in 1975.

I hope your generous reporter will accept these amendments in the spirit in which they are offered.

SISTER HILDELITH CUMMING
Stanbrook Abbey
The Printer, Stanbrook Abbey Press, Worcester.

Waugh's Letters

Sir,—I have been appointed by the executors to edit the letters of Evelyn Waugh. Could I appeal to anyone who has, or knows the whereabouts of, any letter by Waugh to get in touch with me?

MARK AMORY.
Hele Manor, Dulverton, Somerset.

Among this week's contributors

STEPHEN BANN is the author of *Experimental Painting*, 1970.

C. R. BOXER's most recent book is *The Anglo-Dutch Wars of the Seventeenth Century*, 1974.

DAVID BRION DAVIS's books include *The Problem of Slavery in the Age of Revolution 1770-1823*, 1975.

PETER FAWCETT is a Lecturer in French at the University of Leicester.

PAUL GOLDBERGER is a staff writer on *The New York Times*.

ELSA GOVEIA's books include *Slave Society in the British Leeward Islands at the End of the Eighteenth Century*, 1966.

SIR JOHN HACKETT was Principal of King's College London until last year.

NORMAN HAMMOND is editor of *South Asian Archaeology* (1973) and of the journal *Afghan Studies*.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON is Professor of French History at the University of London.

HUGH KEARNEY's books include *Science and Change 1500-1700*, 1970.

LINDA KELLY's *The Young Romantics* was published earlier this year.

BERNARD KNOX is Director of the Center for Hellenic Studies, Washington DC.

LIONEL KOCHAN is Reader in Jewish History at the University of Warwick.

JEROME MCGANN's *Don Juan in Context* has just been published.

CHARLES MADGE is the author (with Barbara Weinberger) of *Art Students Observed*, 1973.

KENNETH O. MORGAN's books include *Lloyd George*, 1974 and *Keir Hardie*, 1975.

RODNEY NEEDHAM is Professor of Social Anthropology at the University of Oxford.

J. G. PORTER was formerly Principal Scientific Officer at the Royal Greenwich Observatory, London.

JOHN REX is Professor of Sociology at the University of Warwick.

PETER RIVIERE's books include *Marriage Among the Trio*, 1969 and *The Forgotten Frontier*, 1972.

EDWARD W. SAID's *Beginnings* was published in the United States in 1975.

A. W. B. SIMPSON is Professor of Law at the University of Kent.

LUCY SUTHERLAND's books include *The East India Company in Eighteenth-Century Politics*, 1952.

ANTHONY THWAITE's most recent book of poems is *New Confessions*, 1974.

HUGH TINKER's *The Banyan Tree: Overseas Emigrants from India, Pakistan and Bangladesh* will be published next spring.

J. P. WATKINS is Professor of Medical Microbiology at the Welsh National School of Medicine.

W. MONTGOMERY WATT's recent books include *The Formative Period of Islamic Thought*, 1973 and *The Majesty that was Islam*, 1974.

CHARLES WHEELER was BBC correspondent in Washington from 1965 to 1973.

P. J. P. WHITEHEAD is head of the fish section at the Natural History Museum, London.

ALISON WINTON is a Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge.

D. B. W. WORMELL is co-author with H. W. Parke, of *The Delphic Oracle*, 1956.

T. C. WOSSLEY's books include *Television: The Ephemeral Art*, 1970.

The coming of the professionals

By John Hackett

MICHAEL HOWARD:
War in Modern European History
165pp Oxford University Press. £3.50 (paperback, £1.50).

Michael Howard was still Fellow of All Souls in Defence Studies and not yet Chichele Professor of the History of War when he was invited by the Oxford University Press to write for its paperback series a successor to *The Art of War from the Age of Napoleon to the present Day*, by former Chichele Professor Cyril Falls. Whether everyone would agree with what Professor Howard says, with characteristic modesty, of the book by Cyril Falls, that it is "an inimitable gem of learning and exposition which leaves very little more to be said on the subjects that he covered", or not, his own *War in European History* is something more than a successor to it. It covers much more ground and is a good deal better.

War, in Professor Howard's view, is more than what might be called a military exercise, whose history is to be studied in some degree of abstraction for the more effective prosecution of wars to come. It is a part of the totality of human experience: there is no branch of human activity whose study is not to a greater or lesser extent relevant to what is still called, in a constricting term of convenience which is becoming less appropriate all the time, "military history". This little book, which is largely based on the Rudcliffe Lectures given at Warwick University in 1975, sets our to look at warfare in the context of European history seen as a coherent whole, in which the parts—political, economic, social, cultural, agrarian, industrial, military—are intimately and indissoluble related. It examines warfare in European history in seven chapters, dealing in turn with the wars of the knights, of the mercenaries, of the merchants, of the professionals, of the revolution, of the nations and of the technologists. There is a brief epilogue on the nuclear age.

In considering a book whose contents were originally conceived in lecture form some general reflections may be in order. Whether what is to persist in the written word is best formulated in the first instance for delivery in the spoken is open to doubt. Not every topic divides up tidily into parts of uniform length, each taking some fifty minutes to read aloud, which are required in a series of lectures. Conveyance of meaning through the spoken word is slower than through the written. The arresting phrase which helps to keep the attention of the hearer may be less needed when the text is to be read in silence. There are no footnotes in speech; punctuation, like the good Victorian child, though seen is rarely heard; references, which the serious reader likes to see in some profusion, to note, take up or ignore at his own choice, can only sparingly and skilfully be presented to the hearer.

Epic verse, with all the formulaic aids to recollection found in Homer, may lend itself better to being spoken aloud than read in silence. The same might not be true of history, whether Clio, as some argue, is a literary muse or not. The thought of Bishop Stubbs setting up on Sundown racecourse with a bagful of select charters is an engaging one; but the trade, in competition with the attraction of other books, might not be brisk. A lecture series has its own disciplines and will gain front conformity to them, as the sonnet is said to do in the observance of those applying there. They are not the same as those bearing on the writing of history to be read.

Michael Howard knows where the traps are in preparing lectures for publication and avoids them pretty successfully. It is possible that the occasional thought might have been expressed differently if it were to be conveyed initially in writing rather than in speech but he always writes with integrity and charm and has produced here a lively and readable little book. He is more at home in some parts of his topic than others (his judgment might perhaps be suspect over the whole if he were not) but what he has to say always commands respect and the depth of his penetration in so small a space is admirable.

The medievalist with an interest in cavalry might not agree with everything he finds in "The Wars of the Knights". It is justly observed that the introduction of the stirrup enabled the horse to be used "not simply for mobility but for fighting". The horse became, in effect, an elevated, fairly stable weapons-platform from which heavy hand-held weapons could be used by men wearing protective armour. This led to the dominance of the mounted armoured man-at-arms over most of the battlefields of Europe for half a millennium and the persistence of a political and social system brought into being by the need for his maintenance; the system of western European feudalism, in which much of our way of life, in its laws, institutions and culture, has developed. Feudal Europe rode into history on the stirrup.

But the mounted armoured man-at-arms was only one of the two main elements in the weapons system (to use today's phrase) upon which the feudal system depended and with which the wars of the knights were fought. The other was the fortified habitation which, with its ability to deny entry, furnished the man-at-arms with a secure base. On the chessboard of medieval Europe the castle and the knight were the dominant pieces. It was the mobility of the mounted man, moreover, and his greater radius of action from a secure base, no less than the advantage of elevation and armour, that ensured his dominance. His horse had to be a sound, reasonably handy weight-carrier and a good doer, for forage supplies were often uncertain. Momentum in the charge was probably quite unimportant as has been suggested here. As for protection in equipment it is doubtful whether the coat of mail was "after the horse itself the knight's most valuable possession" except just possibly in terms of money. His most important piece of equipment was his main armament—his sword. In the *Nibelungenlied* it is Siegfried's sword that enables him to behead, often, except in Wagner's Ring, a lot of altogether secondary importance as ancillary defence.

There are other aspects of the tradition, have of medieval warfare which invite question—the matter of heraldry, for example. To bear arms, to have a crest on one's helmor and symbols on one's shield instantly recognizable ..... became ... for a thousand years a symbol of nobility. For what it is worth it still is." An armiger is not by definition noble and probably never has been. If he ever was this did not last for a millennium. The old distinction in Ireland between the gentry and "the quality" had existed for a long time. And when did that late addition to the heraldic vocabulary, the crest, ever signify nobility? Other more important questions arise. While a nation-state could conceivably have emerged out of the post-Carolingian Middle Kingdom, is the claim justified that Charles the Bold's squandering of his army promoted "*Burgundy* from establishing itself" (my italics) "as it quite easily might have done as one of the great nations of Europe"? Is it quite correct to say that the bronze artillery train of Charles VIII laid every castle it attacked in ruins, or to describe those who served guns in the Middle Ages as a "professional group"—or to give the cloth yard of the longbow a length of six feet?

These are among many little points which so careful a scholar might well have looked at again if he were composing for the written record and not for oral exposition. The chapter in which they occur is none the less sparkling and informative. The distinction, for example, between "chivalry", where mounted men of good birth fought as individuals, and "cavalry", an arm available for use (but all too rarely used) in joint action with other arms, declining into the elegant anachronism of the twentieth century, is a just one. The recovery of supremacy on the battlefield by the infantry, the move towards stipendiary service, the emergence of "gens d'armes" in France as successors to the knights, in an army beginning to articulate into a pattern not basically different from that of Napoleon's in time yet to come, and much else besides, is faithfully and imaginatively handled.

In dealing with the wars of the mercenaries Professor Howard is on more familiar ground. The spread throughout Europe of political views given their most precise statement by Machiavelli, the replacement of "private" wars by "princely" wars fought between "perfect states", the extension of warfare under commercial contract with the inevitable reluctance of contractors to put their trading stock at risk and the consequent low casualty rate, the increasing importance of gunpowder—both in the extending use of small arms and the new turn given to siegecraft—is admirably explored.

The chapter on the wars of the merchants brings us into the next distinguishable phase. "Pecunia nervus belli", for which Professor Howard offers us with his customary elegance the French rendering "pas d'argent, pas de Suisses". As the mercantile interests of the countries of Europe expand overseas the growing importance of trade, and the increasing influence of the men who conduct it, is reflected in the pattern of international conflict. The mounting of big guns on ocean-going sailing ships opens new possibilities in the mechanics of war, in what has become by the late seventeenth century a contest between Dutch, English and French, conducted more and more outside Europe. As major national interests assert themselves, it becomes less and less the war of the merchants and more the war of the military professionals. In examining it Professor Howard shows not only a high command of secondary sources, but also skill in their management.

The chapter on the wars of the professionals which follows is one so sunny in tone that it follows that Cyril Falls [illegible] read it as good. It follows the development in formation structure, in weapons, in battlefield procedures and in military administration which make warfare at last a demanding and specialized sphere of professional activity. It may not be quite true to say that it is only now "possible to draw any clear distinction between the military and the civilian elements in society". The medieval distinction between those who fought, worked and prayed had been pretty clear and so was the position of burghers in the communes of the late Middle Ages and Renaissance who made their wars by contract. The growing specialization of the military professions under the increasing demands made upon it as the eighteenth century wears on, however, greatly sharpens the distinction. Armed forces are now kept in service all the year round, even though campaigning may be confined to the kinder months. Soldiers dig and drill. The Dutch, and states of which Dutch divisions are the lineal heirs. The French develop a level of military administration hitherto unknown. The cavalry arm comes into its own; "more concentrated and more controlled even levers? than the chivalry of the Middle Ages", charging home in a tactic certainly improved and exploited by Cromwell but first brought into England from Sweden by Prince Rupert.

The matchlock musket gives way to the flintlock, far superior in reliability and rate of fire; the bayonet replaces the pike; artillery becomes more truly mobile; field supply is assured and armies no longer have to live precariously off the countryside. These are professional developments. The development of one of them is to bring the obscure German state of Prussia to a position in which it will be able, in the next century but one, almost to threaten world domination. Meanwhile, asked the Comte de Guibert in 1772, was there any people in Europe sufficiently vigorous to oppose by force of arms its will upon its neighbours? His own was about to furnish the answer.

"The Wars of the Revolution" follow the nineteenth-century fortunes of France, in which revolutionary élan harnessed by imperial military genius on land was to succumb to high military professionalism at sea. It was the Royal Navy that defeated Napoleon. The armies of Britain and her allies delivered, though at great pain and cost, what was in fact little more than the coup-de-grâce. All the time, pretty well unnoticed, momentum was developing in the irreversible advance to total war.

We come thus to the "Wars of the Nations". Professionalism changes its style: leaders may still be heroes but must also be managers and (though few were) sometimes even engineers. More important, the trends of the preceding century have made possible, as they have also made indispensable, "the total mobilization of all the resources of society for a prolonged struggle lasting years". The longest purse won. From now on the question would be how could wars "be fought more skilfully; less wastefully; above all more decisively".

The chapter, "The Wars of the Technologists", probably has to be called that for reasons of symmetry. It is, however, the Second World War that it is really about; its background, its techniques, its legacy. Sea power, land power, air power, all underwent dizzy changes, in the end, the introduction of atomic weapons put a question mark over the very possibility of further world conflict under arms in the future. Their use marked not only the probable end of the age of mass warfare. It also brought to a close "that era of European world dominance which the voyages of Columbus and Vasco da Gama had opened nearly five hundred years earlier".

This book, written with the clarity and charm which his admirers have come to look for from Michael Howard is to some extent the victim of the form in which it is cast. Dealing, as its terms of reference and title require, with warfare in the context of European history, it first of all makes demands on a historian whose special field (as he frankly admits in the foreword) is not the Middle Ages—demands which he none the less meets ably. At the end it tails off somewhat because the importance of war in our time has long since ceased to be a matter of exclusively, or even largely, European concern. Pearl Harbor brought the United States into the Second World War and Red Army counter-attacks north of Moscow not only revealed the massive power of the Soviet Union but wrenched the whole centre of gravity eastwards. The future of warfare lies under a mushroom cloud, even if nuclear weapons are not used in it. The only two used so far have been in a conflict between non-European states on targets outside Europe.

This book, dwarfed by the author's massive recent work on Clausewitz, is none the less a welcome further indication that Michael Howard is unlikely to treat the Chichele Chair, which he is almost certainly the only distinguished military historian to have held, as something only to be sat in. Its middle chapters, and particularly the brilliant little essay on the eighteenth century, will win him many more admirers.

The love that's left

By Jerome McGann

ELEANOR LERMAN:
Come the Sweet By and By
73pp. University of Massachusetts Press. $7 (paperback, $3.50).

Easy enough to find the poetry of final revelations, last ditches, and the apocalypse in America. The Surrealist movement never found a better soil, whether in the northern or the southern continent. But nowadays we profess sometimes to be tired of such extremities, and for good reason. The undergrowth is thick with weeds, and besides, we are growing familiar with those hilarious or silent or melancholy forests. Where are the people in that desperate land?

Many of the best American poets writing now—Robert Pinsky, for example—have turned away from those wrung lines. The ordinary world and its everyday people have their wonders too. But Whitman and Dickinson established traditions of such depth that no amount of boring repetition can prevent their reappearance in the hands of a genuine inheritor.

This is what Eleanor Lerman is, an important new poet, and a strange avatar of Emily Dickinson. *Come the Sweet By and By*, her second book, moves so far beyond the tortured power of her first volume (*Armed Love*) that one hardly believes she has reached this level of rhythmic competence and emotional wisdom so quickly.

Play that part again
the part where she says, "I didn't
hear a word
you were saying. How can I hear
you with the cameras
clicking away? The union should
have told me
they were shooting freeze frame"
Play it again
I want to hear it every morning
when I wake up
expecting to be alive and well
and ending up having to run obscene films to encourage me to
eat
("Sweet Thing's Movie")

After the rains we sat in the broken
courtyard
and I asked her, "Mother, am I
mad?"
and she said, "Yes, my love, a
little"
and so you see, I am not surprised
("Magick")

The traumatized settings are familiar enough. What distinguishes her work in this mode is its humanoness, as if ordinary people in very typical American places, doing commonplace things, had unexpectedly discovered themselves and their environment to be possessed. The poems record how people try to maintain their most basic human feelings—love in particular—despite the fearful sense that the world they live in is out of their control. The theme is announced in the strange and lonely narrative which opens the book, with its wonderful dislocating pun on "bows" in the first line:

The Texas girls make deep and
courtly bows for each other
in chambers adjoining the ballroom
Their silence is secretive and
serious . . .
The never-to-be husbands stand
together
waiting for them in the carpeted
hallway
whispering across clear, ribboned
boxes of white carnations
about how ephemeral and
unladylike
the debutantes' bodies have
become
And will they ever walk through
that doorway again?
("The Texas Girls")

This goodbye to the empty love rituals of debutante balls also establishes the book's world, which is feminine. Here men will occupy a place only by special permission. The Texas girls "are left to ourselves now" and they leave their home towns, and all they were accustomed to, on a desperate journey of escape.

But while the caterer is being
consulted
and the escorts bribed
the debutantes have already started
to travel
Their schools and their clubs are
empty
They begin to suspect there was a
reason for how deep you curtsied
and how you contrived to leave the
glass doors open
and your luggage hidden in the
roses

This is not a secret call from a Madeline to a Porphyro. It is a leavetaking from the charmed princes. The escaped Texas girl is inviting the other debutantes, her true lovers, to this elopement ritual.

Most of the poems in the book are scenes—in scattered American localities, and often while travelling—of these lovers trying to get by and (to borrow a peculiarly appropriate old-fashioned term) cleave to one another. As Ms Lerman has herself expressed it: "Many of these poems are love poems, written at the point where love stopped being easy and somehow became a question of faith. . . . that despite what happens, in the end, the love that's left will be enough to get you through your last day." The comment is apt for, as the book's title suggests, the poems are haunted with a sense of final things. Love in these poems, as Ms Lerman has also said, is a way of "getting by—no matter how strange, difficult, absurd or grievous are the circumstances you find yourself in, there must be a way to survive them". Love here occupies small and suffocating areas, and seems a seed fallen among the thorns and stony places of typical American scenes. Nevertheless, as all the poems show, such love does not seem to need to fall upon a rich ground to live. It sprouts, survives; and it even translates its surroundings. Every day seems lived as if it were the last day, which is cherished as a weird promise of yet another final meeting "on that beautiful shore" in the sweet by and by. Lerman's people are "waiting for time to be repealed" ("Mountain Resort").

Therefore, "Deathward progressing/To no death was that visage". These are stories told by another Moneta, of a lost world that is recovered through love and its prophetic memory of lost love. Death is the preoccupation of such an apocalypse, as a gate of life:

What is it people say before they
die?
Do they ask for their tap shoes and
clutch their crimson garters
or do they turn to you and say
Was I so wrong that night we
didn't go dancing?
Do you love me any more?
("Relocating in Summer")

Always about to die, for love; to occupy such a position continually is a manoeuvre of terrible desperation, a hunt among stones ("but we are running out of surplus marrow/and have had to utilize the family pain supplies/Eventually we will be too crippled to separate"). Living this way, in poetry, is a way of showing what being alive means ("we go together, you and I/to make the summer games for us all"). The device is like the romance conventions of fairyland, which in fact these poems continually reproduce. Fairyland (terrible, wonderful, impossible) is not itself our attachment, or what we are meant to long for; it is the occasion for revealing precise and memorable images of true human attachments. This is why the enamelled surfaces and ritual localities and events in these poems are so important, and why they would evaporate to nothing if they were not the manifesting (and disappearing) frame for all the common, small talk. The power of these poems issues out of that necessary marriage of the strange and the piteously familiar.

Against all expectations

By Anthony Thwaite

GAVIN EWART:
No Fool Like an Old Fool
75pp. Gollancz. £2.95.

In some moods, Gavin Ewart can seem like the *New Statesman* Weekend Competitor writ large: set him an exercise "after" or "In the manner of" so-and-so, and he will turn you in a wittily accurate piece, whether an "Extended Apostrophe" which plays tricks with Isaac Watts or a hilarious appendage to the *Iliad* or "A Very Shocking Poem" which mediates the style of Praed through the invented persona of a pederastic Victorian divine. What makes him different is that he isn't content with satirical pastiche or parody. He has a strong, gamey talent of his own, much concerned with the disputed territory that lies between things-as-they-are, things-as-they-might-be, and things-as-people-say-they-are.

It is a talent that showed itself at a precociously early age (Ewart was sixteen when Grigson's *New Verse* first published him), but one that for many years seemed shrouded and ill suited to poets whose own manners were too distinctive to be worth, lightly and casually as Gavin Ewart were them, first Auden (Mr Ewart may well have invented the term "Audenesque") and for a time Peter Porter. In his new book, *No Fool Like an Old Fool*, Auden and Porter are still there, but only as reference material or trace elements. At the age of sixty, Mr Ewart seems to be enjoying a late flowering that belies his typically sardonic title.

He is ambitious, says the blurb, "for his poems to be entertaining, unsolemn, and technically interesting". He also (though the blurb does not say this) expects his readers to be alert and knowledgeable. The poem which is itself called "The Blurb" is a cuntingly adapted and linseted version of John Betjeman's review of *The Whitsun Weddings*, taken from *The Listener*. In "The Return of the Hero" he follows exactly the stanza pattern of *Gawain and the Green Knight*. How many readers will take such words as "fucate", "florulent" and "farcrate" (in "Is There Life After Sex?") as other than grubbing about in one volume of the *OED*? The learning is carried lightly, it is "unsolemn", but it *is* learning.

Whatever literary pyrotechnics he puts on, Mr Ewart's habitual themes—love and death—are common stock uncommonly treated. Such poems as "Yorkshiremen in Pub Gardens", "Hurried Love", "A Double View" are songs of experience; the last-named, for example, is a cheerily commonsensical balancing-out of phoney idealization of the past and censorious indignation about the gheastiness of the present. The wistfulness and tenderness of these poems never goes soft—though occasionally, as in "The Last Journey", it may be relaxed to the point of being supine; or, as in "Swarm Over, Death!", the byways may seem to take on more importance than the central matter. Almost every poem looks like a wager played against Proper Expectations and Good Taste, with Honesty holding the stakes.

It is, of course, a risky enterprise, and when the form is not challenging enough the discursive opinions can look like pencil-jottings: "The So-Called Sonnets", the group of a dozen with which this book ends and themselves a continuation from poems with the same overall title in his past two books, *The Gavin Ewart Show* and *Be My Guest!*, expect too much indulgence in that "so-called" prattling in quatrains is unworthy of Mr Ewart's devotion to the "technically interesting".

As the laureate of the limerick, the quirky hymnist of sexual hungers and absurdities, the sly satirist of "the greatest learned boredom" and "pretentious screed" and "portentous nonsense" that make such combinations in the literary marketplace, Gavin Ewart is unequalled. And if one ("one" is another locution he distrusts) holds back from applauding everything, with the sort of domurs made in this review, the poet has his own appropriate text in the second stanza of "Poets":

We all want total praise
for every word we write,
not for a singular phrase:
we're ready to turn and bite
the thick malicious reviewers,
our hated and feared pursuers;

Lodges for the regenerate

By David Brion Davis

WILLIAM ALAN MURASKIN :
Middle-Class Blacks in a White Society
Prince Hall Freemasonry in America
318pp. University of California Press. £9.70.

Early in the Second World War the English Grand Lodge of Freemasons appealed to foreign Masons for donations to aid the victims of German bombing raids. The Prince Hall Masons of New York sent a gift of $50. Those black Masons considered aid to England particularly appropriate since they traced their own legitimacy to a charter bestowed in 1787 by the Grand Lodge of England. Even earlier, in 1775, British soldiers occupying Boston had initiated into Masonry a group of free negroes including Prince Hall, a West Indian mulatto who soon became a champion of black civil rights and the chief organizer of black Freemasonry. When the white Masons of Massachusetts refused to grant official recognition to Hall's African lodge, he appealed directly to the mother lodge in England. In 1941, however, the English Masons bowed to the prejudices of their white American brethren and returned the gift of $50, along with what William Alan Muraskin terms "a brief, curt note". One would like to know what the note said and whether it questioned the historical legitimacy of the Prince Hall Masons and thus the accuracy of the official histories of black Freemasonry on which Muraskin wholly relies.

Muraskin earlier admits, briefly and without explanation, that the Grand Lodge of England "did not officially recognize Prince Hall Masonry". From his spotty account of the black Masons' long and generally unsuccessful quest for recognition from white lodges, we can only surmise that white Masons have not only traditionally refused to admit blacks as members but have regarded Prince Hall Freemasonry as a "bogus" fraternity, much as the Prince Hall Masons have spurned various "bogus" black lodges that have offered "cheap degrees" to "ignorant victims". There is no indication that Muraskin has consulted the records of white American and European lodges. He does tell us that in 1936 and 1958 white Masons investigated the legitimacy of the Prince Hall fraternity and both times "recommended against recognition—for extraneous reasons". But even this cursory information comes from black Masonic writers who could proudly report that the white investigators had at least decided that the Prince Hall membership "is one of the highest type Negro men in the land. . . . These lodges are prosperous and respectable and fill an important need in the Negro communities of the land".

Muraskin can be faulted for paying so little attention to the Masonic "white society" that presumably forms part of his title. He seems unaware of the major collections on Freemasonry, such as that at Cornell University, and seems to have drawn most of his historical survey of Masonry from a single book, Jacob Katz's *Jews and Freemasons in Europe, 1723-1939*. But the reader's uncertainty over the Prince Hall Masons' claim to legitimacy—a claim that also traces the origins of Masonry to an ancient "builder race" of black Egyptians—exemplifies the ambiguities of the black middle class. It is a class that has derived its models and aspirations from a white herrenvolk who have retained the power to define questions of legitimacy and degrees of fraternity. And if Muraskin gives us only the sketchiest picture of Masonry and anti-Masonry in nineteenth-century America, he has done much to illuminate the tortuous dilemmas of middle-class blacks in a white society.

For this purpose the Prince Hall fraternity provides a nearly ideal test case. During the nineteenth century its members included a striking number of prominent black abolitionists, church leaders, professional men, and community organizers. Contrary to common belief, black fraternal lodges prospered in urban areas and expanded enormously during the first three decades of the twentieth century. Masons constituted over half of the blacks listed in the 1930-32 *Who's Who in Colored America*; in 1950 they still made up one-third of the total. But the lodges Muraskin has studied in detail also included substantial numbers of skilled labourers, small businessmen, railroad waiters and porters, civil servants, and even unskilled workers—people whose middle-class status has often depended on aspiration and style of life. The Depression of the 1930s brought devastating membership losses to all fraternal organizations, but Muraskin convincingly shows that the Prince Hall Masons regained some of this lost ground in the post-war decades, partly because of the prominent role of black Masons in the struggle for civil rights.

Yet by its very nature Freemasonry was a questionable ally in any movement requiring black unity. The best parts of Muraskin's study bring out the profoundly ambivalent attitudes of the black Masons to the white establishment, on the one hand, and to the black masses, on the other. The Prince Hall Masons, always committed to achievement and respectability, have always been vulnerable to even grudging and patronizing praise from whites. Longing to prove what blacks could do, they have tended to measure their success by the approval and cooperation they could win from white business and community leaders.

It is true that the persistence of colour barriers, contradicting America's official creed of judging men by ability and achievement alone, have reminded black Masons of the ineradicable disabilities they have shared with the poorer and less enlightened members of their race. These disillusioning reminders have reinforced the Masons' traditional and active commitment to racial equality. Nevertheless Prince Hall Masons have tended to be embarrassed by the behaviour of lower-class blacks, whom they have tended to perceive as lazy, self-indulgent, and in some ways responsible for their own deprivations. Echoing the language and stereotypes of the contemporary white community, a black Mason could speak in 1919 of negroes as "an adolescent Race, greatly in need of leadership. Even in those things that make for our own happiness, as a rule, without a guide, we neglect until too late, and the things of tomorrow seldom concern us until tomorrow comes."

As a secret and exclusive organization, Masonry has helped its members achieve a social and psychological distance from the mass of blacks. Muraskin shows, with admirable clarity, how the fraternity has reinforced the "bourgeois values" of cleanliness, temperance, thrift, charity, and family responsibility; how it has protected members from being contaminated by the temptations of the surrounding and unregenerate black community; how it has encouraged a commitment to education, private property, individual achievement, and social progress; and how it has provided opportunities for developing business and managerial skills generally denied to blacks by a white American society. Muraskin is well aware that similar socializing institutions have helped to recruit and train middle-class leaders of other races. He argues, however, that the "foreignness" of the bourgeois code of ethics, meaning presumably its white origins and associations, "has tended to exaggerate the normal estrangement of a forming middle class from the lower class". This is a perceptive point that could have been developed much further. It is underscored by Muraskin's argument that the black Masons' code of ethics and conduct has been one "over which the dominant white race has the final power of interpretation".

But while Muraskin is often penetrating on the ways in which the black middle class has unwittingly reinforced white hegemony, his treatment of "bourgeois values" is both naïve and heavy-handed. It is by no means clear, for example, why cleanliness, self-discipline, and a thirst for learning should be classified as bourgeois or white traits. It may well be that the values esteemed by the Prince Hall Masons have generally been perceived by Americans of both races as white middle-class values. But Muraskin continually assumes that the values are in fact bourgeois and that their adoption inevitably means an acculturation to the norms of the dominant white elite. He also assumes that genuine radicals are somehow tolerant of failure and hostile toward the "bourgeois" view that men can control their own destiny. He thus criticizes Martin Delany, the nineteenth-century father of black nationalism, for looking forward to black leadership in the arts and sciences. This argument would lead the uninformed reader to suppose that ascetic self-discipline has been a monopoly of the established order and that true revolutionaries have been self-indulgent and content to live by daily impulse. This curious illusion may be one of the legacies of America's past decade.

Despite these weaknesses in argument, which are mainly theoretical, Muraskin presents fascinating new evidence on the neglected dynamics and internal conflicts of black institutional life. The author's "data" are far too important to be consigned to a sociological monograph, and the book deserved far better editing than it has received. It is not only needlessly repetitive and pocked by jargon, but begins with a tedious introduction to the sociological debates over class and the "culture of poverty". A good editor could have made the book more readable by eliminating Muraskin's defensive, laboured, and repeatedly embarrassing justifications for writing a book on middle-class blacks and on a fraternal organization. The preface is reminiscent of *Portnoy's Complaint*, and the text itself bristles with straw men and unnamed "previous authors" who have either scorned the study of fraternal societies or misjudged the black middle class. Since Muraskin has important things to say, he deserved an editor who could tell him to relax, to quit being defensive, and to tell us what he knows.

The planters and the peasants

By Elsa Goveia

WILLIAM A. GREEN :
British Slave Emancipation
The Sugar Colonies and the Great Experiment 1830-1865
449pp. Oxford University Press. £12.50.

William A. Green's *British Slave Emancipation* is obviously intended to supersede W. L. Mathieson's trilogy on the British West Indies before and after Emancipation, comprising *British Slavery and It's Abolition*, *British Slave Emancipation*, and *The Sugar Colonies and Governor Eyre*. But Professor Green's attempt to offer "a new comprehensive assessment of the British West Indies in the mid-nineteenth century, welding together in a single narrative the diverse experiences of more than a dozen sugar colonies", from a point of view that is "as much imperial as it is West Indian" is still in many ways as unsatisfactory a guide to its period as Mathieson's three studies have now become. This is because his understanding of what was happening in the West Indies during this time is often both superficial and ambivalent; and because "the context of Victorian attitudes towards colonial questions", which his publishers claim he presents, is in many instances the subject of his own assumptions as well as the object of his less than adequate analysis.

In its internal self-contradictions, indeed, Professor Green's book frequently brings to mind J. A. Froude's *The English in the West Indies*, where the author went out of his way to deny the message that his work undoubtedly carried. Like Froude, Green seems to be a conservative who is nevertheless aware that the "liberals" are [illegible] accept without considerable qualification either his "facts" or his interpretation of them. His efforts at objectivity are greater than Froude's; but this merely results in his saying in different places and at different times things about the subject of his study which are basically irreconcilable when they are brought into relation with each other by the critical reader.

We may begin with a small but very significant example of his superficiality of judgment. He accuses other writers of "sentimental bias" and undue influence by anti-slavery opinions in their treatment of the Amelioration question; and he goes on later to show how far he is from such bias by describing as "a satisfactory Slave Act" the ameliorated Jamaican slave code of 1831 which the Colonial Office "left to its operation" only because it at last omitted the restrictive religious clauses that had led to the disallowance of three previous slave codes between 1826 and 1829.

It should be well known that the Colonial Office was not satisfied with this Act of 1831. In fact, its reluctant acceptance of it was accompanied by a long despatch pointing out its numerous defects; and in the same year it also drew up a model Order-in-Council for submission to the slave colonies. This order indicated to all concerned the yawning gap between amelioration as conceived in the Colonial Office and the new slave codes enacted by Jamaica and most of the other legislative colonies. Yet Professor Green says nothing about this evidence and it seems we must conclude that some "sentimental bias" of his own, and possibly undue influence by pro-slavery opinion, account for his otherwise unaccountable judgment on this question.

A more serious instance of bias arises in his treatment of shortage of capital in the post-Emancipation development of the British West Indian colonies. He himself writes that the difficulty of raising capital was "the fundamental problem before which all others became insignificant . . .". Yet there is only the most superficial discussion of this problem in his book; and, throughout, even in touching on the pervasive lack of capital resources, he constantly emphasizes the in[illegible] of labour shortages, attributed to the movement of a large part of the population of the colonies into small-scale or peasant agriculture. According to his repeated interpretation, free labour, unwilling to work regularly on the plantations, and free trade, upsetting the traditional market between them constituted the greatest difficulties faced by West Indian proprietors after 1838. His own statement about capital is simply by-passed and his discussion is largely based on an acceptance of the planter analysis, if it can be so called, of the problems of the sugar industry after Emancipation.

Professor Green therefore stresses the importance of immigrant labour in explaining the post-Emancipation recovery of the sugar plantations in Trinidad and British Guiana. But without capital that recovery could not have been sustained; and, as Alan Adamson has shown in his *Sugar without Slaves*, that capital was mobilized, to a great extent, by deliberately subordinating the interests of the smallholder to those of the sugar estates. With Adamson's research available to him, Green could hardly fail to realize the sufferings imposed on the Afro-Creoles, not to mention the immigrants. Nevertheless, he claims "Immigration had the effect of reducing the wages paid to Creole workers, but the absence of immigration would have had the same if not worse effects". He also makes much of the advantages opened to the immigrants.

His fundamental contention is that where the sugar estates declined, the whole of the society suffered. Although he at one time speaks in passing of "the fundamental incompatibility between planters and peasants", this insight is overwhelmed in his work by the [illegible] which he attributes to contemporaries "that the West Indies were colonies of exploitation, and that immigration was a necessary expedient to facilitate that exploitation . . .".

The whole weight of his argument falls upon his claim that the estates alone "could make the colonies [illegible]". He seems to be unaware of the work of [illegible] Beckford, among others, on the whole history of the plantation as a source of "persistent poverty" to its workers and to the mass of the population in "colonies of exploitation". Professor Green's working assumptions about the West Indies after Emancipation are unconsciously betrayed when he writes, "Worthwhile industrial education which emphasizes the union of science and agriculture required teachers who possessed a knowledge of scientific principles as well as a practical acquaintance with cane cultivation". This formulation totally neglects the needs of the peasant agriculturist who was not concerned with "cane cultivation"; and it shows a characteristic coincidence with the views of the contemporary establishment.

In spite of Professor Green's frequent references to "planter oligarchs", it is often difficult to draw the line between his views and theirs. But he wants to have it both ways, and this is nowhere more apparent than in his final chapter, "Morant Bay: The End of an Era". Here he seems very much inclined to justify the policies recommended in the Queen's Advice to the peasants of St Ann, and through them to Jamaica, and to explain away the heavy-handed repression of the uprising and the judicial murder of George William Gordon that followed it. But having built up this line of argument, he proceeds to contradict himself on each question in turn, and then makes the admission: "It is inconceivable that so brutal a suppression would have been launched, let alone countenanced, had the victims of it been European." The urge to be as "with it" as possible is obviously strong.

However, an even stronger underlying urge is to defend the conservative [illegible]point, while avoiding putting it forward too sharply, or too consistently. Professor Green's confusion of mind, which is likely to communicate itself to the unwary reader, is less fundamental than his sympathy for the old order in the West Indies. For this reason, he paints an unexpectedly rosy picture of slavery in the earlier part of his book, he fails to point out that a capitalistic, export-oriented economy could only survive with adequate capital resources and markets, and, in the end, he emphasizes that the "Great Experiment" of freedom only brought to the mass of West Indians a "poverty and ignorance . . . against which no government could effectively contend". Like Froude, he slanders the West Indian peasantry and also like him, he slanders the Emancipation that made it possible for them to emerge from their despised obscurity in West Indian society.

Conversations with Martin Secker

By Mervyn Horder

The most distinguished living British publisher? Martin Secker—and if there are any who doubt the truth of the proposition, let them look through the star-studded catalogues printed at the end of Secker books of the late 1920s, when he was at the height of his powers.

Today in his ninety-fifth year, Martin Secker still lives at Bridgefoot, Iver, in the dower house he first took there in 1912. Born too early to be anything but unnerved by such modern engines as the tape-recorder, he clings to the old-fashioned pastime of talk, and still delights his friends with his recollections of the multitudinous details of his crowded life. And all this in spite of the onset in recent years of total blindness.

In the early 1970s he began to tell the story of his publishing life, the first two instalments of which appeared in *The Cornhill* (summer 1973 and spring 1974). As a supplement to whatever formal continuation of these writings he may later produce, the odds and ends which follow, noted down more or less as the subjects arose and not forced into any artificial framework, have been revised and approved by him in the form in which they appear here. They are casual, inconsequent, perky, pointed, modest, as informal as they are informative, occasionally perhaps apocryphal, once or twice, unfortunately, unprintable—and in all these ways wholly characteristic of the man himself.

THE DEATH OF JOHN DAVIDSON

Poor and depressed by his lack of recognition as a poet, John Davidson committed suicide in his forties, choosing a most unusual method. In March 1909 he sailed a boat out of Penzance harbour and jumped overboard. He left behind him in the boat a satirical note addressed to the directors of the Great Western Railway, upbraiding them for advertising the winter charms of the Cornish Riviera in a grossly misleading manner.

MR BRITLING

The French translator of H. G. Wells's novel *Mr Britling Sees it Through* missed the idiom of the title and translated it as "Mr Britling sees through it". *M Britling commence à voir clair* is the title the book bore throughout its French career.

GRANT RICHARDS ON HOLIDAY

When he wanted to take a holiday, he used to discount bills £100 at a time among a small circle of friends—of which MS was one—at 5 per cent for six months, none of the friends being told about each other. At the end of the holiday, when the bills fell due, he borrowed similar sums from three new friends to pay back the first. He never lacked friends.

DISCOUNTING

MS used to do it himself when in publishing difficulties. Once, borrowing £100 from the London and Norwich Press in this way, he found he had not the money to meet their bill on the due date. Their London representative came to him and said: "Our Norwich bank won't like presenting this bill to your bank and not getting paid—they'll think we are dealing with the wrong type of customer; so we will lend you the money to redeem the bill." And they did so, at the same time drawing a new bill for the same sum, plus 5 per cent.

"NOCTURNE"

This title — for Frank Swinnerton's first novel, published in 1917 — has the advantage of requiring no translation into any European language. But Arnold Bennett, a friend of the young author, wrote personally and engagingly to MS saying he thought it a poor title "shewing a certain literary affectation", and proposing *In the Night* instead. MS accepted the suggestion and made the change on all the left-hand headlines throughout the book, at some expense; but just before publication another book, a thriller called *In the Night*, was published elsewhere, so that MS was let in for further expense: he reverted to the title *Nocturne* on the title-page only, a cancel title printed with a note explaining the circumstances on the verso.

ARTHUR MACHEN

He lost an excellent job on the *Evening News* in 1921, when one day an anonymous phone call arrived from Brighton to the effect that Lord Alfred Douglas had died during the night. At the editor's request he turned in a quick obituary, which was, however, so malicious and derogatory in tone that Lord Alfred, who was in fact very much alive, sued for libel and was awarded £1,000 damages.

"SOUTH WIND"

Norman Douglas wrote the last chapters in MS's home during the Christmas holiday of 1916. MS took the script to London on December 27 and sent it to the printer, Brendon of Plymouth. It was published only four months later, in April 1917, though a long book, and though the page-proofs had to be sent to the Mediterranean for Norman Douglas to correct. Two copies were sent—one to Menton in France and one to Viareggio in Italy—so as to be sure of catching him; and each set was further divided into packets of only two signatures at a time, despatched on successive days, so that they did not travel across the confusion of wartime France by the same mail train.

Norman Douglas did not return to England for another twenty-five years.

BOSIE AT THE RANSOME TRIAL (1913)

MS was greatly alarmed to be served, in his second precarious year as an independent publisher, with a writ for libel in one of his books, Arthur Ransome's *Oscar Wilde: a Critical Biography* (1912). After he had given, in common with the printer and other joint defendants, various assurances about withdrawing the book, the case was heard in April 1913 with the author as sole defendant. MS was in court one day during the trial. One of the main matters of complaint was that Ransome had accused Lord Alfred Douglas of deserting his friend altogether in the years after Wilde came out of prison; but Douglas was able to prove from his bank statements that he had continued making regular payments to Wilde in Italy long after they had parted company.

Part of Ransome's general defence was a plea of justification which meant that his counsel had to read long excerpts from the composition now known as *De Profundis*. This so got on Douglas's nerves at one point that he picked up his top hat from the floor and stole softly out of court—he was sitting at the end of a row. After a time his absence was noted by Mr Justice Darling, who stopped the proceedings and ordered him to be brought back. A search was made in the corridors but he was nowhere to be found. Darling then adjourned the court, saying he would not proceed till the plaintiff had been found. Ten minutes later Douglas stole quietly back into an almost empty court and resumed his seat. The word went round and the court re-assembled, to hear a withering reprimand from Darling about the scandalous impropriety of a plaintiff leaving his own court proceedings. Alfred Douglas, who at forty-one was still wonderfully good-looking and elegantly dressed, bowed graciously: "I accept your rebuke, my Lord." But judges are not impressed by externals. "You will not only accept my rebuke, Lord Alfred, you will act upon it." And the trial went on.

"CLOCHEMERLE"

This entertaining novel about a public convenience in small-town France, translated by Jocelyn Godefroi, was published in English in 1936 by Secker and Warburg and widely thought of as the first publication by this new publishing company. In fact it had been signed up by MS while still in business on his own. If he could have lasted independently for another six months till it came out, its success would have more than discharged all his liabilities.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S STAMMER

MS thought it more a blockage than a true stammer. Bennett would struggle for words in complete silence, and had a way of holding up his right hand to stop his interlocutor trying to supply the word for him.

ALFRED DOUGLAS AND THE OXFORD BOOK

When *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* edited by W. B. Yeats first appeared in 1936 and Douglas found none of his own poems included, he telegraphed Yeats as follows:

> PROTEST STRONGLY AGAINST MY EXCLUSION FROM YOUR ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE STOP AND WHY DRAG IN OXFORD.

STEPHEN SWIFT

Next door to MS, in 7 John Street, Adelphi, settled for a year or two another new publisher, Stephen Swift (real name Charles Granville), who issued the first book of Katherine Mansfield's short stories *From a German Pension*. MS found out later that he had been negotiating with Arthur Ransome to take over all his work.

Swift's short career as a publisher came to a dramatic end. At an evening literary party in Hampstead he was accosted by a stranger, who addressed him somewhat formally thus: "Mr Granville, I never forget a face. I am a magistrate, and some years ago you were up before me on a charge of bigamy. I remanded you on bail and you absconded. We are at present fellow guests in the house of a mutual friend, so I shall do nothing this evening, but tomorrow I shall take the appropriate action." After these remarks Swift judged it prudent to abscond again, before sunrise. He was later arrested in Algiers and brought back to serve his sentence.

"JEW SUSS"

A romantic publishing story if ever there was one, and MS's greatest single financial success. He started with an importation of only 500 sheets from Ben Huebsch in New York, and when he found that subscription orders before publication totalled only ninety-eight, he began to congratulate himself that he had not been tempted further. After all—a rebarbative title by an unknown, unpronounceable, foreign author, a novel so long that it had to be put out at the then formidable price of 10s net—what could you expect? Moreover it appeared very late in November 1926, after booksellers had spent all their money on Christmas stock, so that they were unlikely to receive it kindly.

At the end of January, when the sales were still only 120, came Arnold Bennett's whole-page review in the *Evening Standard*. The next morning The Times Book Club, which had taken no copies at all on subscription, telephoned for 250.

Having surplus money on his hands after the initial success of the book, MS inquired from the original German publishers, Drei Masken Verlag, about the film rights and bought them personally for £1,000. He sold them later to Gainsborough Pictures for £8,000.

With the arrival of talkies it was at first legally ruled that "film rights" did not include the right to use the spoken word, which properly belonged to the owner of the "dramatic rights", in this case Matheson Lang. The final arrangement concluded with Matheson Lang was 50 per cent to MS, 25 per cent to Matheson Lang and 25 per cent to Feuchtwanger. One half of the film rights have now reverted to MS's personal ownership, but he thinks the author's widow, who retains the other half, is unlikely to give her consent to another film version unless it is much more sympathetic to the Jewish point of view than the first, which was made at Shepherds Bush with Conrad Veidt in the name part. When later MS met the author at the film's opening night, it was clear it by no means met with his approval. "Zuviel Walter Scott!" was Feuchtwanger's verdict.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

One day in 1942 MS met Alfred Douglas for lunch, and afterwards they went together to a matinée of the Evans-Gielgud production at the Phoenix. MS thought Cyril Ritchard as Algernon could not be bettered, but Douglas thought him "common".

The play was written in Worthing by Wilde and Douglas together and Douglas claimed many of the witticisms for his own. Wilde called the butler "Lane" to get his own back on John Lane his publisher. MS pointed out a curious printer's error in the first edition (Leonard Smithers, 1899) which must have escaped Wilde's own notice and has appeared in all subsequent editions. The characters of the play bear names largely drawn from towns on the south coast, where the play was written—Worthing, Goring, Lancing, etc—but on the first page a Lord Shoreman is mentioned. Should it not be "Shoreham"?

BLURB

This is a word MS has always hated and avoided as an ugly and unnecessary American import. He continues to speak of the "publisher's note", the description in use in his Eveleigh Nash days.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

A German Jew born in Surbiton, he spoke English all his days with a strong guttural, mid-European accent. He had rooms in St James's where he was found dead on the bedroom floor one morning by his valet, all his financial affairs in considerable confusion. One of Heinemann's earliest partners was Sidney Pawling, whose brother was a partner in Mudie's Library. Heinemann presided at the change-over from the three-decker to the one-volume novel, one of the first of the new style—if not the first — being Hall Caine's *The Bondsman*.

S. P. B. MAIS

He died in April 1975, author of 244 books. MS thought his most remarkable achievement, not mentioned in any obituary, was his encouragement of Alec Waugh to persevere with *The Loom of Youth*. Mais was a twenty-five-year-old assistant master at Sherborne at the time. MS had the offer of *The Loom of Youth* but turned it down, thinking no one would be interested in reading about school life. He recommended Waugh to try "my friend Grant Richards", who saw the point at once.

RONALD FIRBANK

Another book in which MS could see nothing salable, and which he recommended the author to take to Grant Richards, was Firbank's first novel *Vainglory* (1916). Two months later, after Richards had agreed to publish it, at the author's expense, Firbank paid another visit in the middle of the afternoon to MS's office in the Adelphi, stuck his head round the door, announced to no one in particular "Grant Richards has taken my novel — so there!" and vanished.

ONE PUBLISHER TO ANOTHER

Grant Richards wrote to MS as follows at the time of the sale of his business:

> 4 Crauley Place, SW7
> 12 vii 1935
>
> Nothing, my dear Martin, is ever quite as bad as it threatens to be and, even if Hutchinson is in no way to be deflected, I cannot relinquish my conviction that there is some way out. I, who have suffered as you know, more than most people through reverses of fate, have always found some compensations. The great thing is not to allow oneself to be hustled into some unwise step. I should sit tight now, if I were you, till Hutchinson makes some move. . . . And through the whole of Saturday and Sunday think of everything else rather than your difficulties. I shall be here early on Monday (8 Regent Street). After all you have a brave history behind you.
>
> G.R.

Walter Hutchinson was threatening to apply for a bankruptcy petition against MS in respect of an £800 debt to a printer controlled by Hutchinson. Naturally a disturbing situation.

WILDE AND "WHO'S WHO"

Oscar Wilde never appeared in *Who's Who*, which started, in the form in which we now have it, in 1897, two years after his trial in 1895, at a time when it could be said of him in the words of the old song: "Oh no, we never mention him, his name is never heard." For the same reason he does not appear either in the first (1897-1916) volume of *Who Was Who*, the entries in which were compiled, as they still are today, from the original entries in *Who's Who* with the date of death added.

GILBERT CANNAN

MS said outright that he regarded Grant Richards as the publisher of the first two decades of this century, himself as the publisher of the 1920s:

> After all, I had Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence, Hugh Walpole, Gilbert Cannan, Frank Swinnerton and Francis Brett Young all on my list together—to say nothing of all those continentals, Mann, Hesse, Zweig, Feuchtwanger and Kafka. Gilbert Cannan? Yes, certainly, we all thought very highly of him. Heinemann did his first novel *Peter Homunculus* in 1909, I did his second and third, and his book on Samuel Butler. Co-respondent in the James Barrie divorce case, he was an exceptionally handsome young man, a martyr to his own good looks and the emotional complications they invariably led him into. He also had the distinction of being a barrister who practised for exactly one week before leaving the bar for the more profitable field of authorship and dramatic criticism.

Cannan's last book was published in 1924, but he lived on to the age of seventy in a private mental home in Surrey writing endless letters —a particularly tragic end for a man who gave "travelling" as his principal recreation in *Who's Who*. "Nothing is stronger than love, except habit", is a casual remark of Cannan's that MS has always remembered.

"THE RAINBOW"

Duckworth had published D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* at the instance of Edward Garnett, but turned down *The Rainbow*; and Methuen took it as the first of a three-novel contract. On publication it was judged obscene by the Bow Street magistrates, and Methuen undertook to withdraw it, apologizing in court for not having been aware of the character of the work. MS's first Lawrence novel was *Women in Love*, which he took subject to an understanding that he would reprint *The Rainbow* later —this he did after five or six years.

EVELYN WAUGH

In 1931, soon after Evelyn Waugh had "gone over" to Rome, he dined in Tom Balston's flat with Osbert Sitwell and Richard Blake Brown, a young parson who had become somewhat disillusioned by his experiences in the Church of England and after much heart-searching was about to resign his holy orders. In his purple velvet dinner jacket Waugh turned to Blake Brown, sitting shyly in his dog collar and black suit, and asked: "And when are *you* going to become a Christian, Mr Brown?"

Another Waugh "put-down" had MS's son Adrian Secker as its victim. Adrian had made friends at Ampleforth with Auberon Herbert, brother of Evelyn Waugh's second wife, Laura, and had got to know the Waugh children while he was in Paris as a *Daily Telegraph* foreign correspondent in the 1950s.

During one of Adrian's visits to London he dined with Auberon and Laura, and they all went on to meet Evelyn and the children at a party in St James's Square. Here Adrian was unwise enough to say to Evelyn: "Nice to meet you; I took Teresa [Evelyn's daughter] to the cinema in Paris only last week. We saw Cousteau's *Silence de la Mer*." Evelyn bristled and fingered his moustache, deciding what to reply. "Those are very tenuous grounds on which to claim acquaintanceship" was what came out.

ONE PUBLISHER'S CAREER

MS commented that literary publishing in his time was a lonelier calling than it seems to be today: Grant Richards, exactly ten years his senior, was the only member of the trade with whom he had ever been on terms of intimacy. Son of a classics don at Oxford, Richards decided in 1897, after experience with Simpkin Marshall and as secretary to W. T. Stead on *The Review of Reviews*, to start publishing on his own account, at the age of twenty-four. He borrowed £700 from his uncle Grant Allen and £700 from his bank for this purpose. At the start his earnings from the business were very moderate: £350 in the first year rising to £700 in

1900; but the next year his drawings soared to £7,000, and by 1905 he found himself bankrupt, on the petition of a large London publisher from whom, to develop his business, he had borrowed £5,000 on the security of his book stock. In the end his creditors lost very little, since his liabilities were valued at £44,000 against assets of £40,000.

From the start his list of authors was astonishingly distinguished—Shaw, Wells, Bennett and the early Chesterton and Masefield were among them. The first volumes of his World's Classics series (later taken over by the Oxford University Press) antedated Dent's Everyman series by a year and more. Though he was not Shaw's first publisher (that distinction belonging to the long forgotten Henry and Co of St Martin's Lane), he at once saw the point of the new-style Shaw "literary play" with its preface and extended stage directions, and made Shaw's reputation by publishing *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*. He also—and not too many publishers have done this for their authors—managed to save Shaw's life on one occasion when they were bathing together in Cornwall. Later, when Richards was putting his autobiography together, Shaw wrote to him:

> You should call your book The Tragedy of a Publisher who Allowed Himself to Fall in Love with Literature. The publisher who does that, like the picture-dealer who likes pictures or the schoolmistress who gets fond of her pupils is foredoomed. A certain connoisseurship in the public taste is indispensable; but the slightest uncommercial bias in choosing between, say, Bridges' *Testament of Beauty* and a telephone directory is fatal.

Grant Richards died, aged seventy-five, in January 1948, at Monte Carlo—most appropriately, MS thought, for a publisher, since this profession calls for so generous a measure of the gambler's instinct. His *Times* obituary included the following sentence, a masterpiece of the obliquely wasplish, which could, however, scarcely be faulted on the score of veracity:

> So, too, his real instinct for friendship, his unruffled amiability, his handsome attire and monocle concealed a recurrent lack of scruple which enabled many of his best friends in literary and other circles, and would have permanently alienated them but for his genius in conciliation and cajolery.

MS thought "startled" a particularly delicate euphemism. He had good reason for knowing that this part of the obituary at least had been contributed by Richards's solicitor E. S. P. Haynes; calling one day in his office he found Haynes brandishing his newly completed work in something like triumph, with the words: "Ah, if only Grantie could read this!"

A LAWYER AND HIS NOTEBOOKS

Edmund Sidney Pollock Haynes was "A Lawyer"—the anonymous author of three easily readable collections of lawyer's miscellanea: *A Lawyer's Notebook* (1932), *More from a Lawyer's Notebook* (1933), and—more assertively—*The Lawyer's Last Notebook* (1934). MS published all three, and still has his copy of the first, inscribed by the author "to my most confiding client". They are popular essays in the manner of an earlier book *Fritto Misto* published under his own name by the Cayme Press in 1924.

Haynes was a full-time eccentric, his eccentricity consisting not in capricious departures from routine, but in the most rigidly exact adherence to it. He lived in St John's Wood, had his office in Lincoln's Inn and belonged to the Athenaeum, and on weekdays seldom moved outside this circle. His daily lunch was a snack taken off oysters and bottle chosen by himself in White's small oyster bar at the top of Chancery Lane—the time of day being such that he always had the place to himself and, if entertaining a guest, undivided attention. On Saturdays, after which he walked in Hyde Park with his office staff—a Dickensian group of clerks, articled clerks, stenographers, office boy and messenger—he would lunch off a pint of porter and a pork pie at the Athenaeum, and on Sundays he would walk with his family in Regent's Park, or, in the Hilary vacation, would take them to see the bluebells in Kew Gardens. On Sundays, too, he would take his family for a walk in the Chilterns, the routes being carefully chosen beforehand, and would call on his aunt in St John's Wood for a cold family Sunday lunch.

His daughter records that when in 1941 German bombs sought to break this sedate routine by destroying the house next door entirely and a large part of his own house with it, though over seventy at the time, he refused to move elsewhere for so long that he earned himself locally the nickname of "the Casabianca of St John's Wood Park". He had a fear of cancer, which he hoped to fend off by chewing a clove of garlic every so often; and such was his devotion to tobacco that by the time of his death in 1949 he had accumulated a store of 147 pipes.

It was part of Haynes's philosophy—to which his own life bore witness—that to know all about what was going on in the world it was not necessary to go abroad and see for yourself; indeed it was fatal to do so, since you could not see everything. Far better to inform yourself by remaining at the heart of affairs in the centre of London, where people liked to come and tell you whatever they had to tell.

Quite early in his career as a solicitor in the firm of Hunter and Haynes, he quarrelled irretrievably with his partner Hunter; for some years they occupied separate rooms and communicated only by means of notes conveyed across the corridor by messenger.

MIDDLETON MURRY

Arthur Ransome proposed a celebration lunch in the Garrick Club when MS reached the age of seventy. Before the lunch Compton Mackenzie and Swinnerton were discussing what guests to ask, and Swinnerton suggested Middleton Murry.

Mackenzie: "Good heavens, no! It's a celebration lunch, not a Last Supper."

OLIVE CUSTANCE

Daughter of a colonel living near Norwich, she married Lord Alfred Douglas by whom she had a son Raymond. She later, in 1913, separated from her husband, but they both continued living in Brighton/Hove and remained on excellent terms. At her death in 1944, intestate, all her possessions would naturally have passed to him; but since he had never bothered to discharge himself officially from bankruptcy (confirmed on the petition of a money-lender in 1913) the Official Receiver took everything.

"THE RAGGED-TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS"

Grant Richards paid £25 outright to the author Robert Noonan (pseudonym Robert Tressell) for his manuscript and copyright. He then paid £24 to an editor, Jessie Pope, to reduce it by a third—during which "process parts of the book were entirely rearranged in accordance with the taste of the time—and published it in 1914, misspelling the author's pseudonym on the title page as Tressal.

The original manuscript, much cut about, came subsequently into the possession of F. C. Ball, who talked the asking price down across a teashop table from £300 to £60. Ball was the author of a life of Tressell, who had been an Irish housepainter in Hastings. Ball prepared the complete edition first published by Laurwitz and Wishart in 1955. When this complete edition came to be issued, MS stepped forward and claimed one-third of the royalty on the ground that the last third of the book was still the copyright property of the Richards Press, of which MS was the owner. After an exchange of solicitors' letters his claim was met.

HOUSMAN'S SILENCE

MS's acquaintanceship with Housman was during the First World War, when they found themselves weekending together in Grant Richards's house at Cookham Dean. MS was deputed to take Housman for a walk on a winter Saturday afternoon, when they would set off together from the Thames towpath. Housman would invariably sporting the dark clothes and black-peaked schoolboy's cap in which he walked up London streets every day of his life, and would talk about Latin poetry or his latest discovery in the Greek iambic poets. There might have been an occasional reference to the subject of political history, but this happened only when MS's own blind spots let him. The walks proceeded, to the unalloyed content of both parties, in unbroken silence. MS came to think that he felt in himself Housman would have led the whole of his life in complete silence.

From tenure to estates

By A. W. B. Simpson

S. F. C. MILSOM:
The Legal Framework of English Feudalism
201pp. Cambridge University Press. £7.50.

The Legal Framework of English Feudalism contains an expanded version of the Maitland Memorial Lectures which S. F. C. Milsom delivered in Cambridge in 1972. It is directed to a reassessment of more or less received ideas about the interpretation of the early legal records of the common law system, and "Glanvill's" treatise on the laws and customs of the realm of England. Through this reexamination of the legal material, Professor Milsom attempts to reconstruct what he calls the formal structure of English feudal society as it existed around 1200.

Eighty years after the publication of Pollock and Maitland's *History of English Law*, Maitland's analysis of the evidence and understanding of the origins of the common law, though challenged in detail, remains dominant, and it is hardly conceivable that the primacy of his work will ever be displaced; the study of the subject starts from Maitland. What, however, Professor Milsom presents, somewhat modestly, as a mere modification in the emphasis of the received story involves as a radical a criticism of Maitland as has yet appeared, and the skill and scholarship with which the case for a new interpretation is argued makes the publication of these lectures a very significant event in the understanding of the early evolution of one of the two major legal cultures developed in western Europe.

The common law of the Royal Courts developed by a process whereby jurisdiction was transferred from other courts to the centralized courts of common law, and much of Professor Milsom's work has centred upon an attempt to understand how such a transfer came about, and what its historical significance was; his particular concern has been to explain the evolution of highly abstract, doctrinalized substantive law. In this book he is concerned with the transfer of jurisdiction over the land disputes of free tenants from the seigneurial to the royal courts. His basic thesis is, firstly, that this transfer was not initiated to that end—what was intended was merely to make seigneurial jurisdiction work as it ought; and, secondly, that what happened (again, this was in no way planned) was not simply that the forum of decision changed, with incidental modifications and improvements in the procedure whereby the rights of tenants were protected, but that a radical alteration took place in the character of the rights themselves. Put simply, we move from a world in which the relationship between feudal lord and tenant and its regulation predominates, into a world in which interest comes to centre on the tenant's relationship with the rest of society, not with his lord. We move, in the language of lawyers, from tenure to estates, from feudalism to property ownership.

The fault in traditional accounts of the early history of the common law of land disputes has been a failure to interpret the legal sources of the period in terms of the absolute predominance of the seigneurial relationships, a failure to recognize that ideas of property ownership which were to be developed as an unintended consequence of the expansion of common law were not involved in its origins. This thesis, which owes something to S. E. Thorne's earlier Maitland lecture (published as "English Feudalism and Estates in Land" in the *Cambridge Law Journal*, 1959) is developed here through a detailed consideration of the highly technical material on the land law, and a convincing case is made for the superiority of the new interpretation.

But it is difficult to detach the argument and the difficulty stems from two sources. One of these Professor Milsom develops in detail: the nature of the legal sources is such that the facts which gave rise to the litigation—which would give it a context—are systematically concealed because contemporary ideas about the function of legal procedure made them irrelevant. Consequently, it is extremely difficult to reconstruct the context from the records, yet it is this context which ought to guide their interpretation. The second reason is that whereas the emerging common law, though essentially a form of customary law, was operated by officials who belonged to a literate tradition, the customary law in the seigneurial courts was not, and it is inevitably the case that we are profoundly ignorant about the way in which such courts handled cases, and about the ideas and concepts employed in the discussion and settlement of disputes. Modern anthropological studies of customary law in non-literate societies have at least made it clear that there is no necessary connection between literary and complex, sophisticated, abstract legal ideas. The extent to which the early common law supplanted, or merely took over notions current in local custom must always remain to some considerable degree speculative.

That the legal framework of English feudalism continues to be debated, and with the degree of scholarship shown here, would surely have delighted Maitland.

The retreat from the Shari'a

By W. Montgomery Watt

NORMAN ANDERSON:
Law Reform in the Muslim World
235pp. Athlone Press. £5.

Until recently it was customary for students of Islam to say, "Islamic Law?—Ah, that's something for the specialists in law", and then to leave it completely alone. Now it is beginning to be realized that since jurisprudence and the principles of jurisprudence were the central intellectual disciplines in Islamic higher education, and so in the life of Muslims in general, there was something lacking in studies of Islam which completely neglected these matters.

Nevertheless Islamic law is a specialism, and cannot be mastered without specialized legal work. Sir Norman Anderson is the British expert on Islamic law as practised in the twentieth century, and writes with authority on what has been accomplished by way of reforming legal practice in Islamic countries during the past hundred years or so, in a way *Law Reform in the Muslim World* updates his earlier important book, *Islamic Law in the Modern World*, but the arrangement is different.

He begins by looking at "The Background and Pressures for Reform", and shows how, though the previous situation varied greatly in different countries, yet in nearly all as a result of the pressures engendered by contacts with Europe and America, there has been a tendency to replace the Shari'a (Islamic law) by codes of Western inspiration, in particular fields, where the commercial law, criminal law, and labour evidence codes were administered by a new system of secular courts, for which the personnel—judges and advocates—were trained according to secularist conceptions and not according to the traditional Islamic methods. Even in the sphere of family law, usually still administered by Shari'a courts, there have been significant changes in interpretation and application. From a second chapter on the philosophy and methods of the Reformers two general points stand out. Where new codes replaced the Shari'a, this was not a mere abandonment of the old, but could be justified on the ground that, while the Shari'a was the perfect law for all time, which would eventually be universally followed, yet in the confused modern situation legislation of alien origin might be temporally useful.

Again most of the actual reforms in the sphere of family law were achieved by what Sir Norman calls "expedients"; the idea of reforming the unchangeable divine law have distasteful to Muslims, but much the same results could be obtained in practice by roundabout methods.

A third chapter lucidly describes what has been achieved throughout the Islamic world in the various spheres of law, and the general reader is skilfully guided through masses of legislation. The final chapter, entitled "Problems and Prospects", distinguishes various groups of Muslim countries and analyses the pressures in each towards greater orthodoxy (as in Pakistan), towards relaxation or lesser orthodoxy (as in Saudi Arabia), and in some countries (such as India and Egypt) towards both at once. With regard to the future Sir Norman is cautious, but thinks it likely that there will be further unification of courts and codes of law, the latter representing a synthesis of Western and Islamic conceptions.

[illegible] things of which the general reader becomes aware is that this book is describing a great struggle between conservatives and reformers in something like a sixth of the human race. It has often been remarked that Islam has no priesthood, but nevertheless it has a class of religious intellectuals—the ulama or jurists—who perform some of the semi-functions in Islam as priests and ministers do in Christianity. Justifiedly they are concerned with ensuring that contemporary Muslims are not cut off from their historic scriptural and institutional roots; but this concern makes them less aware than the reformers, the men immersed in public affairs, of the need for having an efficient modern state. Hence the struggles and tensions.

The ulema might also be said to be the upholders of the sublime conception of the Shari'a. "Islamic law" is the common translation of this Arabic word, but the English phrase is too restrictive, since the Shari'a, properly speaking, is a God-given moral ideal for every aspect of life, whether enforceable by law in a Western sense or not, and thus including the relations of man to God, of man to man, of man to government and of government to government. It might be felt that, if all that is left of this grand conception is a law of personal status, then the ulema have failed. On the other hand, we notice that, whereas for the past three centuries or so Christians have been retreating from the idea that the will of God is relevant to every aspect of life, a few are now beginning to claim that certain political practices, such as apartheid and nuclear war, are contrary to God's will.

Perhaps it is in this sphere that Westerners have something to learn from Islamic experience. What Islam has discussed under the heading of "principles of jurisprudence" is not unlike what the West used to discuss as moral philosophy. A certain number of particular issues, such as abortion, are much discussed today by Christians and others; but there is virtually no discussion of the principles by which a nation reaches moral decisions. It may be that we cannot hope to attain agreement on all questions of political and social morality, social contract, for [illegible] in what is increasingly [illegible] much more attention should be given to underlying principles and to the processes by which agreement may be reached in such matters both nationally and internationally.

The Personal Laws of Malaysia by M. B. Hooker (276pp. OUP. Oxford in Asia Historical Monographs. £13.75) is a guide for lawyers to the judicial sub-systems of Malaysian ethnic and religious groups. Chapters on Islamic laws, Malay Adat laws, Dayak Adat laws, Chinese law, Hindu law and the Orang Asli are concluded by a summary of the relation of these family and property laws to the national legal system. In each section there are detailed references to particular cases and an appendix contains the text of the recent marital law reform bill. The account is completed by an extensive bibliography and index.

The dream of democracy

By Hugh Tinker

B. N. PANDEY:
Nehru
499pp. Macmillan. £6.95.

Jawaharlal Nehru fascinated almost everyone who met him. Even such resistant men as Wavell and Churchill responded to his vibrant personality. He retained an elusive boyish charm up to the brink of old age (rather like Edward VIII) and the tired, worn features could still shine with youth. Yet Nehru did not cultivate his image. Oftentimes, when the throng of admirers hailed his arrival, I have seen him angrily pushing them aside, and even bulldozing them with his stick. I first met Nehru at Allahabad late in 1945 (when I was a young and very temporary administrator) in the house of a mutual friend. I then represented the Satanic British Government, but he was interested in the half-formed ideas of a young and unimportant British official at a time when rulers and ruled were divided by a chasm. I had seen then hard of the word charisma, but I at once recognized the almost superhuman quality of this rare man.

He was then the defiant freedom fighter, lately released from jail. Within two years he had accepted a compromise independence which conceded a separate nation to the Indian Muslims; something that was anathema to him. This puzzled me for years, until as the full story was gradually revealed it became clear that at the moment of decision Nehru was unable to match words with action. This riddle was repeated at the end of his life. The border controversy with China was played down until the actual moment the fighting started, when Nehru had to concede that Indians—himself at their head—had been "shocked out of the artificial atmosphere of our own creation".

Nehru was an idealist, a dreamer, whom fate chose to lead a mighty nation at the hour of its birth. He led his country into the greatest experiment in democracy yet attempted. Twelve years after his death it appears that the experiment has broken down. In the future, will Nehru be remembered as a Kerensky whose regime had only an interlude between two forms of autocracy—even though it lasted for nearly two decades? Or did Nehru, with Gandhi, create something that will endure? In 1976 it still seems too early to decide. This is the fascinating question to which B. N. Pandey has made a substantial contribution in his carefully researched biography.

Many sources have been investigated to reconstruct the life and times of Jawaharlal Nehru. Perhaps the most important source has been the letters written to Nehru's sister, Mrs Vijayalakshmi Pandit, the beloved Nun, who Dr Pandey believes was "his closest confidante. He communicated with her more freely than he did with any other member of his family, including his wife and daughter." Nehru's voluminous correspondence is illuminating about political events and personalities and the great issues of the day but less revealing about his inner thoughts and motivations. Dr Pandey has almost had to psychoanalyse Nehru to discover the unfolding of his mind and spirit. It is one of the strengths of this book that he is able to understand the complexity and sometimes the contradiction inherent in the man. His judgments seem to me to be remarkably shrewd. It is often through these judgments, rather than in the narrative, that the explanations are to be found.

Two thirds of the book is devoted to the period before independence (which represented three quarters of Nehru's own life). The entry into active politics was delayed until Nehru was thirty, and his involvement in Gandhi's first national satyagraha (1920-21) was the happiest, least complicated episode in his life, according to Dr Pandey. Previously, his life had been empty. His arranged marriage to a shy, withdrawn Brahmin girl was a failure. The only glimpses we have of her response to the marriage come from letters to a Muslim friend. Only when he became Gandhi's disciple did Nehru discover fulfilment.

The bliss of that first campaign did not last, for politics involved not only struggle against the British but also internal struggles between the factions of the National Congress. A strange relief was obtained by courting imprisonment. As Dr Pandey puts it, "He had taken to prison as a monk takes to a monastery". Between 1921 and 1945 he was in jail for almost nine years. While incarcerated he wrote his books, including the memorable *Autobiography*, and found some peace in solitude.

From about 1930 Nehru emerged as the undisputed hero of young India. An aristocrat, he renounced riches and embraced suffering, even (so the people said) sacrificing marriage and wife for the cause. The parallel with Gautama the Buddha occurred to some. Yet, these years of leadership locked the exhilaration of the first campaign. The author calls the chapters which span those years "The Introspective Warrior", "Farewell to Revolution", and "The Dilemma of Nationalist". He was held in check by the Congress right wing. Dr Pandey writes of Sirdar Patel, his close colleague and bitter rival: "He could not lead Jawaharlal but he could function as a brake on him." Nehru lost out in the important decisions, and in his impatience when Congress president he stated publicly that the Congress might act against the rightists forced him to retract. Dr Pandey observes: "Nothing was then further from his mind than the determination to cause a split in Congress; on this, as on other occasions, he said more than he meant."

This fatal tendency to speak in an exaggerated manner off the cuff was manifest during the last phase before independence. Nehru hopelessly underestimated the capacity of the Muslim League to speak for a Muslim nation. Writing to Stafford Cripps in January, 1946, Nehru declared that there was a "definite revolt" among the Muslim masses against the claims of the League. The leaders of the League were "soft", he alleged, and could never engage in militancy; nor they could ever achieve would be "petty riots". Pakistan was "just a fantasy which cannot be realized" (*Transfer of Power*, Volume 6). Only the threat of catastrophe and the pressure of Patel and the right wing induced Nehru to accept reality.

Dr Pandey presents Nehru's part in this last phase much more favourably. How could it be otherwise when the dawn of independence was the greatest moment of his own youth when Nehru emerged as the man of the hour? But Nehru, more than anyone, was responsible for throwing away the last chance of negotiated unity presented by Cripps's "Three Tier" formula. Nehru's public dismissal of the "grouping" formula—the essence of the scheme—made some kind of Pakistan inevitable. Once again, "he said more than he meant", with fatal consequences this time. Someone has to be blamed, and Lord Wavell is trotted out as the villain of the piece. The dust has still to settle on this controversy, which may yet be possible when all the "Transfer of Power" papers are open to view.

A new world opened up with independence, but Nehru chose to work within the existing institutional framework: his government took "its structure, style and appearance of infallibility from the British Raj", says Dr Pandey, adding, "Gandhism was placed on a pedestal whence it could inspire, but not interfere with, the affairs of state". To the existing structure were added planning mechanisms popularized by the Fabians in the 1930s. For a decade, all went well, and India stood high in the councils of the world. Then, from about 1958, the dynamism began to go out of it. The last years were an anticlimax, and it is hard to justify the penultimate chapter title, "Defeat into Victory".

Dr Pandey places Nehru alongside Lenin, Mao, Roosevelt and Churchill as the outstanding leaders of the twentieth century. He insists that "what distinguished Nehru from others was the fact that throughout his life he lived and worked in the realm of ideas". Yet, unlike Lenin and Mao, he created no ideological system. He chased ideas around like any Fabian intellectual because he enjoyed the ideas. Perhaps the closest comparison would be with Garibaldi and Gladstone. Like Garibaldi he was a revolutionary leader, and like Gladstone he was a patrician who possessed a strange empathy with the masses. Like both of them, he espoused visionary causes which were not, in the end, realized. Dr Pandey wisely concludes: "He deliberately underestimated the strength of what he considered the reactionary and dying forces of the present world and as a result he was often tormented and sometimes defeated and disillusioned by them."

The 1970s are very different from the 1950s, and everywhere that spirit of hope and idealism has faded away. Today, Nehru—like Gandhi—is on a pedestal (or on the shelf). Not, however, in Dr Pandey's biography; and if he is at times regarded as superhuman, well then, he was sometimes almost superhuman.

Lessons in excavation

By Norman Hammond

MORTIMER WHEELER:
My Archaeological Mission to India and Pakistan
95pp. Thames and Hudson. £4.50.

When I first met Mortimer Wheeler he had just returned from directing the excavations at Chârsada in Pakistan, the ancient Lotus City of Pushkalâvati. In seven weeks he had elucidated the complex stratigraphic sequence at the site, established the probable dates of its foundation and abandonment, and found convincing proof of its siege and capture by Alexander the Great in 327 BC. It was his last excavation, carried out in the not inconsiderable heat of the North-West Frontier: he was sixty-nine years old.

The invitation to return and clear up an outstanding commitment from the list which Wheeler had set himself, as Director-General of Archaeology in India from 1944-48, came from the Pakistan Department of Archaeology in 1958; Wheeler characteristically took it up with enthusiasm and speed, and equally typically published the final report as a succinct monograph within four years. It was the last episode in an involvement with Indian archaeology which had revolutionized the protohistoric chronology of the subcontinent, and, more important still, left it with an efficient archaeological service which survives to this day under the direction of Wheeler's pupils.

Into the decades between the First World War and his death this summer Mortimer Wheeler packed roughly one lifetime's career per decade: in the 1920s he was director of the National Museum of Wales, then keeper of the London Museum, turning down along the way the office of a herald as Bluemantle Pursuivant and the newly established Abercromby Chair of Archaeology at Edinburgh; in the 1930s he set up the Institute of Archaeology at London University; in both decades he carried out a series of classic excavations at Segontium, Maiden Castle, Verulamium, and elsewhere, including northern France. In the Second World War he finally took up, over age, raised an anti-aircraft regiment and finished up as a brigadier in the Eighth Army, capturing the resurrected Roman cities of the Tripolitanian coast to protect them against the ravages of the licentious Allied soldiery.

In August 1943, sitting above Algiers awaiting the invasion of Italy, his old chief, Wavell, now Viceroy of India, asked for him to be the last British Director-General of Archaeology before independence, to reestablish an efficient organization and train a new generation of local archaeologists. Wheeler had never been to India: he accepted without demur, but with the proviso that he wanted to invade Italy first.

This short book, in characteristic style, tells the story of the three hectic years before Partition during which Wheeler had responsibilities "ranging from the salvation of the Taj Mahal to that of the sensitive vestiges of the Indus Valley Civilisation". He began in 1944, not far from where he finished in 1958, on the North-West Frontier, where Sir John Marshall had spent many years excavating the proto-historic cities of Taxila, where Alexander had been welcomed and the second city founded on a regular Greek plan. Taxila was the venue for the first school of archaeology in the subcontinent, the graduates of which now direct much of the archaeological endeavour in India and Pakistan. In the same year a journey to southern India resulted in the identification, in dusty museum cases, of imported Roman pottery, and next spring in the important excavations at Arikamedu, Roman Roman traders had met Indian merchants: on the twelfth day of the excavation a vessel appeared from the Arezzo kilns of the Vibieni potters, thousands of miles to the north-west in central Italy. The association of this imported and closely dated ware with local ceramics allowed a precise chronology to be extended northwards, and a variety of central peninsular cultures dated.

The year 1944 saw a third major event, the discovery that the Indus civilization city of Harappā was defended by a great wall, confounding the established interpretation of the culture as democratic, theocratic and peaceful and making it immediately more comprehensible as an early form of the state. Wheeler dug at both Harappā and the other major city site, Mohenjo-daro, the latter as adviser on archaeology to the new state of Pakistan, and his book *The Indus Civilisation* (1958) remains the standard work.

In fact most of Mortimer Wheeler's publications remain standard works, examples of their kind: he probably had more influence on the practice of archaeology than any other man this century, as an excavator, an administrator, a teacher and a teacher of teachers, and finally, as a brilliant popularizer both in print and on television. His last book is, as he says "an essentially personal review" in his popular style of one of his most distinguished professional careers.

Trading with the thalassophobes

By C. R. Boxer

M. N. PEARSON:
Merchants and Rulers in Gujarat
The Response to the Portuguese in the Sixteenth Century
190pp. University of California Press. £7.80.

Nirad C. Chaudhuri, in his fascinating *Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*, observed apropos of a remark by Swami Vivekananda, the preacher of New Hinduism in the late nineteenth century:

> This is the only reference to the stupendous fact of English sea-power, and to its significance in history that I have come across in any Indian writer. The average Indian is an incorrigible landlubber in thought and shows no comprehension of thalassocracy.

Within two years of this assertion, a drastic change occurred with the publication of K. M. Panikkar's seminal *Asia and Western Dominance: A survey of the Vasco da Gama Epoch of Asian History, 1498-1945*, which achieved an instantaneous success; but Nirad Chaudhuri's observation receives powerful support from M. N. Pearson's illuminating book.

For Indian rulers, whether petty rajas or Great Moguls, glory was not won at sea. The whole military ethic of Muslim and Hindu potentates was bound up with the land; with cavalry chargers careering over the plains, and war elephants wielding flails and swords with their trunks. Sultan Bahadur, the last strong ruler of Gujarat (1526-37), observed disdainfully: "Wars by sea are merchants' affairs, and are of no concern to the prestige of kings"; and yet Bahadur had more perception of the importance of sea power than most Indian rulers. Over a century later, Dr John Fryer, MD, explained that the Mogul emperor, Aurangzeb, contented himself "in the enjoyment of the *continent*, and styles the Christians Lions of the Sea; saying that God had allotted them Unstable Element for their rule".

This Indian indifference or contempt for sea power contrasts strikingly with King Manuel I's precipitate assumption (in 1499) of the title "Lord of the navigation, conquest, and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India". Immediately after the return of Vasco da Gama from his pioneer voyage, and when there was not a single Portuguese ship in the Indian Ocean. The contrast continued for centuries. Whereas during the second half of the sixteenth century the Portuguese State of India (as they termed their chain of fortresses and "factories" between Sofala and Macao) derived over 60 per cent of its revenue from maritime customs duties, the kingdom of Gujarat for only 8 per cent.

In their endeavours to implement the claims of the "Grocer King", Manuel's grandiloquent title, the Portuguese quickly organized a system to control and tax Asian trade in the Indian Ocean. Its basic elements were compulsory *cartazes* (passports, navicerts) for all shipping, and *cafilás* or convoys of small trading ships sailing under the escort of *armadas de reino* (foists and galleys). The system was designed to force local traders, whether Indigenous or Portuguese, to pay customs duties at one or another of the Portuguese coastal strongholds (Goa, Cochin, Diu, Hormuz, Malacca, Mozambique, etc), and to provide sufficient protection for the traders with *cartazes* sailing in these convoys. It proved to be totally unenforceable east of Malacca, and only very sporadically in the Bay of Bengal; but it was applied with a fair measure of success on the north-west coast of India after 1535, in the Persian Gulf, and along the East African coast south of Lamu (Pate).

It is with the coastal region of Gujarat and its great ports of Surat, Cambay and Diu, that M. N. Pearson is primarily concerned. In his innovative and important contribution to Indian history. By closely analysing the structure of society in sixteenth-century Gujarat, he is able to explain not merely why the landowning nobility were indifferent to (and basically unaffected by) Portuguese seapower, but how and why the merchants and the bankers of the seaports, whether Hindu *Vaniyas* (Banyans), Jains, or Muslims, speedily acquiesced in the Portuguese hegemony despite its relatively fragile basis and resources. He also clarifies the "wheeling and dealing" involved on both sides in their uneasy shifts between confrontation and cooperation. Based on wide and deep reading in Portuguese, Persian, and Indian primary sources as well as on the relevant secondary literature, *Merchants and Rulers in Gujarat* can be warmly recommended for everything except the price. This slender volume has no illustrations and only two very elementary sketch maps.

The quarrelsome polyhistor

By P. J. P. Whitehead

MICHAEL E. HOARE :
The Tactless Philosopher
Johann Forster (1729-98)
419pp. Melbourne : The Hawthorn Press. $A 15.95.

You know him too well, you know his active mind, his fiery temper, his contempt for money and his perpetual want of it, the very consequence of his not setting a just value upon it, in short, you know that the situation can hardly be imagined, where he might be said to be perfectly at his ease and in the enjoyment of real happiness.

Thus wrote a son of his father. The son, George Forster, went on to earn an undisputed place in eighteenth-century German scholarship as an essayist, social commentator, revolutionary and scientist; two centuries later, his life and works have been chronicled by a Forster-Ausgabe intent on creating a hero. The father, Johann Reinhold Forster, has remained in the shadows of his son; he was "one of the awkward beings of his age", "an utterly impracticable man", "one of the Admiralty's vast mistakes". No one has hitherto felt the need to examine more c... the controversial naturalist on Captain Cook's second voyage, a Ulysses for Herder but an incubus in other men's eyes. So entrenched has been the figure of a quarrelsome, debt-ridden, plagiarizing Forster, yoked to a large family, hack-writing in obscure lodgings, that even a fine scholar like the late J. C. Beaglehole, biographer of Cook and editor of the journals from his voyages, could ignore or dismiss Forster's scientific achievements.

Alive to the slanders, but alive also to Forster's very real attainments, Michael Hoare has now succeeded in the difficult task of salvaging the true Forster, no doubt an awkward being but one who, at the time of his death, was regarded as the "patriarch" of geography in Europe and among the most able of naturalists, linguists, philologists and "polyhistors" of his time. Some warts are erased, but many more appear, most frequently from the pen of his long-suffering son George. These are neither excused nor overplayed, an obvious temptation for any biographer. Instead, the familiar Forster emerges once more but now fleshed-out with the intellect and solid reputation that he deserves.

The maturing effect of voyages of discovery on young men of talent is appropriate enough to George, who was not yet eighteen when he stepped on board the Resolution in July 1772. J. R. Forster, on the other hand, had already served twelve years as pastor to an obscure Polish Prussian parish, had spent eighteen months in Russia inspecting Catherine the Great's "colonies" on the Volga, and had taught for three years at the Dissenters' Academy in Warrington. Nor had he lately come to natural history, as Dr Hoare points out in refuting those who have seen Forster as an ill-chosen stop-gap naturalist when Joseph Banks and Daniel Solander withdrew from the voyage at the last minute. In fact, Forster was as qualified and made as much of his opportunity as any of his contemporaries. The list of his works shows that his almost neurotic compulsion to achieve bigger and greater things than his rivals of the first voyage, Banks and Solander, was no mean boast, in spite of the most crippling disadvantages. Had he had the private income of the first, or the post at the British Museum of the second, there is no telling what more he might have achieved.

At each stage in the story we meet the Forster pride, principle, courage and obstinacy. At Nassenhuben these qualities had their positive side, as when the young pastor sought to protect his community from the invading Russians. In Russia they made for an uncompromising report on Catherine's Volga settlements, resulting in a frigid silence from Count Orlof and a haughty refusal by Forster to settle for less than the payment he felt due to him—plus one kopek! At Warrington it was perhaps less a matter of principle—although principles were an integral part of the Academy's being—than sheer irritation at the "Follies & Tricks of Young Monkeys" which led to Forster's dismissal.

The best-known and most far-reaching of Forster's quarrels, and the one that set an indelible seal on his subsequent career was that with the Admiralty after the voyage. In the original agreement, Cook was to publish on the nautical observations and ethnological findings, while Forster would write on natural history, ethnology, linguistics and his own "philosophical remarks"; the Admiralty, however, would have the right to apportion the expensive and coveted plates. Inevitably, a disagreement arose. Forster refused to submit to the indignity of having his account "corrected" by the Admiralty. Instead, he set George to work on his journals and nine months later appeared the Voyage *round the World*, pre-dating Cook's account by six weeks. Although technically not a breach of the original agreement since it was under George's name, it spoilt the end of any patronage and the beginning of another series of financial crises. George escaped to Germany to plead his father's cause, in the end with such success that between Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and the masonic lodges of Germany the debts were cleared and Forster was appointed professor of natural history in Halle.

England had not only witnessed unremitting labour on scientific papers, translations and reviews. It had seen 110 indignant pages by Cook's astronomer William Wales taking Forster to task on every real and imagined fault a shipboard antipathy could muster; it had seen Forster's equally indignant reply; and it had seen the fateful open letter to Lord Sandwich, on whom all blame was heaped—or almost all, for Forster concluded that the *éminence grise* was Martha Ray, Sandwich's mistress, piqued no doubt that Forster had refused to present her with some of his animals. George admired his father's lively mind "which is only spurred on by difficulties", but one suspects that the pace could not have been maintained had these five burrowing post-voyage years in England been prolonged.

Here, as far as English audiences are concerned, the Forster story usually ends, for Forster has generally been examined as an appendage, and one of many at that, to the much grander story of Cook's voyages. The voyage, of course, is still the mainspring of Forster's intellectual drive, but the scene shifts to a Germany whose literary and scientific *Landschaft* is often unfamiliar to students of the Cook era. In any case, had not Forster slunk from England in disgrace? Had he not fled owing the worthy Joseph Banks £250? Is it not kinder to leave him in Halle and to pick him up again some forty years after his death with the posthumous publication of his important zoological work, the *Descriptiones animalium*, long after the dust has settled and he can be seen in his true perspective?

One of the great merits of Michael Hoare's biography is the attention he pays to this German period and Forster's numerous articles, translations, commentaries and reviews on subjects as diverse as geology, mineralogy, zoology, geography, agriculture, antiquities, social issues and philology. The children grow up and scatter, the debts chase the extravagance on books and the faithful Justina sighs and wonders why her husband has learnt nothing from their disperse London days; but it is here that Forster consolidates his reputation. True, Goethe and Schiller made Forster and his son butts of satire, but Forster's standing among scholars and scientists was secure. He was even hailed as "the first polyhistor of our century, worthy of comparison with a *Conring* or a *Hugo Grotius*". He stood very consciously at the threshold of a new century and, although past pioneering, was keenly aware of the new trends around him.

Forster's complex intellect and personality do not defy analysis, but he is complete, assured of his own raison d'être, sparing in self-confessed failings. In Anton Graff's painting there is a hint, one might even say a glint, of humour (exaggerated to benign *complaisance* in Bause's engraving on the dust-jacket) and there is no doubt that with his friends Forster could be genial, even jolly. But there is also the obsequious Forster importuning Banks, the reckless Forster down at the booksellers, the crabby-tempered Forster as the creditors close in, and the Forster whose admonition to William Wales, "I will tell the King of you", leads itself to devastating satire. Michael Hoare draws a parallel with Rudolf Raspe, supposed author of the *Baron Munchhausen* tales, and one could equally add the conchologist Emanuel Mendes da Costa. All three were exceptionally talented and versatile, but in their various ways fell from grace and trod the hard road of freelance scholarship whose preferment evaporated. If *Munchhausen* sprang from a resentment of those in authority, a desire to score in satire when the game was lost elsewhere, then it is tempting to see Forster, Raspe and perhaps da Costa pehing this piece of mischief in some long evenings at 16 Percy Street.

Michael Hoare has written a very thorough book, but on his own admission has left plenty of room, not only for speculation but for a more penetrating analysis of Forster's daunting range of interests. There is another aspect, too, which can only now be properly explored, and that is the relationship between father and son. Apart from six months in St Petersburg, George had no formal teaching and was entirely the creation of his father. It was George who accompanied his father to Russia, who chanced it in England with three guineas between them, who went to Warrington and who, on his father's insistence, was made natural history artist and assistant to his father on the voyage; and it was George who took on the responsibility of rehabilitating his father in Germany, critical of his father's impossible ways but always loyal. Here is yet another fascinating topic made possible by Dr Hoare's study.

After Joseph Banks, who may always escape a definitive biography, in Johann Reinhold Forster was by far the most interesting of those who sailed with Captain Cook. Dr Hoare's book must be considered one of the very important contributions bred by the current bicentennial preoccupation with the book voyages and it will always be regarded as the foundation for any Forster studies in the future.

On the astral plane

By J. G. Porter

SIMON MITTON :
Exploring the Galaxies.
206pp. Faber and Faber. £4.75.

JAMES MUIRDEN :
Astronomy with Binoculars
173pp. Faber and Faber. £4.95 (paperback, £2.75).

LLOYD MOTZ :
The Universe
343pp. Millington. £5.

Our knowledge of the distant universe has undergone a complete revolution during the past three decades. Radio astronomy made its small beginnings thirty years ago, and is now one of the major branches of the science, while high-altitude rockets and satellites are used to detect the infra-red and X-ray emissions which cannot reach the surface of the earth. Simon Mitton describes the new discoveries in some detail and shows their bearing on current ideas of the ages and evolution of the countless galaxies of various types.

Apart from the familiar spiral and elliptical galaxies there are many with peculiar features which show remarkable activity. Special attention is given to families and groups of galaxies which interact, to radio galaxies and to the mysterious quasars which have raised many problems as yet unsolved. The galaxies contain not only millions of stars but also vast amounts of dust and gas. The dynamics of these systems are enabled to reveal the structure of our own galaxy, and we have learnt to recognize the presence of magnetic fields in space, and of various types of molecules, many of them of organic nature. *Exploring the Galaxies* is concerned solely with the facts and their possible explanation. No technical details are given of the many complicated instruments which are used in this work and which owe their existence to the rapid developments in electronics. Some previous knowledge of science is assumed, and such concepts as relativity and the expanding universe are taken for granted. There are some good modern photographs and diagrams.

James Muirden's *Astronomy with Binoculars* is in complete contrast. The elaborate and expensive equipment of the professional astronomer is beyond the reach of the amateur, but there is still much that he can do with the simplest of instruments. It has been said that in astronomy "any glass is better than no glass at all", and Mr Muirden, in a revision of the 1963 edition of his book, shows what can be done with a pair of binoculars. He gives advice on the type to use, and gives a simple account of the apparent movements of the planets and stars, and of the seasonal changes in the appearance of the constellations. There are notes on the various objects to be seen, and each constellation is then described, with notes on coloured and variable stars, clusters and nebulae.

There are eight clear star maps covering the whole sky, and some more detailed charts showing the fields of view surrounding selected variable stars. Some photographs and other diagrams are also given. A certain amount of useful work is possible with the sun, moon and planets, but particular attention is paid to comets, meteors and aurorae, for which binoculars are better suited. A new chapter is devoted to the very valuable work which is currently carried out by amateurs interested in novae and the brighter variable stars.

Only rarely does a book on popular science depart from the conventional approach to the subject, but Lloyd Motz has succeeded admirably in doing just that in his new book on the origin and evolution of the universe. Instead of working outwards from the Earth, he reverses the order, beginning with the countless distant galaxies and the discovery of their recession, due to the expansion of the universe. This involves the Theory of Relativity, and the introduction of this concept at so early a stage gives the opportunity to show the relation between theories and facts, and the need to explain observations in terms of those theories. The whole book shows the same careful emphasis on the strict application of scientific method. The author gives the more recent arguments which favour the "big bang" theory of the origin of the universe, and discusses the formation of the galaxies and thence of the stars themselves. The evolution of the solar system is then considered, with a chapter on how and when the Earth was created. Some recent discoveries in the solar system have outdated certain data in this section, but do not affect the main argument.

At this point the reader is given an excellent but concise account of the quantum theory and of the structure of atoms and molecules. The unique ability of carbon atoms to form long chains leads to the structure of the proteins and nucleic acids, so essential to life, and to the possible origins of life on the Earth. The final chapters are concerned with the end of the Earth and of the universe. Various possible disasters which could overtake mankind are considered, and suggestions for avoiding total destruction are seriously discussed.

Although written in non-technical language, some previous knowledge of science is clearly assumed. No technical details are given of instruments and methods, but there are a number of helpful illustrations. The American origin of the book is not obtrusive, and the new approach to such a vast subject is most interesting.

Stylonychia and friends

By J. F. Watkins

BRIAN J. FORD :
Microbe Power
192pp. Macdonald and Janes. £4.95.

Two recent books signal a general awakening of consciousness about the ideas which they seek to propagate. The first book, *Invisible Allies* by Bernard Dixon (*TLS*, 10 July, 23) had the tone of a sermon, the theme of an oppressed minority, and was hot with indignation. The second has an aggressively revolutionary cover. Above the title *Microbe Power* appear the words "Tomorrow's Revolution", and below the title is a picture of Stylonychia, looking hard to liberate itself into the semblance of a tiny fist.

On the cover, the palm should surely go to Brian J. Ford's *Microbe Power*. Bernard Dixon safely pass the fierce cover, enter a world in which the ... of the village of Trotsky. The well presented book is illustrated with ... elegant illustrations, the most dramatic of which depicts the rotifer, Callidina, undergoing strangulation by a predacious fungus. The unicellular world is no more free of innocent brutality than the multicellular one, but without protozoa, algae, fungi and bacteria multicellular life could not exist. Even the spectacular ... have an important biological role, which Dr Ford does not sufficiently emphasize. Freedom from infectious disease means that future human populations will be limited by famine, or war, or contraception. Microbes hasten to the rescue again for they are involved in the manufacture of contraceptive pills. This book makes plain that we are living in an era which could well be called the microbial revolution, with the same significance for humanity as the agricultural and industrial revolutions.

The microbial revolution has been in the wings for thousands of years, ever since the discovery of the use of yeast to make alcohol and bread. The agricultural and industrial revolutions were no more than enormous accelerations of ancient activities, brought about by improved technology and new energy sources. Microbes are in themselves extremely complex factories which require comparatively little energy. Already they are employed in the manufacture of fruit drinks, paints, adhesives, vitamins, and drugs. They are pesticides which are proving superior to chemical poisons, and have begun to be used in separating copper from ... Quite ... is purified by them, and if the worst comes to the worst, as Dr Ford points out, a world population of four hundred thousand million could be fed with an adequate, dull, diet of microbes grown in a plant of no greater area than London.

This is an important, well written, and entertaining book. Unlike many popular biology books, which try to make our flesh creep with chiefly petulent cries of doom, this one is highly optimistic, and its optimism is justified. People who worry too much about sewage, for example, should ponder the fact that the anchovies which swim off the coast of Southern California together produce as much daily excrement as ten cities the size of Los Angeles. *Microbe Power* should be read by everyone interested in the relationships between living organisms and the activities of man.

The illicit pleasure principle

By Peter Fawcett

HENRI GHÉON and ANDRÉ GIDE :
Correspondance, 1897-1944
2 Volumes
Edited by Jean Tipy and Anne-Marie Moulenes
1,034pp. Paris: Gallimard. 195fr the set.

If the name of Henri Ghéon is remembered at all today, it is likely to be as the author of innumerable farces and melodramas which are revived occasionally by religious drama-groups. Yet for twenty years before his conversion in 1915, "l'homme né de la guerre", as his own account of that conversion was entitled, had been Gide's most constant companion in the pursuit of illicit pleasure, his "franc camarade" in the deliberately Whitmanesque terms of the dedication to *L'Immoraliste*. It is to that earlier period that the overwhelming majority of the 850 letters that make up this correspondence belong and the tone of many of them is undeniably intimate and indiscreet.

Ghéon, in fact, was somewhat given to indiscretion. He it was who "leaked" his own and Gide's peculiarity to the untrustworthy Jacques-Emile Blanche, causing thereby a momentary panic and a top-level discussion between Gide and Blanche at which Sickert, Max Beerbohm (characteristically misidentified by the editors as Otto Julius Bierbaum, the German poet) and Reggie Turner were also present. While Gide is walking along the beach afterwards with Turner — "cravate violet fuchsine, chemise rose, oeillet rouge à la boutonnière . . . l'air d'un bonbon anglais resucé" — the conversation takes a predictable turn:

Lui [Turner] : . . . Balfour . . .
Kitchener . . . Rosebery.
Moi [Gide] : Kipling.
Lui : Non.
Moi : Je vous assure.
Lui : C'est la première fois que je l'entends dire.
and so on. . . .

To Ghéon also has long been attributed the responsibility of revealing to Madeleine Gide her husband's mores, through a letter which she opened in his absence. The letter in question is shown to be that dated "13 décembre 1917" —a year or so later than had previously been thought—in which Ghéon rebukes Gide for persisting in a way of life which he has already renounced; but a letter of Madeleine's dated "17 mars 1905" shows her—as had always been likely if half what was said was true—to have been well aware of her husband's misdoings long before was ever suspected. In it she talks of her husband's tiredness, "une fatigue mentale, cérébrale":

Que vous ayez quelque rapport direct ou indirect avec cette fatigue, c'est ce qui pour moi, Ghéon, ne fait aucun doute: c'est depuis votre dernière venue à Paris que la fatigue d'André s'est accrue.

She goes on to explain one of the secrets of that extraordinary marriage:

Dès la première année de notre mariage, il a été convenu tacitement entre André et moi que tout ce qui de sa vie or de son âme était à ses amis restait terrain réservé, et cet accord je l'ai tenu, pas toujours de gaieté de coeur, mais en toute loyauté. Je ne fais jamais de question, je ne cherche jamais à savoir ce qu'André préfère ne pas me dire. Et au fur et à mesure que je les ai bien connus, j'ai aimé moi aussi d'amitié les amis de mon mari.

Finally she pleads with Ghéon to restrain Gide from overaxing himself:

Je ne viens donc pas vous demander de vous priver des services d'André, si vous avez des embarras ou des difficultés où il pouvait être utile. Mais je ne pouvais plus ne pas vous faire savoir combien il est fatigué—cela c'était au-dessus de mes forces—afin que vous fassiez entrer aussi en balance cette pensée avec vos projets, et que vous retentiez vous-même André, si poussé par ce goût, cette curiosité passionnée de la vie qui est une des causes de sa valeur, mais qui contient en soi tant de péril. André en fait peut-être plus encore que vous ne l'en prie.

Madeleine's half-dozen or so letters are the gems of this correspondence. For the rest, it neither rises to the literary heights of Gide's exchanges with Valéry or Martin du Gard, nor are major religious questions raised as with Claudel and Mauriac. It is characteristic, for example, that the latest developments in the Dreyfus affair are passed over in favour of Ghéon's account of his hot pursuit of a *professionnel* along the sea-front at Trouville. As for Gide, the editors suggest that he appears here without any of his habitual masks—with his trousers down would be more appropriate.

The virility of thought

By Alison Winton

JOSEPH HALPERN :
Critical Fictions
The Literary Criticism of Jean-Paul Sartre
176pp. Yale University Press. £6.

Sartre's literary criticism has provoked vigorous, even annoyed, commentaries; it is sometimes discussed on the same closely personal note that he himself adopts to attack certain of his subjects, as though his display of thinly veiled rivalry gave others the desire to repay him in kind. If Sartre can dwell selectively on Baudelaire's longing to remain dependent on his mother or on some form of parental authority, then critics can in their turn say that, here and elsewhere, Sartre himself is giving way to a wish to "assassinate" the fathers of his native literature, or is thrusting off weaknesses to which he is equally prone—and so on. Benjamin Suhl, in 1970, published a book which largely avoided the possibility of such glosses by deriving Sartre's literary criticism from his philosophy (*Jean-Paul Sartre : The Philosopher as a Literary Critic*); now, six years later, Joseph Halpern, in another full-length, chronologically ordered study, more directly assesses this criticism as the product of an individual, self-contradictory temperament.

Mr Halpern succeeds in combining provocative insights with fair-minded general appreciations by taking as his focus less Sartre's intimate quirks of personality than his more obvious quirkiness of judgment. Links between character and published statements are, however, skilfully suggested. Mr Halpern pinpoints Sartre's assumption that certain kinds of writing incline to the masculine, others to the feminine, and traces the variations on this from the earliest essays to the recent *L'Idiot de la famille*, thus showing in Sartre's critical opus the polarizations which other commentators have described in his fiction and philosophy. He observes that in the early criticism, Sartre confusedly sees thought as somehow more "meaty" than its ordinary expression in language, even, in an antipathy for wordiness, praising a mythologically heroic, silent-peasant type of writer. Similarly, the later onslaught on Baudelaire is inspired by the poet's supposed refusal to break away from maternal constraint, and kill himself of his own more insidious femininity; Mallarmé too is eventually viewed as an essentially "feminine being".

Changing models, Sartre's ideal of masculinity moves from the white peasant to the black poet; then, in *Saint Genet, comédien et martyr*, there are further modifications: "Although masculinity is still associated with generosity, liberty, pride, force and heroism, Sartre's argument no longer drips with horror of the feminine"; both here and in his essay on the black poets, poetry itself comes to appear to Sartre more forceful and male than before. Finally, however, in the immense *L'Idiot de la famille* (to which almost a third of Mr Halpern's book is devoted), the old impulses return, albeit slightly attenuated: Flaubert is said to be engaged in a constant struggle with his passivity, but irremediably feminine.

This is a crude sketch of Mr Halpern's argument; the book itself makes subtle qualifications as it progresses. Usually well-written, it often discreetly quotes Sartre rather than openly censuring him, leaving the reader to wince at the echoes of dangerously stereotyped ideas about negro potency, or to smile at some of the heroes Sartre seems implicitly to be creating for himself. Even outside its central theme, the study offers many illuminating asides on Sartre's development as a critic: certainly, as a whole, it is a scholarly and thoughtful enterprise. Some aspects remain undeveloped, however. The *Idiot de la famille* chapter is more a summary than a critique; and in general, there is little stress on the attractive qualities of Sartre's criticism. It is only from sporadic remarks that one might gather what it is that, in spite of all the distortions, makes one unwilling to miss Sartre's opinions; with the exception of a few approving conclusions, Mr Halpern takes the intelligence and pleasing vigour of Sartre's writing for granted. The originality of this writing is occasionally understood to lie simply in the unwise beliefs of its author; its real insights could have been explained and supported. Mr Halpern might, too, have emphasized further his own comment that Michel Leiris, Sartre's prefacer, is "quite correct" in seeing the *Baudelaire* not as literary criticism but as an exercise in existential psychoanalysis, by specifying how much of Sartre's so-called literary criticism in fact fits more happily under this second heading.

Mr Halpern's book, though it does not locate Sartre in the movement of French twentieth-century literary criticism, helps its reader to do so: his sensitive approach shows what connects Sartre's "critical fictions" to parts of the too-biographical "ancienne critique"—in its stress on the man rather than the work—and what heralds parts of the "nouvelle critique", in its use of the text as a springboard for theories that can seem rather far away from what gave them impetus.

The grounded albatross

By Linda Kelly

ALEX de JONGE :
Prince of Clouds
240pp. Faddington. £5.95.

Alex de Jonge's life of Baudelaire does not set out to supersede Enid Starkie's classic biography. Her book, though in no way inaccessible, can be read with most pleasure by those who already have some knowledge of nineteenth-century French literature; Mr de Jonge presupposes less from his readers, to the extent of preceding his quotations from Baudelaire's poetry with his own prose translations. But this does not mean his book lacks scholarship or subtlety. His narrative is always clear; the settings and characters are crisply and confidently defined, but Mr de Jonge does not oversimplify the contradictions and complexities of Baudelaire's life. He shows us Baudelaire as the first of the *poètes maudits* who drew his further engagements by referring art from the process of his own destruction and whose life, in all practical terms, was a disaster. He takes his title from Baudelaire's famous poem, "L'Albatros":

Le poète est semblable au Prince des Nuées
Qui hante le ciel et se rit de l'archer;
Exilé sur le sol au milieu des huées,
Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.

The story of Baudelaire's life is painful reading, too painful were it not for the art which redeemed it. But Mr de Jonge is very good on Baudelaire's clowning, on those public performances, designed to shock, and executed with the same fastidiousness which he brought to his writing: the young dandy, complimenting a horrified restaurant proprietor on serving him a steak as tender as a baby's brain; the aging poet, broken in health, desperately in need of money, outraging his audience of respectable matrons and their daughters at a lecture in Belgium (and ruining his chances of his loss of virginity as a speaker) "a loss which, incidentally, I regret no more than I do the other".

Mr de Jonge sees the humour as well as the tragedy of family situations. Even the *conseil de famille*, as a result of which Baudelaire was legally deprived of the control of his own money, appalling as its consequences were, has its funny side.

Mr de Jonge deals perceptively, too, with the relationship between Baudelaire's work and the satanic legend he created for himself, which did so much to insure the hostile reception and prosecution of *Les fleurs du mal*. On Baudelaire's attitude to drugs and the extent of his experience of them he is particularly interesting, detecting the strain of complicity that runs through his condemnation of their use in *Les paradis artificiels*. In his discussion of Baudelaire's writing Mr de Jonge uses quotations sparingly, and though he is always enlightening one longs for more of Baudelaire's own words, and especially for more of his poetry. Perhaps, however, this is a sign that the book has achieved its purpose.

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It is therefore essential that the successful candidate has the ability to select suitable material and to advise those working with adult new readers.
The ability to liaise with and relate to the local community is essential.
An appropriate degree would be an advantage but it is more important that the successful candidate has experience or a demonstrable interest in services to an inner city area.
Application forms obtainable from the PERSONNEL OFFICER, Directorate of AMENITY SERVICES, London Borough of Lambeth, 14 KNIGHTS HILL, WEST NORWOOD, S.E.27, or TEL: 761 0901, EXT 60 OF 761 1931 (24-HOUR ANSWERING SERVICE). Closing date: 29th December, 1976.

LAMBETH

Oxfordshire County Council

OXFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARIES

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

SCHOOLS LIBRARY SERVICE
Librarian's Scale, £2,127-£3,282 p.a., plus supplement

Two Assistant Librarians are required to join a team of seven professional Librarians working in the Schools Library Service.

The Service is based at the County Libraries' Administrative Centre, Holton Park Library, Wheatley, Oxford.

The minimum salary for a Chartered Librarian will be £2,922 per annum, plus supplement, and for a person who has completed Part 2 of the Library Association Examinations or its equivalent £2,529 per annum, plus supplement.

Removal and resettlement allowances of up to £500 and separation allowances of £8 per week will be paid in appropriate cases.

A description of the posts and an application form may be obtained from the County Librarian, Holton Park Library, Wheatley, Oxford, OX9 1QQ, Telephone: Wheatley 2234 (ask for Mrs. Brown). Closing date: 23rd December, 1976.

CITY LIBRARIAN

£9,480-£10,362

The City, population over one million is the largest Metropolitan District Council created by re-organisation and includes a unique variety of industry and commerce within its boundaries.

The Libraries service employs some 740 people who operate 46 full and part-time branch libraries as well as a new Central Library building opened in 1973. The Central Library houses:- the Reference Library, which is divided into eight subject departments; the Central Lending Service; and a number of technical services such as book processing, photographic, display and publicity.

The City Librarian is a Chief Officer of the Council reporting to the Leisure Services Committee.

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians and be able to demonstrate varied and substantial experience and achievement at senior management level in the public library service.

Telephone 021-235 3748 for application form (to be returned by 29th December, 1976) and further details or write to:

City Personnel Officer, Snow Hill House, 1 and 19 Barwick Street, Birmingham B3 2PF.

Canvassing will disqualify.

BIRMINGHAM
CITY COUNCIL

KENT COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

Librarians

£3,366–£3,702 + £312 Supplement

Must be Chartered Librarians with relevant experience in both cases.

College Librarian

at West Kent College of Further Education, Tonbridge.

Divisional Children's Librarian

at Thanet, which is the largest division in Kent with 3 large libraries, 5 smaller branch libraries and 2 mobile libraries.

The Divisional Librarian is responsible for promoting and developing children's services throughout the division.

A Disturbance allowance is payable in both posts in approved circumstances.

Further particulars and application form for both posts returnable by 29 December from the County Librarian, Library Headquarters, Springfield, Maidstone, 'phone 54371, ext. 377.

Junior Professional Posts

Vacancies include Librarian in charge of a small branch library (Hersham), librarian in charge of a travelling library (Woking) and assistant librarian in a Headquarters Department (Esher).

Salary £2,127/£2,382 plus £180 Surrey Allowance and £312 Annual Salary Supplement. Limit of £2,853 basic salary for the travelling library post.

Further particulars from the County Librarian, 140 High Street, Esher, Surrey, KT10 9QR, to whom applications should be sent by 23 December.

SURREY
COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARIANS

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

SCIENCE REFERENCE LIBRARY

We require a CATALOGUER for eighteen months to fill a temporary post in our Holborn Branch. Candidates should have a degree and must have some experience of cataloguing by AACR. The work consists mainly of cataloguing scientific publications in English and other West European languages for a MARC compatible computer cataloguing system.

The post is graded Research Assistant for which the minimum salary is £2,927 (including London weighting).

Write or telephone for application form: Miss H. McCarthy, Science Reference Library, 10 Porchester Gardens, London W2 4DE (01-727 3022 ext. 61). Applications should be received by [illegible] January, 1977.

DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL

DORSET INSTITUTE OF HIGHER EDUCATION
BOURNEMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH

DEPUTY INSTITUTE LIBRARIAN

Required at Weymouth to be responsible for all Institute Library services at the Weymouth site, including tutorial work with students.

Applicants must be Chartered Librarians, with good experience, preferably in an academic library, with initiative and enthusiasm for the role of the Library in Higher Education.

Salary: S.O.1 (£4,239 to £4,548) plus supplement of £312 per annum.

Application forms returnable by 20th December and further details from: Chief Administrative Officer, Dorset Institute of Higher Education, Wallisdown Road, Wallisdown, Poole, Dorset, BH12 5BB.

HAMPSHIRE

SCHOOL OF ART
Park Avenue, Winchester

TUTOR LIBRARIAN to take charge of Library for students taking Degree Courses in Art and Design.

Stamped addressed envelope for details and application forms from the Registrar.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAMMERSMITH

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

A.P.4, £3,801 to £4,137 inclusive plus £312 supplement

A CHARTERED LIBRARIAN with special qualification in or experience of work with children, required to be responsible for the children's library at a busy branch library and for supervising and undertaking book provision and extension activities at other branch libraries in the area.

He/she will work under the general direction of the Principal Children's Librarian.

Application forms from Personnel Manager, London Borough of Hammersmith, Hammersmith House (BOC Building), Black's Road, W6 9EQ, quoting ref.: DLR.L.19. Closing date: December 23, 1976.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF KNOWSLEY

KIRKBY COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

APPOINTMENT OF TUTOR/LIBRARIAN

Commencing January 1st, 1977.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of TUTOR/LIBRARIAN at the above College. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians, preferably with a University Degree, and experience in college library administration. Training in lecturing and tutorial work would be an advantage, with ability to teach English and/or History. Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Further Education) Report, Lecturer Grade 1, (£2,781-£4,689).

Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Borough Education Officer, Education Office, Huyton Hey Road, Huyton, Merseyside L36 5YH, to whom completed forms should be returned by 31st December, 1976.

OPEN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARY ASSISTANT. The Library provides an intensive multi-media service for the staff of the University. Library Assistants carry out library routines and assist senior Library staff in providing specialist services. Candidates should preferably have previous library experience.

Salary scales: £2,310 - £2,718 or £2,877 - £3,036 per annum, according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars are available from (Mrs.) Judi Whiteoak (LA1), Personnel Officer, The Open University, P.O. Box 75, Walton Hall, Milton Keynes, telephone Milton Keynes 63864. Closing date for applications: 23rd December, 1976.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

BRITISH INSTITUTE IN PARIS

HEAD OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Salary Scale £6,445 to £7,981 per annum (Senior Lecturer)

The Institute is a teaching institute of the University of London and also has a relationship with the Universities of Paris and the British Council.

Applications are invited for the above Paris-based post, for appointment from 1 September, 1977.

Duties include the organization and administration of classes in English for some 3,000 adult French-speaking students at all levels, as well as some teaching and teacher-training.

Candidates should have an Honours degree in English and qualifications and experience in TEFL. A good knowledge of French is essential. Age between 35-50 preferred. Short-listed candidates will be interviewed in London.

Further particulars and application forms available from the London Secretary, British Institute in Paris, University of London, Senate House, Malet Street, London, WC1E 7HU. Closing date for applications 31 December, 1976.

WOMEN'S STUDIES

The Women's Studies Programme and the Department of History at SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY expect to make a joint appointment beginning Fall 1977. Candidates with substantial experience in Women's Studies and any field of History will be considered, but preference will be given to those in Canadian or European History.

University policy stipulates that candidates having Canadian citizenship, education or academic experience be given first consideration.

Send application with a curriculum vitae, any relevant publications and the names of three referees to: Search Committee, Women's Studies Programme, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, British Columbia, V5A 1S6, by January 21, 1977.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

READERSHIP IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

The University proposes to appoint with effect from 1 October, 1977, or as soon as possible thereafter, a Reader in English Literature. Preference will be given to candidates whose main field of interest lies within the period 1500 to 1800. Salary scale (with effect from 1 October, 1976) expected to be £6,443 to £7,931. The post may be held in conjunction with a fellowship (open to men and women) at Balliol College for which separate application need not be made.

Details may be obtained from the Secretary of Faculties, University Offices, Wellington Square, Oxford OX1 2JD, to whom completed applications (eight typed copies, or one from overseas applicants) must be sent by 10 January, 1977.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

MUNBY FELLOWSHIP IN BIBLIOGRAPHY 1977-78

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Library, England, invite applications for the first MUNBY FELLOWSHIP in BIBLIOGRAPHY. The period of tenure will be the academical year 1 October 1977 to 30 September 1978.

The Munby Fellow will be free to pursue bibliographical research of his own choosing. It is, however, expected that the Fellow's research will be, at least in part, directly or indirectly of benefit to scholars using the collections of the University and Colleges of Cambridge. The Fellowship will be tenable in the University Library but will have no departmental or other staff duties and responsibilities.

The Fellowship is open to graduates of any university of any age, experience, and nationality. The stipend will be £3,000. The Munby Fellow, if not already a Fellow of a Cambridge College, will be invited to become a Research Fellow or a Visiting Fellow of Darwin College.

Applications (one copy only) should reach the Deputy Librarian, University Library, Cambridge CB3 9DR, England, by 28 February 1977; an election will be made by 31 March 1977. Applicants should include: (a) a curriculum vitae; (b) a statement of the research proposed; (c) a list of principal publications; (d) the names and addresses of two referees. Further details are available from the Deputy Librarian.

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

FOUNDRY INDUSTRY TRAINING COMMITTEE

INFORMATION ASSISTANT IN INDUSTRIAL TRAINING

The FITC requires an Information assistant at its headquarters in central London to work on a wide range of activities concerned with information and communication.

The job includes running a small technical library, arranging for the printing and distribution of new publications, producing abstracts of books and articles for the benefit of the Committee's training staff and maintaining a research indexing system and information mailing list.

You should be a good administrator, have some knowledge of the function of a library service, be interested in writing and be able to abstract, precis and check printers' proofs.

Salary Range £2,943 - £3,856 gross per annum.

If you would like to work in industrial training, have the capacity to work on your own initiative as well as with and through others and, although not essential, have a degree in English or History please contact Gordon Bray, Foundry Industry Training Committee, 50-54 Charlotte Street, London W1P 2EL. Telephone 01-580 0341.

PICCADILLY RARE BOOKS have just opened a history department and require an assistant, preferably with some specialist knowledge. Must be able to type. Contact Charlotte Leeming, 01-734 6608.

FOR SALE & WANTED

AMERICAN COLLEGE SEARCHING FOR ITS EPONYM

Wanted.—Reproduction of an authentic likeness of Lady Thomas Mowlson, of London, nee Anne Radcliffe, 1588-1661.

Will owner please communicate with Mrs. Roderick Marshall, Fyfield Lodge, Fyfield Road, Oxford OX2 6QE.

AUTOGRAPHS.—Top cash prices paid for letters and documents of famous people. — Send for free brochure on "How to sell your Autographs", Charles E. Hamilton, 25 East 77th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

MILITARY HISTORY.—Offers made for single titles or collections on military history before 1914. Send four 6½p stamps for catalogue 66 which lists 600 books before 1914 including substantial sections on the British in India, regimental history and the Napoleonic Wars.—Victor Sutcliffe, Acre Edge, Acre Street, Stroud.

"A JOURNEY IN THE UNITED STATES IN THE YEARS 1829 AND 1830" by Francis Turkett (lively young Quaker sees America for himself, slaves at work, Indians in council, politicians at dinner). Limited edition of 400. Price £6, including postage, from St. Nicholas Books, The Barbican, Plymouth.